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Collier's

THE NATIO[illegible]EEKLY

"Why I am for Hoover"

By Roy W. Howard

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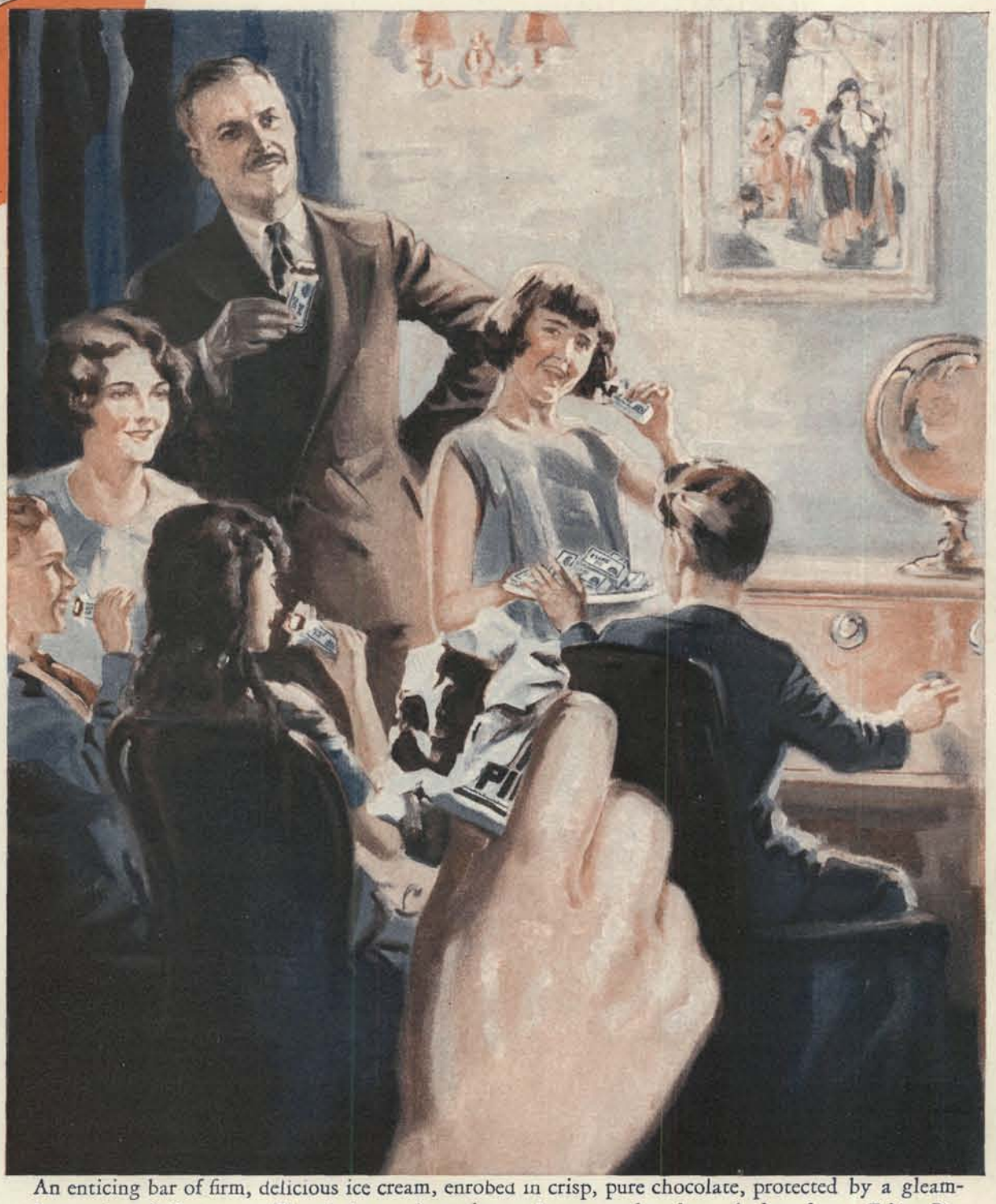

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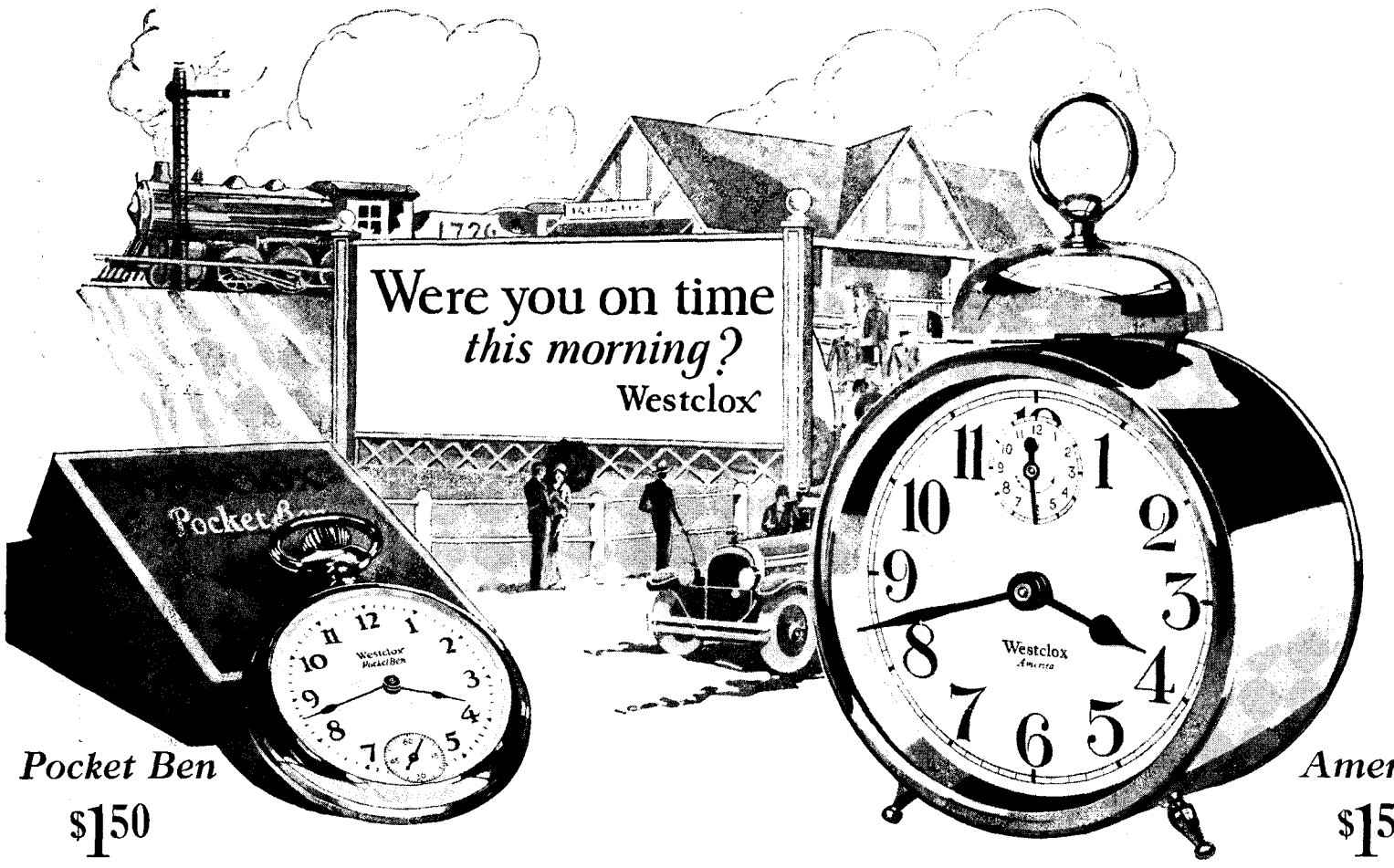

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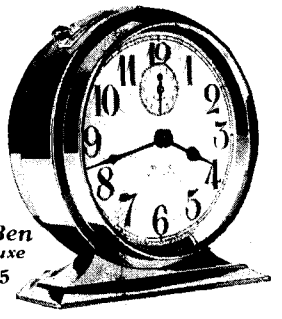

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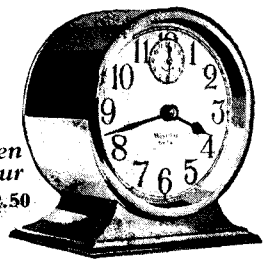

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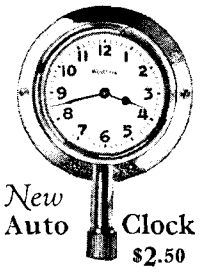

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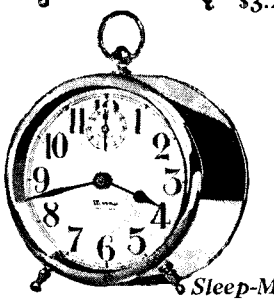

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Volume 82
Number 15

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

October 13, 1928

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

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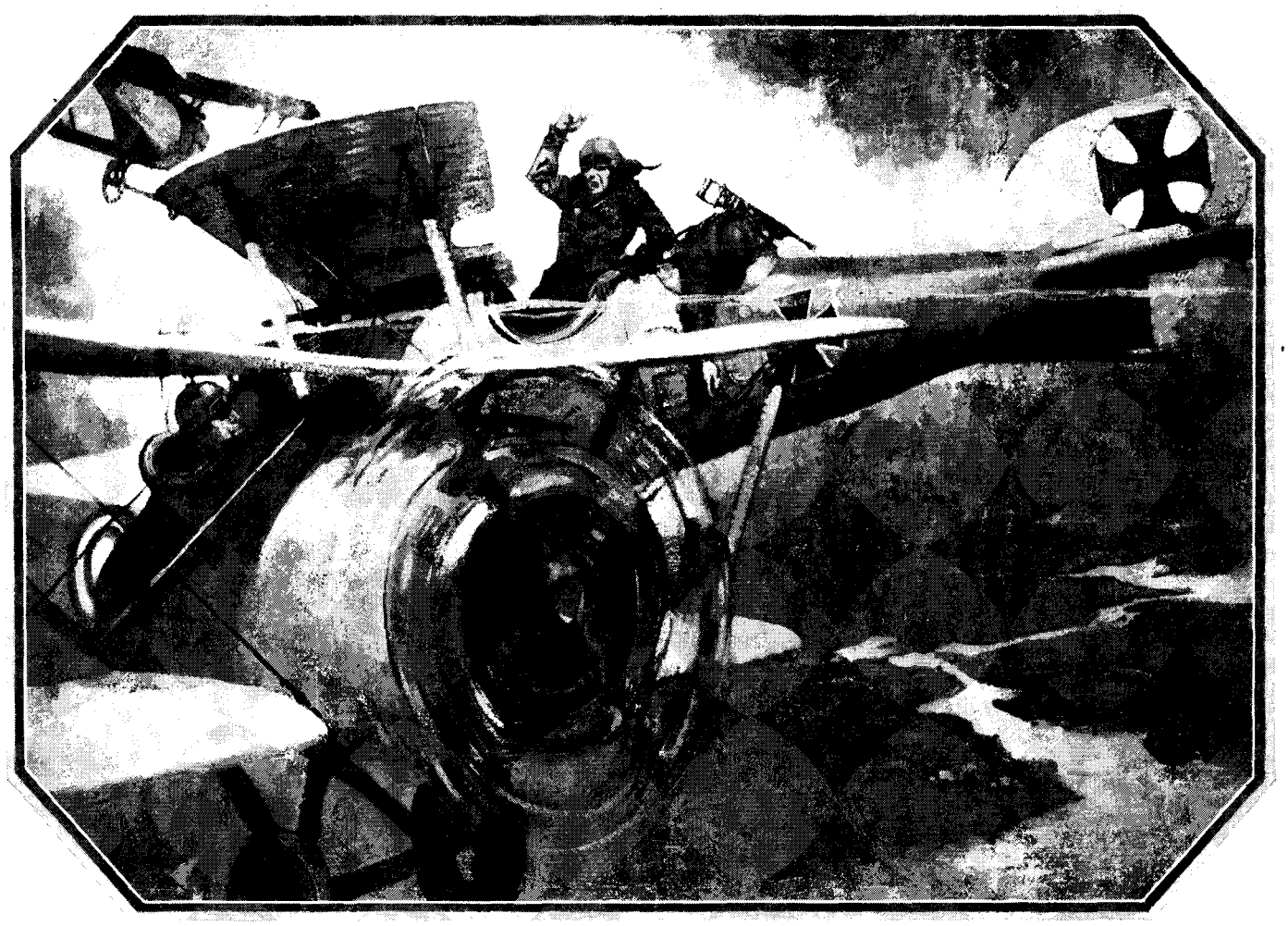


Frank Godwin — The German pilot seemed to rave and curse

The Yankee Musketeers

By Laurie York Erskine

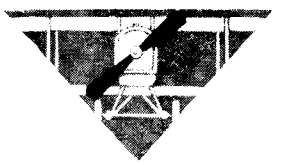
Introducing a trio of flying fools, and a fourth young man who surprised them

BANNERMAN, alone in his hut, packed the effects of Lieutenant Ian Sandys into one duffel bag, one uniform case and one bed roll. Then he sat, gazing upon Sandys' cot, and wished there was one other man in the squadron who felt the same way about it as he did.

Bannerman excepted, Tretherall's was a squadron of veterans.

A staid, quiet group of fighting men they were, having long since lived through the fear which drives to drink, the illusion of adventure which leads to heroics and the ambition which turns men to pot hunting. These they had overcome, and were, therefore, still alive. There was not a heavy drinker in the squadron; not one of Tretherall's men gave a thought for his score of Germans downed, and no one of them believed that he had an illusion. When a battle was on they worked hard, and in the days of calm routine which followed they took their ease. They never stunted, save in the heat of battle, and seldom left the ground, saving to do their ordered work.

That's all the war meant to the men of Ninety-seven—a job of work; and they had long since ceased to thrill at the knowledge that their reward would doubtless be death.



Therefore when Sandys of B Flight "took it," his fellows remarked upon his demise with few words and grim, deftly and ruthlessly suppressing in their minds everything save the essential fact. And Bannerman, being neither a veteran nor a philosopher, but a somewhat bewildered and frightened youth four months out of school, was left alone in the hut he had shared with Sandys, staring at the vacant cot.

SUDDENLY he jumped up from his cot and stared somewhat wildly about the room; then, as if he were running away from something, he dashed out and hurried over to the mess hut.

Tyndale, seeing the almost despairing look with which Bannerman, faced by the crowded room, stood at bay in the doorway, slid easily from his chair and made off into the dining-room, where he loudly demanded to know when tea would be ready. Gratefully Bannerman slipped into the vacant seat. Garth, who lounged in a deck chair beside him, lazily acknowledged his coming.

"Wash out tomorrow," he announced. "Damned clouds'll be down on the roof tops. That'll give us a chance to gather mushrooms," he added.

Bannerman stared at him in bewilderment. Mushrooms! He became conscious suddenly of Garth's lazy, solemn regard, and he laughed. A number of men turned at the sound of his laugh and gazed at him curiously.

"It sounded so funny," he explained to Garth. "Mushrooms."

Garth leaned slightly toward him, and spoke in a low, cool voice.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I take over your hut? It's rather choice diggin's, and I thought you might not mind. . . ."

Bannerman merely stared at him.

"I know it's all right with Tyndale," urged Garth. "He'll be glad to have you in with him. I told him I'd try for the change. Or you could bunk in with Warburton."

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Then Bannerman saw what Garth was driving at, and he flushed.

"No," he said, and his voice was louder than he knew. "It's awfully good of you, old man. But I'm quite all right. I mean it's all right with me, you know. Really."

Garth, seeing that he had been detected, mumbled something and retreated in confusion.

Affleck, leader of the flight, he of the long and crooked nose, eased over from the bar and took Garth's place.

"Couldn't help hearing," he said, and, like Garth's voice, his was calm and cold. "The fact is, you're feeling a bit nervy. Sandys has got under your skin. Well, forget it. He went west today, Runion went yesterday, and Champion last Monday. Tomorrow it may be me or you or Garth, and at the same time God knows how many shopkeepers are going to die in London of pneumonia, flu and housemaid's knee. It's just one of those things that happen. If you don't want to bunk in with Sandys' empty cot, why, sleep in with Warburton. Only, if you feel that way, never use your imagination in a guestroom. It's astonishing how many beds have belonged to people who die."

Bannerman grinned.

"That sounds logical," he said.

There was a movement in the room. "Coming in to tea?" asked Affleck.

"NO, THANKS," said Bannerman. "Not now."

He walked out over the airdrome, and kept on walking. He walked through the village adjoining and out over country roads and across fields. The clouds came down, as Garth had said they would, and Bannerman walked through mists, like a man in a nightmare.

Something, he felt, was wrong. He didn't seem to fit in with these men at the front. It had been all right at the training school; he had made friends there . . . they had been fellows of the same sort as he was. . . . But these overseas men were different. . . . Cold-blooded lot. . . .

He picked up some supper in the village and returned late to the field, where he found his hut occupied by three young men in strange uniforms who sat in a row on Sandys' cot.

They arose as Bannerman entered, and he was able to see them by the candle which they had lighted and stuck upon the table. The first was a tall, powerfully built young man, with a strikingly handsome face and very direct gray eyes. Beside him stood a surprisingly little man with straw-colored hair and a wide, friendly grin, and the third was a youth of medium height with a sharp, intense young face and dark eyes that snapped and sparkled gleefully.

The big man turned to Bannerman with a slow, friendly smile.

"My name's Chatford," he said, holding forth his hand.

"From Hairy'd," grinned the little one. "Tell him the truth, Yank. He'll sho' 'nuf find it out."

"This is Lootenant Glenn," Chatford shoved the little fellow forward. "And Lootenant Stanley," he concluded, introducing Blackie. "You're Lootenant Bannerman, I suppose?"

"That's right," said Bannerman. "You will have to excuse my surprise. You're the first American troops I've seen."

"Don't worry," said Stanley. "You'll get used to that. Right now the bad news is that you've got to put up with this South Carolina bantam for a roommate."

"An' the good news is that it might have been two other fellows," said Glenn.

"NOW tell us about the great war," said Chatford.

"That's awfully decent of you," laughed Bannerman. "But I'm as green as you fellows are. I've been over here only five days myself."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Stanley.

"Sho' will," agreed Glenn.

"Well, if the sky goes back where it belongs tomorrow," said Chatford, "you'll have to take us up and show us over the lines."

The weather had cleared in the morning, but Tretherall's men, knowing their war, were not out for flying.

Somewhat surprised by the unwarlike aspect of the camp, the recruits from America sought the orderly hut, Bannerman leading the way. They discovered, to their unconcealed dismay, that while Chatford and Stanley were together in A Flight, Glenn had been appointed to B Flight.

"That's fine," cried Bannerman. "You'll fly with me."

The three of them gazed upon him gloomily.

"Sure," said Stanley. "Fine! Just splits another chip off the old gang, that's all."

"How about a joy ride?" Chatford spoke quickly, sensing Bannerman's embarrassment.

"Of course!" Bannerman covered it nicely. "Better see the C. O. about it."

Conscious of his seniority, Bannerman conducted the negotiations himself.

"Right-ho, Bannerman," said Tretherall dryly. "A fruity and salutary idea. Can't be too keen, you know. But don't get lost, strayed, bewitched, beggared or bewildered."

Bannerman assured him that he wouldn't.

"Merry lot, these overseas men," he said, rejoining his trio. "Old Tretherall's afraid we might run into Fritz."

"He must be a German sympathizer," grinned Stanley. "Do we fly?"

"Rather!" responded Bannerman.

They raced to the hangars like schoolboys, and frantically strove against one another in the tuning up of engines, gaining of temperatures, testing of guns and gauges. Bannerman, who had been accustomed to great deliberation over such vital preparations, was immeasurably stimulated.

STANLEY was out on the field first, and Glenn vied with Chatford in a mad ground race for a flying start. By dint of shamelessly risking his undercarriage Bannerman took advantage of his greater knowledge of the field to cut across their path and roar into the air close upon Stanley's tail. But he couldn't keep up with them.

For every hour's flying his log book showed, the Americans could have shown five hours of stunting in and out of formation, sham combat in the air, target practice and joy riding.

They were masters of their craft, and, following Stanley's daredevil lead, they hopped hedges, rolled, looped, danced and zoomed over the roof tops with an abandon Bannerman could not equal.

He was high above them when they swooped over the front-line trenches, and he circled to let them gain his altitude as the German machine guns drove them up. And now Bannerman was nervously scanning the skies, for he felt much as a conscientious man might feel, who, having taken three children out to play, discovers that their toys are lethal. Not knowing what these crazy Americans would do . . . and as far as his leadership was concerned it was just a case of the blind leading the blind. . . . Hope Fritz is staying at home. . . . Dam' fools might have killed themselves, trench strafing the way they did. . . .

It was on the way home that Bannerman saw the two-seater. The German machine, a Rumpler observation plane, appeared suddenly beneath a hole in the clouds. Bannerman, hoping that his companions had not seen it, looked quickly about him, suspecting a trap. As he scanned the upper cloud field Glenn and Stanley dived for the prey. Bannerman was circling and he saw Glenn's wide, delighted grin as he turned toward Stanley.

Down the two Americans dived. Bannerman saw Chatford turn and join them, and in an instant heard the chatter of the guns as the duel started. But he did not join them, for he knew the trick of luring your enemy into an ambush with a two-seater decoy, and he was determined that his companions should not be surprised.

They weren't. Excepting for the fact that the two-seater had a companion plane close at hand, and that they thus bit off a larger mouthful than they had reckoned for, the American trio dived into nothing they could not handle. As it was, Glenn and Stanley took on the first plane while Chatford surprised the second as it fell upon his comrades. Both sides fired a prodigious amount of ammunition, and, in the extraordinary way of aerial warfare, where targets

A grotesque and astonishing spectacle they

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are moving at tremendous speed, not an effective hit was scored.

Upon landing, excitement prevailed.

"Oh, boy! Did you see that lad unload?" cried Stanley. "Thought he had me all wrapped up to carry home. But he didn't even skin me!"

"They was armor-plated! They was armor-plated, Ah tell you!" yelled Glenn, wriggling out of his cockpit. "Ah didn't empty but a hundred rounds raht into that boy, an' he didn't even bat an eye!"

"Say, Bannerman," said Stanley. "Where were you?"

"Sho' 'nuf," grinned Glenn. "Didn't you see those two-seaters?"

"Sure, he did," said Stanley. "I saw him turn back—"

"Shut up, Blackie!" warned Chatford.

"Yes, I saw one of them," said Bannerman, and, consciously on the defensive, he appeared, unfortunately, supercilious. "I just waited to be sure it wasn't a decoy."

"Hm," grunted Chatford, and a little silence followed.

"You ought to've joined that game of follow-the-leader," said Glenn helpfully. "It was fun."

"Hm," grunted Stanley.

"WELL," said Chatford at last. "It was a good trip." He turned to Bannerman with pointed courtesy. "You must go up with us again some time," he said; and the three of them walked off together.

Bannerman did not go up with them again. They flew with unceasing energy and courage. They astounded the men of Ninety-seven, and appalled them. In many and subtle ways they were reminded that the course they pursued made death a certain thing, but the suggestion made them laugh.

"You don't want to live forever, do you?" asked Stanley.

So they took their part in the patrols ordained by Tretherall and the powers that be, and were prompt at their places for every posted flight, but beyond that they did amazing and, to Tretherall's men, disconcerting things. Chatford and Stanley, coming to earth after a foray with A Flight, would have their petrol tanks filled and take off again with B Flight, to accompany Glenn on his excursions. Or Glenn, having landed after a dawn patrol, would dispense with breakfast to accompany his comrades on the bomb protection duties of the morning. If any one of the three were late in returning from a flight, the other two would never fail to take off immediately to hunt for him, be the sun ever so low or the weather ever so mucky. And when the bulletin board gave forth no call to duty, the three of them would take to the air for long rambles up and down the lines, seeking frolic or fatality. It was inevitable that they should become known as the Three Musketeers.

Bannerman was not asked again to join them in these excursions, but in the hour before sleep Glenn would sometimes enlarge upon the encounters of the day.

Somehow, everything was wrong again. Bannerman was once more an outsider, not one of Tretherall's cold-blooded veterans, and without a place in that gallant company which brought unjaded youth into the weary ranks. He was a misfit. . . . He dreamed too much, and, lacking the stimulation of close comradeship, he was coming more and more to fear and hate the machine which took him daily into such close contact with death.

One night Glenn's voice had died sleepily away, and Bannerman lay there in the black silence, striving against a deathly dread of the next day's duties. And, astonishingly, he heard his own voice speaking without decency and without restraint.

"YOU know," he was saying. "You know. . . . Hang it all! A fellow doesn't like to shove himself forward, you know. . . . But I really enjoyed that trip over the lines with you fellows. . . . You know, there aren't many fellows here who like to do that sort of thing. . . . It rather leaves a fellow at a dead end. . . . It would be awfully decent of you fellows if you'd let me trot along with you now and then."

"Sho' 'nuf!" came the instant response. "Why, ah reckon you-all know yo're welcome to come along any ole time you like. . . . We didn't even think about it. . . . It's jus' . . . well, Ah reckon we jus' didn't think. . . ."

So the next day Bannerman, who felt a queer tensity about his flying of late, came down from a long patrol, and found Chatford and Stanley impatient, awaiting Glenn's return.

"Stay right where you are!" yelled Stanley as Glenn arose in his cockpit after his arrival. "You fill right up and come along with us!"

"O. K.!" piped Glenn cheerily. Then he turned faithfully to Bannerman, who, next to Glenn on the tarmac, had collapsed into relaxation in his cockpit. "Yo' comin' too?" he invited.

Bannerman straightened up in his seat and looked quickly from Glenn to the silent Stanley, who had raised his eyebrows somewhat disapprovingly.

"Rather!" he cried, and fought down the impulse to confess his satisfaction at a safe return to earth and his reluctance to tempt fate again that afternoon.

"'Attaboy!" grinned Glenn. "Fill 'er up!"

And they filled up, to make a mad promenade over the German lines, dipping to strafe the trenches with their gun fire, and receiving a hail of bullets through their wings in return. Strangely Bannerman found a queer exhilaration in that shower of lead, and stunted vaingloriously on the way home, almost colliding with Chatford in the intoxicating splendor of S turns.

"You want to take more air for your waltzing," laughed Chatford as they clambered out. "I don't aim to have the paint scratched off my wings on every flight."

Bannerman, happily engaged in freeing Glenn from an entanglement between the belt of his flying coat and a landing wire, chuckled fatuously.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "A man can't live forever!"

THEREAFTER Bannerman and Glenn developed, in their flights, that queer understanding that a man can have of another who soars in space beside him. They could not touch one another or exchange words; it was not often that they could catch each other's eye, and yet they learned to work together in perfect coördination, seldom failing to anticipate one another's moves in flight and in battle. It enriched the war for Bannerman with a blissful sense of companionship which achieved the effect of overcoming fear.

A new type of German two-seater arrived which was designed to spit death in a baffling number of different directions and carry an incredible load of bombs. The Germans, laudably anxious to do as much damage as possible with their new toy before the enemy had devised an effective means of attacking it, used this machine indiscriminately, and it quite livened things up along the line.

On an afternoon when A Flight had taken Chatford and Stanley out on patrol, Tretherall received word of a bombing raid down the line being conducted exclusively by the new Albatros two-seaters. He sent B Flight up to deal with them.

They found the three bombers over Saint-Omer, and Affleck gave his signal as he climbed, for the Germans, not waiting for him to gain altitude, calmly gave up their bombing and attacked him. B Flight split, and in the split Bannerman and Glenn were parted. Bannerman saw Glenn go soaring off toward the sun while he himself followed Warburton eastward.

The maneuver was a pretty one, and the two groups of scouts swung into their attack with nice precision. Affleck led his men down in a widening fan as the Germans opened fire, and in the first exchange of shots his strategy worked beautifully. As the two-seaters turned to give their gunners bearing, the scouts wheeled swiftly so that each man engaging a German plane was supported by another who attacked from above and behind the enemy. Affleck himself learned on his first dive two new directions of fire which the Albatros machines possessed, and he was unable to make another dive because of a wing which wabbled badly for want of a strut which had abruptly disappeared. So he nursed (*Continued on page 56*)

presented. "The pilot," gasped Blackie. "Is he dead?"

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Why I am for

There scampers across the continent every working day afternoon the clatter of the 26 Scripps-Howard newspapers going to press. Daily these 26 newspapers tell their readers to vote for Herbert Hoover. Roy Howard, Chairman of the Board of Directors of these newspapers, tells in this article how and why they are for Hoover

IN JANUARY at French Lick, Indiana, twenty-six editors representing as many daily newspapers published in cities scattered from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, selected Herbert Hoover as their first choice for editorial support in the present Presidential campaign. The choice was made by a unanimous vote taken after three days of open debate and discussion of the merits and qualifications of all of the outstanding candidates then under consideration by the two major parties.

The men making the selection were the editors of twenty-six Scripps-Howard newspapers. Probably the most outstanding characteristic of the group was the youth of its members. The average age of the twenty-six men was just a trifle over thirty years. Through their combined activities they represented a daily newspaper circulation of something over two and one-half million.

It is fair to assume that from the standpoint of age at least these editors represented the viewpoint of a very important element in the voting population—that younger element which is least fettered in its judgment by considerations of partisan loyalty.

In consequence of these considerations there has been a great deal of curiosity evidenced as to what elements in Herbert Hoover's character and what incidents in his public life influenced his selection by these editors, representing as they did the youthful viewpoint of widely scattered communities and widely divergent interests and political reactions.

In the first place these young men knew Hoover; they knew him as newspaper men know a public man. It wasn't necessary for any of these young men to go to the records of what Hoover had accomplished; they needed no dope sheet on Hoover's past performances. And this was natural enough, because there is not a corner of the world in which Hoover has worked in which some reporter or reporters, serving under divisional editors who were present at that conference, had not been on the actual scene watching Hoover and his organization work.

These Men Really Know Hoover

These editors did not need to study what Hoover *had* done, because, through reportorial agencies, they had actually seen him working. They had actually seen him from day to day, throughout fourteen long eventful years, creating his record. There were men at that gathering whose reporters had covered what Hoover's organization did to relieve the famine in Russia and *who* were sending daily stories of that marvel of the salvage of human life.

These men had felt the actual emotion which swept like a torrent of gratitude through the vast wandering armies of Russian farm folk who had left their foodless farms and had started wandering out across the steppes to seek food elsewhere—only, to their amazement, to meet on their own bare prairies food directed by Hoover to them from the United States.

Romance in His Deeds

There were other editors there whose reporters had covered the salvaging of child life in Belgium and in Germany after the war—whose reporters had seen great throngs cheer and shout in foreign tongues their praise and thanks to this man. Other editors had seen the daily stories, sent in by their reporters, of how Hoover brought comfort, safety, order and plenty in the midst of the chaos of the Mississippi flood. As one of these editors said, "Hoover's monuments are so big that you get emotional over the monuments rather than over the man himself."

He knew what he was talking about because he himself had heard scores of thousands of Belgian men, women and children cheer Hoover. One young editor at the conference had said, "No one can get emotional and shout and sing about Hoover as a man," and this young man was answering the argument that Hoover might seem to the American people to be an unemotional person. This statement and others made by other young men who had been thrilled by Hoover's achievements helped us to face the problem that perhaps it might be difficult to arouse the emotion of the American people concerning the individual Hoover. And he was probably right. Undoubtedly there is more picturesqueness, romance, emotion and popular appeal in Hoover's deeds than in his talk.

But there were other elements in Hoover that were not hard to define. For years these editors had been passing over their desks floods and torrents of news concerning this man Hoover. All of it was good news. And I emphasize that this constant passage of good news—none bad, none critical, none reflecting in the slightest degree on this man's ability or power, of character or of brain—had served to convince editors of his greatness. It was bound to do so because through the years with their editorial eyes they had been actually watching a great man at work and they had become almost unconsciously convinced of his greatness.

Political Expediency

The qualifications required in securing and holding a job differ greatly in private and public life.

The rewards of permanence and promotion, in private employment, follow naturally upon efficient administration. In politics efficient administration is less certain of recognition. Mediocrity, once enthroned, continues on if the wiles by which the position was first obtained are employed with reasonable diligence between the dates of induction and the next election.

To put it another way, the prizes in politics usually go to the back-slapper, the hand-shaker and the baby-kisser, whereas these tactics get one nowhere in business.

All of which is an unfortunate commentary on our system of government—unfortunate, but true nevertheless. The records show that the average office-holder works little at the task to which he has been elected. The more important his position the less his effort, usually. Instead his energies, frequently, are devoted during his term of office to those things which secured him the office originally, and which will make for his reëlection—a vicious cycle of back-slapping, hand-shaking and granting favors, referred to in the technique of politics as "keeping up the fences."

The very nature of newspaper work calls for constant contact with politicians. And this familiarity not infrequently breeds a quick suspicion. A reporter may be relatively young in newspaper work, and still be old in his contempt for the methods of political expediency. But this is not an indictment of all men in political life. There are exceptions.

A Welcome Relief

Probably the first and most outstanding reason for Hoover's appeal to Scripps-Howard editors was the frequent charge made before the conventions that he had no political acumen or finesse; that he was so completely devoid of partisanship that he had been known to put men and measures ahead of party loyalty!

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Hoover

By Roy W. Howard

The quiet, diffident, hard-working Hoover, the man who though world famous as an organizer and an engineer was frank enough to admit that he knew of no panacea for all our national and international ills, whose only remedy was study and hard work, offered a welcome relief from the usual office seeker endowed only with "born oratory" and "bull."

It was argued that Hoover lacks the human touch regarded as necessary for a successful campaigner. Perhaps, but to the seasoned newspaper man fed up on professional good fellowship and calculating camaraderie, relief from the booming vocal efforts of the jovial vote-getter carried a unique and original appeal.

But that, of course, was not all.

Here was a once virile Republican party grown fat, flabby and corrupt. The nomination and election of a conventional politician would mean faster and more certain disintegration. Now while these editors owed no allegiance to, and held no brief for, the Republican party whose individual candidates and whose individual policies they had repeatedly opposed, they did, and do, believe in the soundness and the efficacy of the two-party system for a democracy such as ours. They recognized clearly the hazards and the unwieldiness of the multi-party, or block, system such as obtains in France, for instance.

They recognized that when one of the two major parties goes bad, and deserts or strays away from its fundamental virtues, there are two possible methods of correction—reform from within, or the creation of a third party. Due to the magnitude and the complexity of our party organizations, to the tremendous expense of conducting a national campaign in a nation as far-flung as our own, a third-party success, though a possibility, is a very remote possibility. All things practical in politics are against it. The quickest and most direct route to reform, given the right sort of leadership, is from within.

Aboard the Bandwagon

Our knowledge of Hoover convinced us that he is the sort of leader capable of rehabilitating a great political party, even as he has rehabilitated great corporations in the past. We believe him capable of redirecting the course of a party whose principles have been better than some of its recent practices.

We believe that even in the office of President of the United States Hoover will do his own thinking and determine his own course of action. We believe that his past record as a thinker and as a director of activities has been such as to justify the belief that under his administration the affairs of state will be honestly, sanely, efficiently and progressively administered.

We knew that by reason of his habit of independent thinking and direct acting the professional politicians whose interests are always self-centered were opposed to Hoover.

It was obvious that they were more fearful of a party housecleaning which might eliminate them permanently than they were of a party defeat which would probably retire them only temporarily.

We were for Hoover for the very same reasons that the reactionary elements in his own party were against him. We got aboard the Hoover bandwagon when it was little more than a one-horse shay and when many of those who are now striving desperately to get aboard were busily engaged in piling rocks in the road to impede its progress.

Hoover is Dry But—

We believed then as we believe now that Hoover was the one candidate for the Republican nomination who was capable of leading his party out of the wilderness of corruption in which it was rapidly bogging down. Nothing in Hoover's entire career, private or public, indicates that he would stand for graft and corruption. That made an especially powerful appeal to young editors who were idealistic and at the same time practical.

But there was another consideration, economic rather than political.

America has, since the war, changed her status from that of an import to that of an export nation. Our continued prosperity and the continued improvement in our scale of living (already the highest ever attained by any nation in history) is dependent upon the sagacity and the far-sightedness with which our national leaders both in business and statesmanship approach and meet our new economic problems.

If training in the great school of world affairs, if successful handling of problems which literally involved the lives of nations and of millions of people, and if organizing ability amounting to positive genius count for anything in the matter of furnishing qualifications for the office, Herbert Hoover seems to us to have been trained and endowed with a background of experience qualifying him to meet the tasks that will confront the next President of the United States, as has been no other Presidential candidate in our time.

We differ with Hoover on many public questions—especially on the questions of prohibition. We have abandoned the hope to which he still clings, the hope of achieving national temperance through our present ill-conceived national prohibition law.

We are by no means sure that we will agree with the methods he will employ in dealing with the great problem of super-power. But even in our disagreement we have faith in Hoover. We believe that facts, not emotion or political expediency, will govern his actions.

We believe that the facts of the great farce of prohibition, as they are revealing themselves daily to an increasingly large number of open-minded people, will, in time, enlist the aid of Hoover in the interest of intelligent and necessary modification. Nothing that we read in his speech of acceptance bars the entertainment of such a hope. On the contrary, the Palo Alto speech, while unqualified insofar as it expresses Hoover's personal attitude, specifically concedes the right of all citizens to entertain a dissenting point of view and to work openly for a reconsideration of the issues without any imputation being cast upon their patriotism or their citizenship—a long step from the narrow-minded attitude of the holier-than-thouers of the Anti-Saloon League.

Roy W. Howard, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Scripps-Howard newspapers

As editors we have no quarrel with the millions of high-minded American citizens who are quite as sincere in their belief in the benign effects of prohibition as we are sincere in our belief that it is a blighting influence. Our only quarrel is with the forces of bigotry and intolerance which refuse to accept prohibition as an experiment "noble in motive," the results of which are proper subjects for consideration and review, and who insist upon its acceptance as a "law of the Medes and Persians" susceptible of no change, modification or reconsideration.

Sanity Means Modification

As journalists we are more interested in eliminating bigotry and intolerance than in repealing prohibition, because with the minimizing of the former two evils will come a sane and dispassionate review of the last named. With review and sane reconsideration will certainly come modification, the sane substitute for the nullification now so generally in practice as to constitute a menace to our whole governmental structure.

At Palo Alto, Hoover, himself still a believer in the ultimate possibilities of prohibition, and with a direction characteristic of the man, lifted the prohibition question entirely out of the zone of fanaticism, and treated it upon the high plane of common sense. In this action and on a subject in which we are in complete disagreement with him, Hoover has furnished another reason for our belief in him and for our support of him; namely, by his defense of those who disagree with him. He says, in effect, that reason, not bigotry, must prevail.

Under the administration of a man with such a viewpoint any sound theory has a chance of success, and any unsound theory can be overthrown by a truthful array of facts.

More than this cannot be asked of any political leader. That Hoover's past performances have been such as to guarantee this much in the event of his election is in our judgment one of the outstanding reasons for his strong appeal to the young men and women of the nation.

Confidence in the fundamental honesty, intelligence and open-mindedness of a man rather than complete unity of opinions is the important consideration. This confidence Hoover unquestionably enjoys—partially perhaps because he is endowed with the gift of deeds rather than with the gift of gab. To realize this you have only to see him work.

Youth wants a kick in politics as in everything else these days. Well, to be modern, there's a kick in Hoover.

We believe that in the White House, Hoover will repeatedly thrill America with his constructive achievements. We will have fine news sent out to America from Washington, for we are sure that Hoover will give America a good, safe, and a new direction.

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CONGRATULATIONS

By Chester T. Crowell

In which the twenty-seventh assistant district attorney learns not to count his chickens too soon

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Mrs. Templeton looked at the telephone. "I can't—can't talk"

"CONGRATULATE me, Beaver!" Jimmy McCauley commanded with mock heroics as he dropped the telephone receiver into its accustomed berth and faced his astonished roommate.

"You see before you the twenty-seventh assistant district attorney. In other words, I have been promoted. I am now in the homicide division. And, what's more, I have a case."

"That's fine, Jimmy. So they finally gave it to you! Was that what the telephone call was about?"

"That's what it was about. Chief wants me to come right back to the office and interrogate a prospective defendant."

"And it's a murder case?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you much about it? Is it going to be a good one?"

"I don't know. It happened just about an hour ago. It's a woman. I'll tell you all about it when I come in."

Jimmy McCauley and his friend Beaver had been classmates in law school, and now, launching their careers, they were roommates. By good luck and a thimbleful of family influence Jimmy had landed on the staff of the district attorney. By still better luck, having no influence, Beaver had stumbled upon a case during his first year out of college and thereafter managed to retain his independence, although by a precarious margin.

AFTER stepping with care out of the rheumatic courthouse elevator Jimmy glanced down the long corridor and observed that there was a reassuring light in his office. He walked briskly to the door, opened it, and said, "Good evening, Miss Bowman. Good evening, gentlemen." Miss Bowman smiled and handed him a brief typed memorandum. He read it; then, looking up, remarked, "You gentlemen are Officers Carr and Clancy?"

"Yes, sir"—in chorus.

"You were present and witnessed the homicide?"

"Yes, sir"—again in chorus.

Jimmy addressed his next question to Officer Clancy, "Briefly, what happened?"

"There was a jam of people at the corner, waiting for the traffic cop's whistle so they could cross," Clancy began. "Carr and I were in the crowd and close up to the curb. When the whistle blew the mob behind us shoved forward and pushed a woman off the curb and out in front of a truck that was just rounding the corner. She pitched forward, off balance. Her feet were still on the curb. Carr made a grab for her, but the woman in front of us got her. I grabbed this woman's shoulders to help her pull the other woman back. Instead of doing that, she pushed the other woman under the truck. The rest of it wasn't pretty. Have I told enough?"

"Are you sure she pushed the other woman?"

"Yes."

"Carr, what do you say?"

"No doubt about it at all," Carr replied promptly.

"Do you know any reason for her doing that?"

"No. The detectives haven't reported yet; they just got the case."

"All right. You gentlemen just be seated and after the defendant has made her statement we will see if there are any questions we wish to ask her." The officers nodded assent and pulled two chairs close together.

"Have you notified the warden that we are ready, Miss Bowman?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes, sir," and the stenographer proceeded with the sharpening of a sixth lead pencil. Jimmy looked at her approvingly. It was very comforting to have Miss Bowman with him on this first case. They had been working together ever since he had reached a position of sufficient dignity to be accorded stenographic assistance. Miss Bowman was about forty years of age, and Jimmy sometimes suspected that there were not more than one or two abler attorneys in the department, although she, of course, was not admitted to the bar.

THE door opened, and a morose deputy warden in drab uniform escorted the defendant to a position in the center of the room, then silently departed. Jimmy rose, politely.

"You are Mrs. Frances Templeton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is James McCauley, Mrs. Templeton. I am an assistant district attorney. I am informed that you wish to make a statement. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir." And then for a moment they stood looking at each other appraisingly. If Jimmy had been somewhat older, he would have pronounced Mrs. Templeton beautiful. As it was, he decided that she must have been beautiful in her youth. He estimated her age at about thirty-six years. She was of medium height; brown eyes; brown hair, very conservatively bobbed, and there was something about her dress, carriage and manner that told him she was accustomed to an office.

HER voice especially impressed Jimmy; it was calm and indicated strength. A woman with a voice like that, he judged, would not go to pieces easily. He drew up a chair, and she sat down.

"It is my duty to warn you, Mrs. Templeton, that any statement you make may be used as evidence against you," he said. Mrs. Templeton smiled. She liked this polite young man.

"I understand," she said firmly.

"What was the name of the woman who fell under the truck?" Jimmy began, as though she had already admitted knowing the name. It was a bold shot in the dark, but it went home.

"Mrs. Pickett," she replied.

"How long had you known Mrs. Pickett?"

"Fifteen years."

"And when did you first quarrel?" Another shot in the dark.

"We never have quarreled," Mrs. Templeton hastened to reply.

"But you were enemies?"

"I wouldn't say that, exactly."

"Perhaps you had better explain in your own way, Mrs. Templeton."

"Yes, I think so."

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Templeton, are you employed?"

"Yes, by the Theodore Pickett Company."

"And the woman was Mrs. Theodore Pickett?"

"Yes."

"I know Mr. Pickett," Jimmy remarked, and Mrs. Templeton blushed. "Now just go ahead and make your statement in your own way," he added. "I suggest that you begin with your acquaintance and relations with Mr. and Mrs. Pickett."

"That's what I want to do." At this Officers Carr and Clancy, sitting in a far corner of the room, gasped. Miss Bowman bit her lip. Jimmy registered attention.

"I went to work as Theodore Pickett's stenographer fifteen years ago," Mrs. Templeton began. "My husband had just died and left me with two babies. There were two places offered to me, but I took the one with Mr. Pickett because he looked like a man who was going to get somewhere, and, then, he had just been married and was very much in love with his wife. The first time I saw him he talked about her more than he did about my job."

"You didn't know Mrs. Pickett at that time?" Jimmy interrupted.

"No, and not for a long time afterward, but I saw her just after I went to work. I knew who she was."

"Well, to your mind, what was the importance of the fact that he had just been married?"

"Why, I preferred to work with that kind of man. I had made up my mind never to marry again, myself, on account of the children. My marriage was very happy, and I didn't want to take a chance on a stepfather. Sometimes men in offices, you know, want to marry

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the women they work with. And if the women don't want to marry it may become embarrassing. I thought it would be better to start with a man like Mr. Pickett. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Templeton; go on."

"Well, I wasn't very good at first, but Mr. Pickett was in love and kind to everybody, so it worked out just like I thought it would. I got a chance to study the business too. I like business. We were with Perkins & Lovejoy then, of course. That was before Mr. Pickett went into business for himself."

"And how long was it before you really met Mrs. Pickett?"

"About three and a half years."

"Well, suppose you tell about that?"

"Yes, sir. She came in one morning; she went into Mr. Pickett's private office and immediately began to scream."

"To scream?"

"Yes."

"Why did she do that?"

"Well, it seems that they had been having a lot of arguments about money and she had threatened to come to his office and make a scene if he didn't give her what she asked for. So she came and screamed."

"How do you know that that was the reason?"

"Everybody in the place heard what she said."

"And was that the first time you ever met her?"

"Yes."

"All right, Mrs. Templeton, go on."

"WELL, this scene made things pretty hard for Mr. Pickett because Perkins & Lovejoy had promised to make him a vice president and he had been trying to save some money to buy five shares of stock. It was a rule that a vice president had to have five shares. He finally got the shares, but they still didn't make him vice president."

"And did that make any difference to you, Mrs. Templeton?"

"Yes, I would have got a raise of two-fifty a week as a vice president's secretary."

"I see. Pardon my interruption.

"Well, about a year later, Mr. Pickett sued for legal separation. Perkins & Lovejoy told him that if he got clear of his domestic troubles they would make him a vice president. He didn't really want to sue, because he still loved his wife, but it seemed to be the only way for him to get anywhere, so he brought the suit. Mrs. Pickett won it, though, and then there was another scene in the office. She came in and said a lot of things about him."

"To whom?"

"To everybody."

"Did she address any of her remarks to you?"

"Not any more than to the others. She never paid any special attention to me."

"You don't think she was jealous of you?"

"No, she wasn't jealous of any other woman. Mr. Pickett was crazy about her. After that he resigned. He went with Ward & Tumulty. They offered him a better salary, and he never would have been a vice president with Perkins & Lovejoy, anyway."

"Did you go with him?"

"Yes, I haven't worked for anybody else since my husband died."

"You and Mr. Pickett became very good friends?"

"In a business way, yes."

"Are you very fond of Mr. Pickett?"

"Of course; he's my bread and butter and my children's bread and butter and my mother-in-law's. She lives with me and takes care of the children. Of course I take an interest in him. Why shouldn't I?"

"All right, Mrs. Templeton. How long were you and Mr. Pickett with Ward & Tumulty?"

"Five years. He got to be sales manager there. Before that, though, he made pretty good commissions, and I think there must have been peace at home for a year or so. But after he got to be sales manager the trouble started again. It was the same old thing, money. She would come in every once in a while and threaten to make a scene, but he got rid of her without any more screaming."

"Do you know this of your own knowledge, Mrs. Templeton?"

"Yes, certainly. I was present more than half the time. That is, I could hear them. It didn't make any difference to her who was standing around. Mr. Ward and Mr. Tumulty had a good deal of sympathy for Mr. Pickett, so they used to let him draw against his salary in these emergencies—that is, if he didn't have the money himself. Finally, though, she sued him for divorce, and that broke him up pretty badly."

"Was it absolutely required of me to save that woman?" Mrs. Templeton suddenly demanded

"ARE you speaking of finances or his mental condition?" Jimmy asked.

"I am speaking of his nerves," Mrs. Templeton replied. "I had to handle practically all of his business for eight months. He was a wreck. But they finally patched the thing up somehow, and the suit was dropped. I could handle his current business all right, but of course I couldn't get new business. You see, he was the sales manager, and during this time sales fell off and Ward & Tumulty were getting pretty sick of it. They had been sticking by him for a long time, waiting for him to straighten things out and they raised my wages too. I got five dollars a week more.

"But he could see that he was just about through there, so he began looking around for another opportunity. He had some very good friends among his customers, and a little group of them offered to set him up in business for himself. I don't think they knew anything at all about his domestic troubles. They just picked him for a winner and offered to finance him. He, of course, thought that would settle every problem he had in the world because all the rows seem to have been about money. I had a family to think about. So when he offered me sixty-five dollars a week I went with him.

"At first everything was fine. Mr. Pickett's arrangement with his stockholders gave him a paper salary of ten thousand a year; by that I mean he was to draw it whenever the business could afford to pay it. He had a block of stock too. But at the start he was to draw just enough to live on and let the unpaid salary accumulate to his credit.

"As a matter of fact, the office boy and I were the only ones who drew regular wages, but the prospects were excellent. Mr. Pickett was bringing in business, and I thought for a while that we really were going to establish the company."

"I thought the company *was* established," Jimmy interrupted. "It has been running for four or five years, and still is, isn't it?"

"THERE is still a sign on the door," Mrs. Templeton answered with a wry smile, "but I wouldn't say that the business is really established. It ought to have been, but it isn't."

"What happened?"

"Mrs. Pickett brought another suit for divorce. This time she stated, or her lawyer did, that Mr. Pickett was drawing a salary of ten thousand a year. He couldn't deny it in court—for business reasons, of course. So Mrs. Pickett got her divorce and alimony that Mr. Pickett couldn't pay."

"On what ground was the divorce granted?"

"Extreme cruelty and nonsupport."

"All right, Mrs. Templeton; go ahead."

"Well, he failed to pay the alimony, and Mrs. Pickett's lawyer had him sent to jail. He's in jail now. And, what's more, I don't see how he is ever going to get out, because he certainly can't pay. He hasn't got it."

"That problem is at an end, Mrs. Templeton," Jimmy remarked solemnly. "Mrs. Pickett is dead. There will be no more alimony for her."

"You don't mean that they will let him out of jail, do you?"

"Yes, I should think that they probably will," Jimmy answered. "Hadn't that possibly occurred to you?"

"No, sir; it did not," Mrs. Templeton answered. "I don't see how they can let him out."

"Don't you know that death often cancels a debt or claim?"

"But he is in jail for contempt of court. He is (*Continued on page 61*)

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The Thundering Herd

By John W. Heisman

Heffelfinger of Yale comes through—as usual. He's wrecking the center of the line, his right arm extended toward his victim

Football's steam-roller era was on. First Princeton gave us the V, which was bad enough. But then Harvard gave it wings and we had the flying wedge. Then came Pennsylvania's retort with the flying interference and guards back.

Of such ponderous days does John W. Heisman, the famous coach of Georgia Tech, Pennsylvania, Auburn and other team producers, write in his second article. In more than forty years of football he has seen it all

AS FAR as we know, William Webb Ellis of Rugby, England, started it. In one of Rugby's ivy-clad halls there is a tablet hallowing his spectacular defiance of the rules of his distant day:

This Stone
Commemorates the Exploit of
William Webb Ellis
Who with a Fine Disregard for the
Rules of Football
As Played in His Time
First Took the Ball into His Arms and
Ran with It
Thus Originating the Distinctive Feature of
The Rugby Game
A. D. 1823

After him the deluge. Following in the train of Billy Ellis, over American fields, came a horde of youth paying splendid tribute to his daring. To be sure, they came far in his wake—Camp, Terry, McClung, Hinkey, Thorpe, Lamar, Lake, Ames, Heston, Hare. I mention too few.

Football carriers as great as they (or greater?) followed them in a generation. But to William Webb Ellis go the pioneer's laurels.

All that he did was to surrender to that yearning that is the hottest desire of every true football player; that yearning to snatch the ball and race toward and across the enemy's goal line. The sensation that he sprang came to have many American cousins, one of the first of which was born on the afternoon of October 18, 1884.

Princeton and Pennsylvania were playing one of their early games. There was a fierce rivalry between them. Later, unhappily, it was to become too bitter. But on this afternoon the moment came when the ball was given by the Princeton quarterback to the great Henry Lamar, right halfback.

His great speed and dodging carried him 18 yards around his own end. No interference preceded him. None was permitted under the rules of his day.

They'll Try Anything Once

On the next play, Princeton fumbled. Penn, smashing at Princeton's line and flanks, got nowhere. Penn punted and a Princeton man made a fair catch at mid-field.

Here Hodges, Princeton's quarter, is struck by inspiration. A dazzling idea, coming from heaven knows what or where, has seized him, and dancing in his excitement he calls Bird, his captain. Bird listens, grins and asks for time out and gets it. The entire Princeton team swarms around Hodges, who repeats his plan.

There is a vigorous nodding and a nervous rubbing of hands. Sure, they'll try anything once. If they can get away with it—

So Princeton elects a free kick which is their privilege inasmuch as the man who made the catch held one arm aloft as the ball descended toward him, thus serving notice upon Penn that he intended only to catch the ball and not try to advance it.

Penn scatters to await the free kick, its thin line 10 yards away from the ball. And then Penn is amazed to see ten of Princeton's men form a V with the point aimed at them. Between the two sides of the V is Baker, an even stronger runner than Lamar although not as elusive. At the point of the V is the Princeton center and the ball is at his feet.

The center picks up the ball and touches it to his toe—a "constructive" kick, satisfactory to the rule book. He passes it to Baker. Penn, fascinated, sees the V move toward her line with Baker within it, the ball under his arm.

The first mass play in American football is under way. . . .

That wild-goose formation, the famous V, plowed through Penn's thin line and the two sides of it maintained their alignment for 50 yards. A Penn player threw himself under the new car of Juggernaut, five yards from his own goal, wrecking it.

Hodge's inspiration was the forerunner of the flying wedge, the secondary wedge, the revolving wedge and a wide variety of momentum plays for years to come. They were ponderous, but the game too was ponderous. Back in the thundering herd days when mass plays were legal, brute strength, even if heavy-footed, held the ascendancy over fleetness and rapidity of mind. We consistently travel lighter, faster and farther today.

Flattery Does It

But the V's, the wedges, the guards-back tandems and all the rest of those crushers were deadly. The football casualty lists became long and saddening. Throughout the land there arose protests of many parents who had lusty sons in college. Professional humanitarians worked on college deans, some of whom capitulated and either abolished the game or threatened to.

Particularly did those parents who every September began fearing for the necks of their sons protest against the crushing qualities of the game, although there were many of them like Tim Barton's father.

I call him Tim Barton because he might object to the use here of his real name. He was one of Penn's great backs, not a Grange nor a Thorpe, but no list of first-class football stars would be quite complete without his name.

His father, who had never seen a game, was bitterly opposed to his playing but at the boy's long and almost tearful solicitation he consented to come out one afternoon before definitely prohibiting football.

We placed a chair on the sidelines for the old man and two of our most diplomatic students were appointed to sit at his sides during the game. They deftly filled the father's ears with nice words about his son and talked dark pictures of the calamity that would be Penn's were the university to be deprived of the boy's football services.

The old man was human. That a son of his should be so valiant, so valuable, so fleet, so strong was flattering. Was *he* not his father?

He arrived on the field sternly and impressively clad—frock coat, silk hat, striped trousers, white spats, square-toed patent leathers, gloves and gold-headed cane. His thin patrician face was flanked by whiskers, glossy and luxuriant. He was hardly seated when our cheer leader called for an ovation for Tim Barton. I think, too, that Barton *père* got a long "Ye-a-a-a-a-a-a."

The rib-crushing flying wedge. Simply the V with a flying start. Gangway! The flying wedge was invented by Lorin DeLand of Harvard, right, who never played football

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Hector Cowan of Princeton was probably the greatest of all tackles

He was quite an important person after all.

Well, Tim Barton was that afternoon's hero for Pennsylvania. He had to be. We worked harder to help Tim be great than we did to defeat our opposition. We gave him interference that would have brightened the life of any coach. We gave him the ball whenever a touchdown was unavoidable. And all this interspersed frequently with long rahs for Barton.

We opened the second half (we played 45-minute halves in those earthquaking days) with a flying wedge, Tim carrying the ball. From the opposition's safety man came the startled cry:

"Here he comes again. Kill him. Kill the son of a mackerel."

Tim's father, whose face had grown pink and whose eyes had taken on a high polish under the influence of his son's great work, arose. He snatched off his tall hat and threw it into the mud. Our wedge swept down the sideline, past the old man, a full 50 yards.

The safety man, in hot pursuit, was still imploring his teammates to kill Tim Barton when Tim broke loose from the formation and went it alone with that sanguinary safety man in full cry, four yards behind. And then the old man joined the race.

Then we knew where Tim Barton had got his speed. The old man, running like a sprinter, joined the chase, waving his cane. He closed up on the howling safety man until when Tim crossed the goal line he was only five yards astern.

The Secondary V

Tim fell to earth. He had made another touchdown. On one side of him stood the safety man. On the other side stood the father flourishing his cane.

"Kill him, hey," he panted at the safety man. "Kill him, hey. Well, you kill him and, by gosh, I'll kill you."

And football had won over another member of the opposition.

Defenses against wedges became common. Generally speaking these counter-attacks were as menacing to life and limb as the mass offensives. But the point is that auxiliaries to the V's and wedges had to be developed.

At Oberlin, in 1892, I evolved a smaller, secondary V which was to form when the primary wedge was destroyed. We used it first against Western Reserve University and the dividends it paid were huge. With Fred Savage, for many years a member of the National Rules Committee, carrying the ball this secondary wedge had its première and Fred scurried 55 yards for a score and something new had appeared beneath the October sun.

Until that year the wedges started from standstill. Naturally their crushing properties were far greater than their speed. Speedy assaults upon the wedge were lessening its menace and, apparently, fetching its life to a close. And then Lorin DeLand came to its rescue by giving its wings—the flying wedge.

DeLand was at Harvard helping her to prepare for the Yale invasion. Yale's first glimpse of this new bruising machine was had early in the game. Two lines of Harvard men, five in a line, fell back 20 yards along either boundary of the field. Trafford of Harvard was standing over the ball in the conventional position of a center man.

Yale, scattered over the field, ten yards away beheld this interesting spectacle with something of the awe and apprehension that must have been Pennsylvania's when Hodges of Princeton had his celebrated brainstorm.

Blithely Trafford waved his arm and the two lines of his teammates started running toward him in Indian files. By the time they had reached him their momentum was terrific. Trafford scooped up the ball, thereby putting it in play, stepped back between the two leading runners, the two lines instantly converging, and ran within this flying V with Yale men being hurled hither and yon like spray from the prow of a battleship. He ran 25 yards before the wedge got its 20 legs hopelessly tangled and collapsed. Now, one of the remarkable features about the flying wedge was that its inventor, DeLand, had never played football.

But the momentum play was to be doomed. The human frame was unequal to it. Besides, a number of great running and kicking players—bright individual stars who needed no assault and battery to assist them to fame—had appeared and were continuing to appear—Camp, Terry and McClung of Yale, Henry Lamar and Snake Ames of Princeton, for example. Speed, strong straight-arming, clever dodging and agile brains had come to football, naturally making stupid the exploits of the steam-roller tacticians.

Yet the mass play and assault and battery tactics continued for the average college team. The average varsity was an all-sub outfit by the end of the season. Surely few coaches have had a more impressive array of mass play casualties than I had at Oberlin in 1893. Even such men as I was able to impress into service were bandaged almost beyond recognition. Football was a serious occupation. A team played at least twice a week and maybe more. It used up men.

One Saturday my Oberlin men overcame Alonzo Stagg's mighty Chicago squad, 33 to 12, and were reduced to crutches, canes, splints and yards of plaster thereby. On the following Monday we staggered off the field at Champaign, Ill., the very groggy victors over Hall's University of Illinois team, 34 to 24.

Brave Days But Rough

That Monday night I had the cauliflowered ears of three of my warriors lanced. Eight other members of my team were under the hands of surgeons although none of them was seriously injured—that is, seriously for those days. Homeward bound, we took day coaches because we had to change trains at Toledo at midnight. The more exhausted of the players slept anyway—heavily, nervously.

We dragged through the station gates at Toledo, some with arms in slings, some on crutches. I don't think there was one of them that did not have his head bandaged and his face court-plastered. And to lend an even deeper hue of gloom to the picture the team's manager was carried off the train on a stretcher. His injuries had, however, been acquired indoors. He had so lost control of himself that he had eaten himself into a painful attack of acute indigestion. There was a considerable crowd at the station for midnight, but they had not gathered to cheer us.

A mob closed in upon us clucking and murmuring solicitude and pity.

"Good heavens," cried a woman standing near one of my total wrecks, "look at this one. He must have been underneath."

"I was, madam," he groaned. "Every time, it seems."

A go-getter interne from a hospital came scurrying over to me.

"All right, sir, all right," he cried. "The ambulances are over this way."

"See here," I said a bit peevishly, "we did get bounced around a little but you people are overdoing this. We can make it under our own steam."

And about that time newsboys arrived carrying still warm newspapers. "Heee yah, hece yah. Yextraaaa. . . . All abouta wreck ona Clover Leaf. . . . Yaaaaaaah."

So it is just as well that we did not accept the interne's invitation. The ambulances were needed more by the survivors of the Clover Leaf wreck who arrived in a few minutes.

Brave days, those, but a trifle rough.

That was the era that we of an older generation of football love to think upon, not perhaps that better football was played but because of its giants. Individual genius stood out more prominently then because the mass play was the customary ground-gainer.

But those days produced Gill, Heffelfinger, Butterworth, Thorne and Winter of Yale, Newell of Harvard, Cowan of Princeton, Osgood of Cornell and Penn, Brooke of Penn, Bunker of the Army, Weeks of Columbia and Hubbard of Amherst. There has never been a lineman the superior of Hector Cowan. I have seen him plunge on for 10 and 15 yards, the ball clamped to his ribs and three and four earnest young athletes struggling to fetch him down. Occasionally he would fail—occasionally only—and then he would utter his favorite oath, "Oh, sugar!" I saw the man gain more than 300 yards against Penn in 1889.

Do you blame me, a coach, for gloating over such memory?

Keep Out of His Way

Similarly I like occasionally to think of a lad named Willie Heston, who played for Yost at Michigan in those stupendous "Hurry-up" days at Ann Arbor. I have had dreams of a trio of backs—Heston, Thorpe and Grange. Think of that array in your backfield. And a line with Glass and Brown of Yale, Bemus Pierce of Carlisle, Rinehart of Lafayette, Glaze of Dartmouth and Dewitt of Princeton in it.

And of course William Heffelfinger of Yale. He was six feet four. He weighed two hundred and one pounds.

Once I said to a teammate:

"Listen, old man, we're going at his side of the line this time. Can't you somehow get through him—just this once?"

"Get through him!" wept the battered warrior. "Hell, man, I can't even get out of his way."

I too have played against Heffelfinger. The black and blue bruises his shoulders left upon me and the dents I had from his hips and knees have gone long since but the memory of them will be with me always. As an interfering guard the game has never seen his equal. One learned much watching Heff. One learned (*Continued on page 59*)

First of the mass plays—the V. The ball passes to a man within. Then the ponderous trampling began. Heads up!

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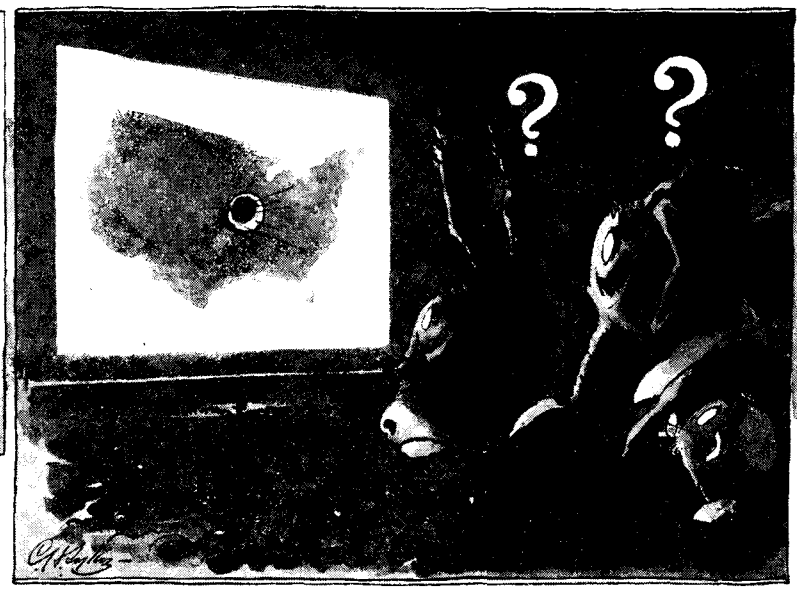

Songs for the Stump

THE TALKING MOVIES

By Wallace Irwin

THE scene is a Movie House frightfully wide with millions and millions of people inside. It's garnished with stripes, and it's studded with stars; a Paul Whiteman concert plays music from Mars and the management smiles while the patrons throng in to see the Big Thriller "They Cannot Both Win."

CHORUS OF USHERS

Diplomacy's our doxy,
At etiquette we're foxy,
We've all been trained by Roxy
For this cam-paign.
We censor each oration
And can vituperation—
And if you can't refrain,
BAM-BAM
Git off the train!

(The Ushers dance a step or two when at the door appear on View an Elephant with swinging snoot, a Donkey in a Palm Beach suit. The Ushers come to a salute.)

DONK AND GOP

We are not really truly beasts,
Though quaintly we resembl' 'em.
One is the Donk and one's the Gop
And each a Party Emblem.

USHER

Oh welcome, Brute of G. O. P.
And Mammal of Democracee!

(They pry their way through well-packed rows. The mighty Gop walks on the toes of one poor Indiana Rep who, loving Watson, lost his pep. What matters it? He's out of step. Beside his huge and hated Chum the Donkey sits and chews his gum. The air is full of sparks and pins. The lights go out. The Show begins.)

PROLOGUE (*Loud Speaker, a terrible squeaker*):

This Melodrama which we demonstrate
Differs from any other up to date
In that it has Two Heroes persecuted
By Two big Villains, equally well suited.
And in this Talkie, novel to the arts,
The Villains double for the Hero parts,
So One is playing dirty half the time,
The other Half is perfectly sublime. . . .

(A silver sheen shows on the Screen. But look! The Talking Movie has begun. They Can't Both Win. We esk you, pick the One!)

(First scene displays the Stanford Bowl with lots and lots of people packed. H. Hoover, blushing like a rose and by a mile of Bunting backed, faces with sinews like a bouncer the Big Republican Announcer.)

BIG REPUBLICAN ANNOUNCER

I've come, sir, with news, sir—
It's sudden, I confess—

H. HOOVER

What izzit? Your visit
Puzzles me none the less.

BIG REPUBLICAN ANNOUNCER

You see, sir—well, We, sir—
I mean the Boys and I,
We sort of thought you really ought
To give the game a try.
They've sent me here with this ideer;
To break the News so fated.
I'll come through clean, be blunt, I mean—
Bert, you've been nominated!

(The Stanford yell begins to swell, the Cardinal to wave. "We thought he would! We knew he could!" shrills forth from many a brave. But Herbert stands with folded hands and looks amazement-swept. "You should have told me this before," he says. "But I accept.")

(Slow fade-out and wild applause, save for the Donkey's gruff hee-haws. He doesn't like the scene. "You wait till Al comes on," says he, "then we shall see what we shall see." All eyes are on the Screen.)

(Close-up of Alfred looking wise at Several Distinguished Guys.)

DISTINGUISHED GUYS (*chanting*):

Alfred Emanuel Smith,
Champion of an Undivided South—

(Thunder and lightning from the direction of Dallas.)

Reincarnation of Thomas Jefferson,
Replica of Abraham Lincoln—

(SOLID DEMOCRAT: *"Hey? What's yer Party?"*)

Alfred Emanuel Smith, we are here today to—

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH

Baloney, baloney! Cut out the old phoney
Patrick's Day eulogy stuff.
I know why you've came. Sure, go on, use my name
To give the Big Ticket a puff.

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

You wise-cracking guys thought you'd ring a surprise—
Huh, I heard of it way back in June.
Bill, see what the Boys in the Back Room will have—
Now, Bandmaster, strike up a tune.

COLD-WATER CHORUS (*from Asheville, N. C., singing Al Moody's best Rum-Chasing Glee.*)

North vote, South vote,
All around the map.
While Dixie's scared of the nigger California dreads the Jap.
Raskob pulls the money,
Alfred pulls the cork—
You cannot run the Southland
FROM
The Sidewalks of New York.

(Down in the Audience the Gop giggles as though he couldn't stop. The Donk, appearing very glum, plants a large horseshoe in his tum and honks, "Shut up, you G. O. P. That ain't a funny song to me.")

(Now on the Screen the Candidate makes his Acceptance Speech—it's great. So full of this and full of that and almost always Democrat. In language guardedly emphatic it fills the radios with Static, Al's stately maxim to repeat, "Huh. Hoover won't be hard to Beat.")

(The Ringling Brothers next come in, leading their animals in dozens. Come hippos fat and dik-diks thin and zebras —they're the Donkey's cousins. Come reindeer tame and chimpanzees, come Kangaroos with agile knees and Twenty Educated Fleas.)

RINGLING BROTHERS

We know you're fond of animals;
You photograph so well,
One arm around a Pet giraffe,
One Fondling a gazelle.

A. EMANUEL SMITH

My zoölogic mood may win
An ultimate election—
It never fails to get me in
The Rotogravure Section.

(Now William H. DeMille arrives with cameras a scad. Al wears his Photographic Grin and looks extremely glad. A Polar Bear is on his knee, a Wombat on his arm. And now the Tiger Tamman-ee, not meaning any harm, sneaks up. The Candidate cries, "Scat! I won't be photographed with That!")

THE TIGER

Gully! Wunst he usta lummee.
Wotta woil! I'm gitten gummy.

(*Continued on page 58*)

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The Swat Complex

Kid Blotto takes a repression out among the rocks and forests and murders it

By Lynn Montross

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"You shouldn't have hurried," she said. "You're only about an hour late!" Her smile looked dangerous to me

LIFE is cuckoo. When I was just Joe Jackson, from down by the gas house, I got thirty a week for driving the truck and I fought for the fun of seeing them drop. Now I'm Kid Blotto from the Elsinore Apartments; I got eighteen thousand for the seven minutes it took me to knock out Biff Moore, and I drive for the fun of it. Beat that!

When I was signing up on the old dotted line I thought about all those things. Me, sitting in a swell office in the Heeley Building and becoming an investor!

"You're sure," I asked again, "that this oil stock is all on the up-and-up? I heard about a guy once that lost some money in oil stock."

"You didn't!" said Mr. DeForest.

He was the president of the DeForest Investment Company, one of those nifty, square-jawed boys like you see in the correspondence-school ads. His line of talk would of made butter seem rough as sandpaper, but he saw right from the start he couldn't put anything over me. Not Kid Blotto!

"I'm surprised, Mr. Blotto," he said. "Yes, I'm surprised. Here I've already explained to you how John D. Rockefeller started with oil stock like you're starting today, and I guess you never had to send him any of your old clothes, did you? Remember you're buying building lots in a booming town as well as oil land, and if we get a gusher—are you sure, Mr. Blotto, that fifteen thousand dollars' worth will be enough?"

"Enough for today," I said. "I'm just doing a little shopping this afternoon, and before I forget I got to buy me a new shirt. I'm signing with Rocky Mullins at four o'clock and I get my picture took for the sports pages."

"Let's see," he said, thinking out loud. "You get ten thousand for that Mullins bout if you win. Am I right. Or am I wrong?"

"Mr. DeForest," I said, "you're right. It isn't every day that a burg of 300,000 in the West will put up ten grand to see a palooka like Mullins flattened out in a couple rounds. It's me that the customers want to see. I'm not boasting, but that's why they call me Kid Blotto—because I knock 'em blotto—"

"I understand," said Mr. DeForest, "I understand. And it isn't too soon to think about investing that ten thousand—"

"I understand," I said. "I got to be going now and buy that shirt."

I STARTED toward the door, wading through an Oriental rug that was deep as the Mississippi flood. Mr. DeForest followed me all the way to the elevator saying, "I'll be up to see you the day after the fight—we've got a new issue of oil stock—"

But I didn't listen. In the investment business you got to be conservative and keep your head.

Slick Snyder, my manager, was waiting in his office when I breezed in wearing the new shirt. He was admiring his fawn-colored spats that he got after he saw a bout at Madison Square Gardens. No more tan derby and elk's tooth for Slick—he was all for having the fight racket nice and refined like the book of etiquette. He liked to see governors and dogs and ladies in the ring-side seats.

"Lookit all the pretty things you bought!" said Slick in a nasty sarcastic way when I showed him my oil stock. "Why didn't you buy some vinegar bonds and then you could make salad out of the gold seals? That's all they're good for."

"I'll make hash out of that DeForest," I said, "if he—"

"You better make hash out of Rocky Mullins," said Slick, "and cop ten grand so your bank book won't have to wear mourning any more. Mullins is a push-over for you, and it's lucky you got a manager like me. Hurry up! The reporters are waiting to mug you and Rocky while you sign."

We went into the gym, and I got my first slant at Rocky. He was in his fighting clothes posing for the cameras and he looked as big as a load of hay.

"Pushover!" I whispered to Slick. "Why didn't you match me against a Pennsy locomotive? Me all tired out from that Biff Moore bout and only two weeks to train!"

"Sh-h-h!" said Slick. "The reporters will hear you."

I TOOK another look at this gorilla, and he'd grown a couple inches. He was in top condition, and here I was stale, still carrying around trade-marks from the body punishment Biff Moore gave me.

There wasn't a tougher man in the country than Rocky Mullins when he was good. The only reason he wasn't champ was because he had bouts when he was off and any good worker could take him on points. It was just my luck to draw him when he was his best.

Well, there wasn't any use crying about it. I told the reporters, "Sure, I'll knock him for a row of red-ink bottles in the fourth, maybe the fifth."

But I didn't believe it myself.

Fat chance!

Just as if my $15,000 and my chances with Rocky weren't looking pretty sick, I had to lose my girl. It happened this way: When I got rid of the reporters I drove out to Railroad Avenue, remembering that I promised to take Katie to dinner. Now, there isn't a sweller girl in the world than Katie Dugan—

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and she's got a heart as big as a bushel basket—but she's got quite a temper too.

"Well, big boy!" she said when I came in. "You shouldn't have hurried—you're only about an hour late." Her smile looked dangerous to me.

"It was like this, Katie," I said. "I was—"

"I've heard all that before," said Katie. "If explaining was fighting, you'd be Gene Tooney. Here I work all day in the dime store, and then I come home and get dressed and wait an hour for you. I'm getting tired of it!"

I patted her hand—the one that flashed the diamond I gave her. "Now, *hon*," *I said in a peaceful way*, "it won't be long until we're married, and then—"

"It'll be longer than you think!" she snapped out. "I'm not going to wait forever. You said we'd be married the day you licked Biff Moore, and—"

"Well, hon, I couldn't get married with a black eye, could I—?"

"—And now you've signed up for another fight and—"

"Well, hon, we'll get married just as soon as I plaster Rocky Mullins for a K. O., won't we?"

"—And now *you're* going to wait a while!"

"KATIE," I said, trying to change the subject, "I got good news for you. We're going to be rich. I took that fifteen thousand we were saving to buy a house and invested it. Lookit!" And I showed her my oil stock.

First her hand began to tremble, then her lips, and in a minute she was crying. "Joe! You've gone and thrown away all the money for our first home—and you promised you'd put it in the bank and save it."

After the sad look she gave me I felt about as self-respecting as a cockroach. "It's just the same thing as if it was in the bank," I said. "DeForest told me so. The only difference is that I get 12 per cent on it, and if we hit a gusher—which we very likely will—"

Still crying, she showed me the newspaper she had been reading in the street car coming home. On the first page a headline socked me in the eye—STATE'S ATTORNEY TO PROBE FAKE OIL STOCKS—and then like a right to the jaw *the news that the DeForest Investment* Company was up for investigation.

"It isn't any use," sobbed Katie, holding a handkerchief over her face. "I wouldn't care if we were poor. But I couldn't marry a man that breaks his promises." Without another word she pulled the ring off her finger and handed it to me. Then she ran upstairs to her room and slammed the door.

The old mattress was all pins and needles that night. At seven in the morning I was on my way to the Heeley Building, and I waited for DeForest until nine. I was still standing in the halls trying to figure out where I'd sock him first, when a real-estate man came and put a To Rent sign on the door.

"Sure," he said, grinning at me. "That bimbo skipped town—took out all his stuff last night. How much did you lose?"

I ran a foot race over to the bank and tried to stop payment on the check, but I was out of luck. DeForest had cashed it before the ink was dry.

Slick was sarcastic when I walked into the gym. "Where'd you get those spare tires under your eyes?" he asked. "You look about as fresh as a nest egg."

"I got worries," I said in a dignified way. "Worries you don't understand."

"You're going to have more worries yet," Slick said, "when you step into a ring with Rocky Mullins."

All afternoon I walked up and down the floor, thinking about Katie. When I couldn't stand it any longer I went out and bought a truck load of flowers and had them sent to her house. Till midnight I waited for the telephone to ring, thinking she'd call me up and tell *me everything was all right—but she* didn't.

THE next day was worse. I moved around the gym like a hearse horse, with Slick getting red in the face and making nasty cracks. That evening two sparring partners drifted in from Rocky's training quarters looking like a cyclone had hit them—they said they quit because they couldn't stand the punishment, and they wanted a nice soft job sparring with me.

Slick said, "You got to snap out of it, kid, or Rocky's going to hit you with everything but the Heeley Building." When he mentioned the Heeley Building I felt sicker yet.

For a couple of days Slick tried the cheerful act. He wore a grin that looked like it had been pasted on his face and didn't fit. "You're in fine form," he'd say. "You'll take Rocky in about five rounds—"

"Yes," I said, "and you'll get the Republican nomination for President."

"Now, now!" said Slick. "All you need is a little nerve."

"What I need," I came back at him, "is a new manager. If you hadn't signed me up to fight again so soon, and if—"

"If nerve was money," Slick said, getting mad again, "they'd have to be a tag day for you, that's how much you got!"

Well, to make a long story longer yet, things went that way all the first week. I couldn't sleep nights, thinking about Katie and that fifteen grand and Rocky Mullins, and in the daytime I was all in. I wrote Katie a couple of letters asking her to forgive me, but no answer. I nosed around trying to find out where DeForest had gone with my money, and no luck. How could you expect anybody to win a bout with everything against *him like that?*

One afternoon when I was trying to defend myself from the punching bag, Slick rushed in with a grin that pushed his ears out of line. "I found out what's the matter with you, kid," he said. "You got complexes. You got complexes, see?"

"What do you mean, complexes?" I asked, looking suspicious.

"You boob, don't you know what complexes are? Didn't you ever hear about psychoanalysis?" Slick choked a little on the last word. "Complexes are like worms," he said, "only they're inside your mind, see?"

"Well," I said, real sarcastic, "what if I have got 'em? I guess they're my own complexes, and they're not asking any favors offen you, are they?"

"And that ain't all you got," said Slick, putting on airs as if he was a doctor. "You got repressions."

"In a pig's eye I have!" I cracked back at him. But just the same I was getting a little scared.

Slick walked around me and began staring at the back of my head. "It looks to me," he said, "like you got fixations too. Yes," he said, "you got fixations. You're lousy with 'em! You got to be psychoanalyzed, kid. Once you get rid of all these complexes and fixations and things, you can step right in and knock Rocky for a row of Chinese pagodas, see?"

"How can I go to a hospital and have an operation," I asked, "with only eight days left until the scrap?"

"I was at a tea this afternoon," said Slick, "and I got the whole low-down *on this psychoanalysis racket. You don't* have to be operated on. They's a guy named Freud in Venice, or Austria, or some place like that, who discovered a sort of painless surgery—they just talk you out of your complexes, see?"

I said, "I'd like to see anybody talk me out of anything now. I lost fifteen grand that way."

"I made an appointment for you tomorrow evening with Doc Maximilian Hildreth," said Slick. "He's the biggest psychoanalyst in the state, and he'll take out your fixations slicker'n a whistle. He'll give you a couple hours, and it'll cost you three hundred."

"Is that all!" I said. "He must be having a bargain-basement sale."

"That's cheap as dirt," said Slick. "The regular price is five hundred, but I gave the prof a ticket to the fight, and he eased up. You got to remember, kid, how much you're going to lose if Rocky takes the bag."

No ducking that, was there?

Slick thumped me on the back when I told him I'd do it. "Now you're talking, kid! It was only the old fixations that was licking you, not Rocky Mullins. A fixation," he said, "is just a worry that's grown up and learned to punch with both hands—but wait till the prof sings 'em to sleep!"

AFTER buying a couple books about psychology Slick called in the reporters. The sporting page of the Star came out the next morning with headlines:

LOCAL HEAVYWEIGHT DISCIPLE OF FREUD —KID BLOTTO BELIEVES PSYCHOANALYSIS WILL AID HIM TO VICTORY OVER MULLINS

The papers hadn't been on the street more than an hour before Rocky Mullins and his manager, Benny Goldstein, *crashed into our gym.* "Hey!" yelled Benny, all excited, pointing to the Star. "You can't pull any racket like that on us. I'll complain to the State Boxing Commission!"

It was ten minutes before Slick could make them believe we weren't framing something on them against the rules. And when they left I noticed that Rocky didn't look nearly so big and confident as he did the first day. . . . The old psychology was beginning to work already.

At eight that evening Slick and I went to Doc Hildreth's studio.

The professor had a square black beard and wore glasses perched on the end of his nose. His hair stood up in front, and he smoked a big calabash pipe.

Right away he scowled at Slick and said, "You will wait in the hall while I examine the patient." Then he put me in a chair (*Continued on page 63*)

"My gosh!" he said to the big bozo. "You knocked Kid Blotto down!"

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The New Deal

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by James H. Conlon

Opening show in the afternoon we click like a million and the other acts bust

I'M TOASTING my feet in front of the gas logs when Sam Dowling blows in, looking like the memory of a happy past. He booms down on me and almost crushes five fingers with that Strangler Lewis grip of his.

"Well, if it ain't ol' Eddie Mooney," he says.

"And who else was you expecting?" I counters, quick as a flash.

But, no kidding, I'm tickled pink to see the old bozo. I guess there ain't any two fellers in vaudeville that was ever better friends than me and Sam.

Now, me, I'm no bum at the two-a-day. The name Eddie Mooney has twinkled in lights more than once in front of a big-time house. But of course I don't rank with Sam. Sam Dowling is maybe the best straight-faced comic in vaudeville today.

"When," I asks him, "did you get back from London and that dear town which I call Gay Paree?"

"This morning. I just finished 'most getting sloughed for cracking a few jokes with the customs officers."

"You gonna play the good old U. S. A. of America again?" I asked.

The grin departs from his face, and he looks serious. "That's why I come straight up here, Eddie. I come right to headquarters to ask a few questions."

"Fire when ready, Griddle," I invites. "I'm the human answer book."

He settles himself in my easiest chair and lights an English cigarette.

"Eddie," he asks suddenly, "is it true that you and Bess are divorced?"

"It is," says I. "Hallelujah!"

"You don't love her no more?"

"No more and no less, Sam. I just don't love her at all."

"Gosh! I'm glad to hear that."

"And I'm glad to announce it, Sam. It took me two years to get the nerve to read that dame the Emancipation Proclamation, which only recently I did—and then it was all her idea. She and me was never built to hit it off together. So I'm ready and willing to accept congratulations."

"IT AIN'T that," he says queerly, "which brought me back from Europe. That is, not the congrats. You and me has always been good buddies, haven't we, Eddie?"

"Best in the world."

"And we wouldn't give each other no bum steers or double-crosses or nothing?"

"No-o. But what the 'ell are you talking about?"

"This," says Sam grimly. "When you married Bess, I blew the country. And why? Because, Eddie, I was crazy about that dame. Plumb nuts. I stayed away because I knew if I was trouping in the country we'd be bound to meet. But when I read in the papers that she and you was divorced, I canceled my bookings over in dear ol' Lunnon and came right back here. And I've come first to you to ask is it all right between us?"

"Sure, it is," says I. "But what do you mean?"

"I want to marry Bess," he says, "if she'll have me."

With that I emit a large and raucous laugh. "Have you? Will she have you? Oh, my Gawd! Sam—you make me absolutely historical. Say, listen: give that dame a half chance to tie up with a guy that has got the vaude reputation which you have got—and she'd bust her last shoulder strap."

That goof is smiling all over.

"And it'd be all right with you, Ed?"

"With me? Golla! Yes—so far as her being married to you is concerned. But when it comes to you marrying her. . . . Sam, for the luvva Mike, consider this thing seriously, and then don't do it."

"Why, Eddie?"

"Because a lot of reasons. I guess you ain't been back in this country long enough to get the low-down on why I divorced that frail, have you?"

"No," says he; "I guess I ain't."

"Well, then—gimme ear. Now, mind you, I wouldn't rap no lady for anything in the world, even if she used to be my wife; but, Sam, that gal ain't worth face powder. I marry her and we get headline spot on every bill we play. That's fine, because I ain't no bum, and I'll admit that she ain't either. She's beautiful and she can sing and dance, and she's one of the best feeders a comedian ever had. But, Sam—*but*—that rib just naturally went crazy."

"How, Eddie?"

"With high-hat-itis. Listen, you've trouped with me and you know what a nice friendly guy I am. Buddies everywhere in the profesh and everybody calling me by my first name, and all that. But the minute I teamed up with Bess—blooie! That female is a caution. Sunday or Monday morning rehearsals, she starts off givin' the orchestra a fit about our cues. Nothing ever suits. She takes up all the rehearsal time and reduces the musicians to nervous prostration. The other acts start kicking because they want a little time with the orchestra, but does she care? She does not. She'll give them a minute or two after she's through, only she ain't ever through. Opening show in the afternoon, we click like a million and the other acts bust—because they ain't had a chance to rehearse. Get me?"

"Yes," says Sam. "But that don't seem so terrible."

"DON'T it? Well, even if it don't—that ain't half. We're headliners, see; and Bess starts lah-de-dahing the other acts. Upstage. Won't talk to 'em, and when she does it's with a sort of electric ice-box manner. And do they like it? Take it from me, Large Boy, they do not. I try to stop it, and where do I get? Just exactly nowhere. If I pal around with the other acts, Bess rides me. If I don't—they do. So pretty soon it ain't only her that has the rep of being Ritzy in a mean way—but also little Eddie Mooney, which never had an enemy before in his life."

Sam is gazing at me with a cowlike expression.

"I'm nuts about her, Eddie. I can't help it."

"An' you mean—after all I've said—you're gonna marry her?"

"I'm gonna try."

I looked him over and see he's serious. He's one of those big bozos that when they get an idea in their heads nobody can't knock it out. So just to save him I make a suggestion.

"Listen, Sam," I says. "I don't care if you marry Bess or any other ex-wife I ain't got and never will have. But for your sake, Sam, I ask you to step slow and easy. Now, listen, and see if you ain't got enough gray matter in that ivory dome of yours to get this straight. Bess wants a partner. You're bigger than either me or her in this game. You and her will (*Continued on page 55*)

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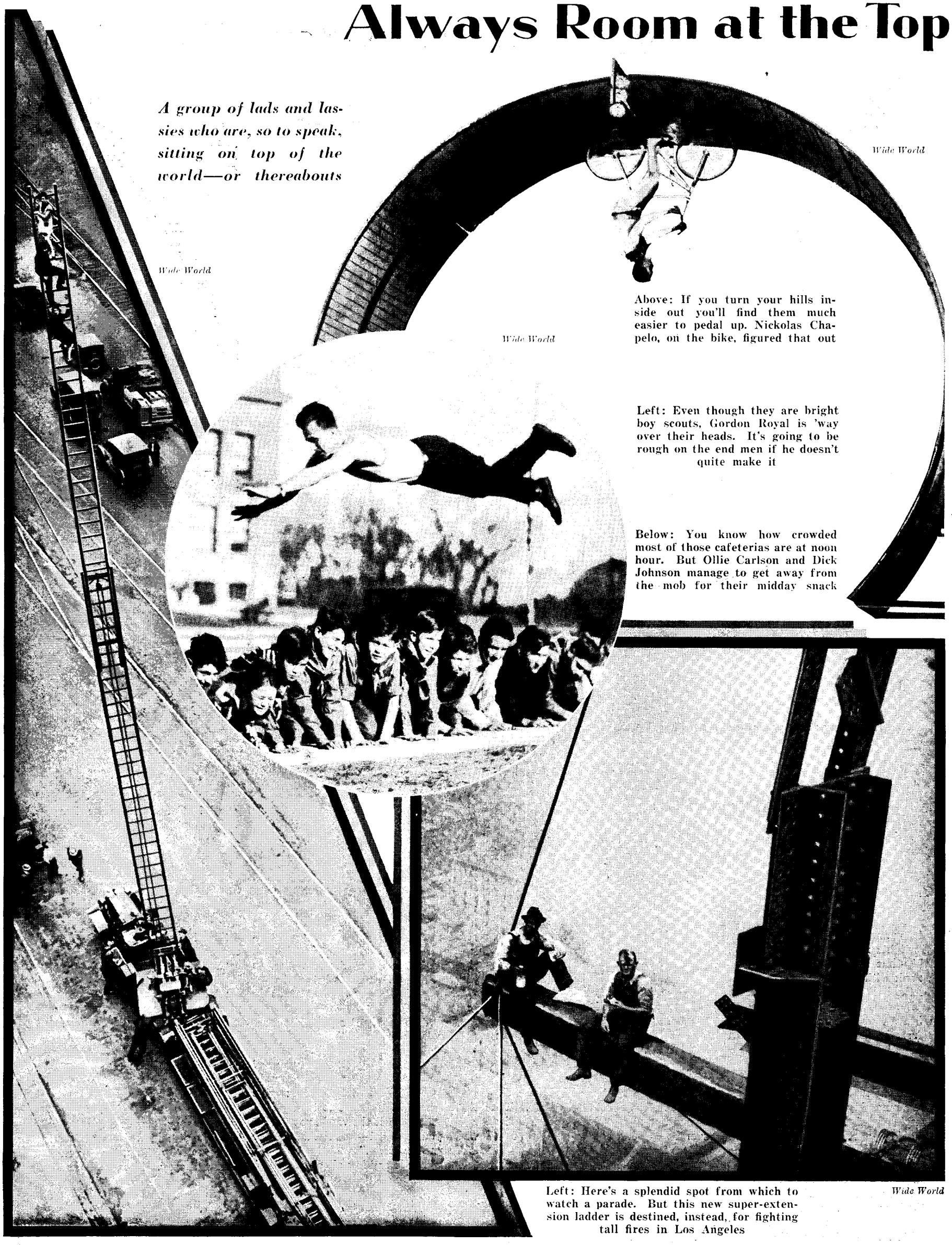
Always Room at the Top

A group of lads and lassies who are, so to speak, sitting on top of the world—or thereabouts



Wide World

Above: If you turn your hills inside out you'll find them much easier to pedal up. Nickolas Chapelo, on the bike, figured that out

Wide World

Left: Even though they are bright boy scouts, Gordon Royal is 'way over their heads. It's going to be rough on the end men if he doesn't quite make it

Below: You know how crowded most of those cafeterias are at noon hour. But Ollie Carlson and Dick Johnson manage to get away from the mob for their midday snack

Left: Here's a splendid spot from which to watch a parade. But this new super-extension ladder is destined, instead, for fighting tall fires in Los Angeles

Wide World

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Wide World

What if she has to use a rope ladder to do it, Mabel Cody believes in living up to the motto Upward and Onward. She's achieving both aims simultaneously at the risk of her life

Acme

Below: No way to come to the table if you ask us. Still, it does make your entrance noticed. Phil Taylor up in the air over Freda Whitaker at St. Moritz

Wide World

Wide World

They call it motor-boating but it certainly looks like a little brother of aviation from here. Talk about your flying fish!

Above at right: Mlle. Alice Bonte, French aviatrix, accepting one of those casual "when you're passing just drop in" invitations

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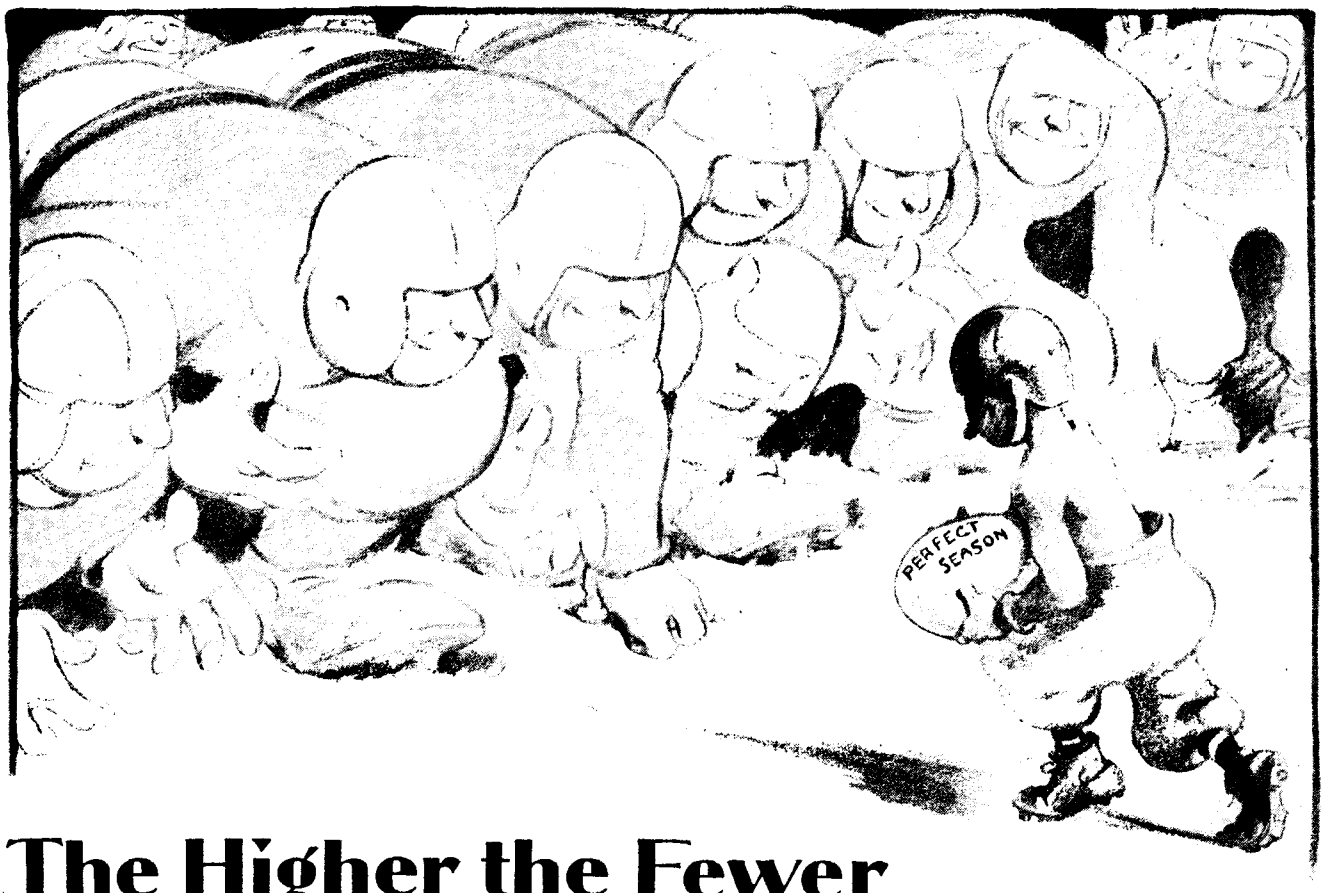

The Higher the Fewer

By Grantland Rice

Unbeaten football teams are growing rarer and rarer. Prediction of victory, according to the coaches, spells certain defeat. Here Mr. Rice does his best to jinx the strong teams of the year

FLOCKS of camels may soon be seen passing through the eyes of needles, and heaven may be cluttered up with rich men. That may be hard, but the toughest of all assignments today is to have an unbeaten football season when you are meeting major competition.

There was a day in football when the leading universities could romp through a campaign without drawing a close call. In the old days Yale, for example, would go year after year and not lose a game. From 1901 through 1905 a series of great Michigan teams lost only one game. For four years the walloping Wolverines were not even threatened with defeat.

It's a rocky road today, a road replete with thorns and trouble. There are too many strong competitors in the field and it is next to impossible for any team to remain keyed up from early October to December, and unless a team is keyed up it may have its scalp lifted by some outsider on any given afternoon.

Last fall Yale was strong enough to beat Dartmouth, the Army, Brown, Princeton and Harvard. But Yale fell in an early game before a strong Georgia team and this Yale defeat seemed to give Georgia a clear run through the year. Comparative scores are mainly full of fuzz, but every comparative score favored Georgia. Georgia had beaten Yale, Yale had beaten the Army, the Army had crushed Notre Dame and Notre Dame had smashed Georgia Tech. Yet at the finish it was Georgia Tech which stopped the winning march of Georgia.

In the old days a strong team could take all its preliminary games in an easy stride and concentrate on its two final battles. Today there are few preliminary games devoid of danger. The October games may be tougher than the November finish.

What teams have a chance to skip lightly through the campaign of 1928 without having their scalps lifted and hung upon the tent poles of a hostile wigwam? There will be only one or two among those facing standard schedules, schedules which include at least four hard games against high-grade opposition.

The Army, with a first-class team in the field, faces a season that includes the Southern Methodist eleven, Harvard, Yale, Notre Dame, Nebraska and Stanford.

The Army is called on to face strong opposition from October 6th to December 1st. Here are six high-class teams to be beaten and the odds are too heavy for any coach or team to face unless the fickle goddess happens to be working on one side. The Army has a good line and a good backfield nucleus in Cagle, Murrell and Nave. But to plow through six walls is a lot to ask.

What about Yale? The Blue team must face Georgia, Brown, Dartmouth, Army, Princeton and Harvard. Here is another six-wall barricade that must be broken down week after week by a team that has lost many of the stars of last fall.

Unbeaten Along the Rocky Road

The best way to jinx any team is to predict a winning season. It is the surest method of throwing a head coach into spasms. But with all due affection and respect for Bob Zuppke, it seems to me that Illinois has the star chance to duck defeat and slip unbeaten along the rocky road. Illinois starts her season with a veteran squad and with numerous replacements. Zuppke last fall had enough tackles and guards for two good teams. He has most of his powerful 1927 team back in football harness. That 1927 team wasn't flashy, but it could play a lot of football. It had a great line, with many spare parts, and it functioned as a team. This fall Illinois must face Indiana, Northwestern, Chicago, Michigan and Ohio State, among other rivals. The Orange and Blue will have a distinct edge in any individual game. It will be largely a question of accidents and injuries and nerve pressure, and Illinois is well fortified in all departments. It will find Northwestern and Michigan missing many stars from the year before—when Illinois beat both teams.

Anything can happen in this modern football whirlpool and Illinois is no sure thing to romp through an unwhipped year. But Illinois has a great chance.

What about Notre Dame? Rockne's teams are always hard to take and as a rule they win about 90 per cent of their starts. But this season Notre Dame must face the Navy, Georgia Tech, Penn State and Carnegie Tech and after that it must batter down the Army and Southern California, two of the best. Notre Dame will face the strongest Georgia Tech team it has yet faced and it will find the Army and Southern California near the peak. The odds against Notre Dame are much heavier than those against Nebraska.

Princeton has a chance. Bill Roper has a stout squad back, and his four main games are Cornell, Ohio State, Yale and the Navy. The Tiger schedule is no merry-go-round, but it allows more breathing spells than most of the other leaders face. Princeton's hardest charge will come from three hard games in a row: Ohio State at Columbus, Yale and the Navy at Princeton. The two final battles will be among the hardest fought of the year.

Another strong team with first-class prospects is Minnesota. Minnesota must beat Purdue, Chicago, Iowa, Northwestern, Indiana and Haskell. Coach Spears will miss Joesting, his great back, but he will have a lot of man power left, enough to make a serious challenge all the fall. Minnesota and Illinois have the two leading chances in the Middle West to finish without a dent. Spears has one or two star juniors who gave great promise last fall. Michigan's outlook is a trifle indigo with Oosterbaan and Gilbert missing, and Ohio State is still a guess although Doctor Wilce has his share of fast and flashy backs.

Pennsylvania is placing a world of faith in Scull, her brilliant backfield captain, and a strong line, but Pennsylvania must step out against Penn State, the Navy, Chicago, Harvard, Columbia and Cornell. Pennsylvania has her chance to break through if the Red and Blue can miss the epidemic of injuries that crippled her so badly a year ago.

You may have noticed that the Navy has been fairly well mentioned in most of these schedules. The Navy has to meet Notre Dame, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Princeton, among others, and at least three of her opponents take rank with the strongest teams in the game.

Two of the strongest teams in the South will probably be Georgia Tech and Vanderbilt. But Vanderbilt has to meet the husky Colgate team early in October and shortly after there follows the annual journey to Texas where Ranger talent has been gathering speed and power year by year. Texas had more than her share of great football material last fall. Hunt and Matthews of Texas A. and M. were two of the year's best football players. Mann and Hume of Southern Methodist were two others. Texas University was unusually strong. Georgia Tech must beat Notre Dame, Alabama, Georgia and Vanderbilt to escape a defeat and if Tech can only crowd her way through Notre Dame she will have a chance.

A Three-Cornered Battle

Dartmouth, with the brilliant Marsters and other good backs, must beat Yale, Harvard, Brown, Cornell and Northwestern to repeat the Green glory of 1925 when Oberlander ran amuck.

Where will Harvard finish? Arnold Horween is now in his third season as the Crimson director and the first two have been none too cheerful. This season Harvard must take on Holy Cross, the Army, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania and Yale, which is quite a dish, course by course.

The three-cornered battle of the Pacific Coast will be among California, Southern California and Stanford. California and Southern California collide on October 20th. Stanford and Southern California meet early in November, with California and Stanford in their annual duel later on. All three teams are strong but in addition to their Far Western tilts Southern California must meet Notre Dame, and Stanford face the Army.

Now in October California meets Southern California, Yale meets Brown and the Army, the Army faces Harvard and Yale, the Navy faces Notre Dame, the Western Conference is in full blast, and within two weeks there will be only a few survivors left. In the meanwhile the team that stops Illinois will have done a day's work.

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Carelessness

By Frederick Skerry

A SHORT SHORT STORY

Illustrated by Sid L. Hydeman

A cold fear gripped him as his eyes roved absently about the office

AFTER lunch on Friday, John Woburn stopped in the doorway which led from the office to the shop. "By the way, Irvy," he said with a diffidence that was almost apologetic, "I met Nason at the Chamber of Commerce and told him that he could go over the books."

Irvin Braun's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly bent his head over an open drawer of his desk to hide any sign of agitation. "Waste of money," he protested, pretending to fish in the drawer.

"Oh, it can't cost much—I guess it won't break us," Woburn laughed confidently. "I should think that you'd like to get checked up."

"Well," Braun grumbled sourly, "if we've money to burn—"

"Anyhow, Irv, it'll be worth the price to see Nason's eyes stick out at your books; I bet he doesn't see such bookkeeping every day. I want to be around when he sees them." Woburn turned toward the shop. "Nason says he can start on Tuesday," he said over his shoulder.

Irvin Braun sent a malignant glance at his partner's disappearing back. A cold fear gripped him as his eyes roved absently about the office. It had been easy to steal from the trusting and notoriously careless Woburn—so easy and safe that years of peculations had left Braun callous—but an accountant was another matter. Not that Nason, with his long nose poking into everything, would question frequent payments to a mythical concern—Nason in his ignorance of the firm's connections was no great menace, but Woburn, hanging around in childish pride over a neat set of books, would prick up his ears at the casual mention of a marble dealer whom he did not know and, with his dogged persistence, would follow the trail to the end. And that would be Braun's end.

IT WAS no comfort to Braun to know that Woburn's decision had been prompted by a good-natured desire to help Nason in his first months of public accounting and not by suspicion of his partner. Either cause was fatal to Braun. He was caught like a rat and, ratlike, he showed his teeth.

His first thought was of flight. Then, even as his scheming mind planned his flight, the only possible alternative flashed meteorlike across his brain.

It frightened him a little at first, but as he turned it over and over, building step by step, it developed like a play by actors sure of every line and cue. It held no risks, no flaws. Only by the barest chance could it fail to work: chance so remote that it could be considered negligible. And even a formidable chance was worth risking with such a prize to be gained: the business for himself and Woburn's partnership insurance. Far from being frightened now, Braun was elated by his cleverness.

Through all his scheming no consideration for his partner disturbed him. Never at any point was he embarrassed by memories of the kindness of John Woburn, who in the early days of the business gladly availed himself of an expert bookkeeper and as gladly took him in later as partner.

On Monday Woburn, essentially the superintendent, the pusher of men, drove to a job some sixty miles distant. His custom, familiar to Braun, was dining before returning in the evening, when the turnpike was comparatively clear of traffic. At nine o'clock Braun was waiting in his garage. He was nervous. The three days of waiting had dragged interminably. Braun began to dread some slip, some unforeseen hitch in his program. Suppose the man, a flagrantly careless driver, had a smash-up on the road! Or, for some fool reason, decided to stay away all night! After eleven now!

At last, however, much to Braun's relief, Woburn's car swung into the deserted street, and Braun went out and opened the doors of Woburn's garage. Then, while Woburn drove in, he hurried back to his own, returning immediately with two glasses of liquor. Woburn was sliding his bulk from under the wheel.

"You just got in, Irv?" he asked.

"Just now," Braun lied. "You're just in time; I was going to have a little drink."

Woburn looked at the proffered glass. "I don't believe I want it, Irv," he hesitated.

"Oh, go on," Braun urged. "I can't pour it back, and I don't want two. Don't make me drink alone."

The last appeal caught the sociable Woburn. "W-e-e-l-l." And he took the glass. Complaining of the chilly air, Braun closed the garage doors. Then side by side the two sat on the running board. Furtively Braun watched Woburn drink the liquor; took the glass from him when he had finished. Both glasses safely in a pocket, he began to ask questions about the progress of the work which Woburn had been inspecting, questions that were calculated to keep the man where he sat. Before long Woburn's eyes blinked drowsily.

"Gosh! But I'm sleepy," he muttered.

BRAUN talked rapidly until Woburn's head began to nod. A few moments later he eased the insensible form against the fender. He had done the thing so often in his mind that his movements now were like habits: he spread the tool kit open on the running board and extracted a screwdriver; he raised the hood, adjusted the carburetor to enrich the mixture and dropped the screwdriver on the floor; then he climbed into the car and started the quiet engine.

Before he left he looked back at the scene he had set. It was perfect in its simplicity. It was just such a thing as careless John Woburn might do.

Sleep was out of the question for Irvin Braun that night, even had he been able to sleep. As a little covering detail, he had to call up Woburn's bachelor apartment at intervals throughout the night and impress the operator with his persistency. Besides, the haggard effect of a sleepless night would accent a partnerlike anxiety.

In the morning somebody, some workman or passer-by, would see the light in the garage and discover Woburn's body. Then he would be notified; somebody, the police perhaps, would call up and tell him, recount the details, as if every one was not already engraved on his mind. As the hours dragged his nervousness increased, but he put that down to suspense—he thrust away any rising memory of Woburn: thrust it away savagely while he paced the floor smoking innumerable cigarettes.

By the time his windows became faint gray rectangles of light the telephone held a magnetic fascination for him, and at length he dropped into a chair beside it as if he would not be able to get to it quickly enough. Yet when its buzzing clamor did make him jump in his chair he did not make the mistake of answering it at once, but let it ring several times before he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello!" he said hoarsely.

"Hello!" a voice replied impatiently. "Is that—"

But Braun had dropped the receiver and was groping blindly for the dangling thing. He caught it and put it unbelievingly to his ear again.

"Who—is it?" he choked.

"Hello! Hello!" said the voice irascibly. "That you, Irv?"

"Y-yes," Braun gasped fearfully. "Is it—John?"

"Sure! What's the matter with you? Half asleep?"

"Well, I—" Braun struggled desperately to control his trembling—"I couldn't imagine— Where are you?"

"At the office. And, say—do you feel all right this morning?"

"Why?" Braun's curiosity was doing what his tense muscles had not accomplished. "Yes, I guess so."

"Well, I wanted to know. Something damned queer about last night." Braun was breathless. "I remember that we had a drink together—and that's all. I just came to in the garage—got a crick in my side as big as a house. But here's a funny thing—the hood was up, tools out, and the ignition turned on—and not a drop of gas in the car. I must have had just enough gas to sneak in on last night.

"I feel rotten now, but when I get cleaned up and have breakfast I'll be O. K. Glad you feel all right, Irv. You can tell me what we did when you come in—and don't forget that Nason starts on the books today."

His good-by fell on a dead wire. Irvin Braun, gazing wide-eyed into the pale October dawn, knew that he would not go in today—nor any day.

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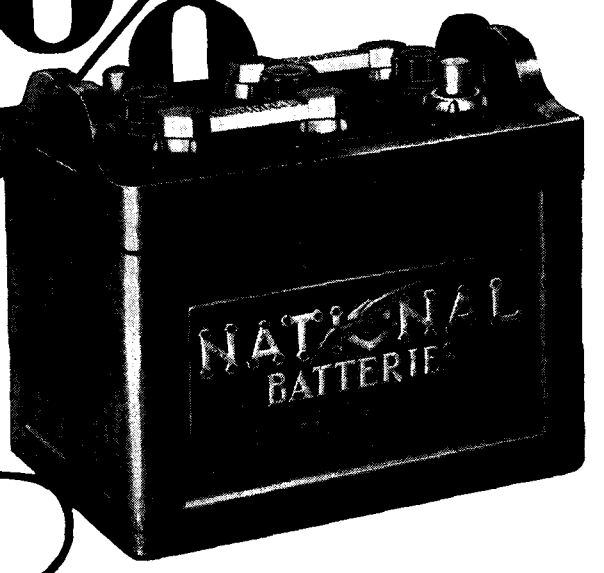

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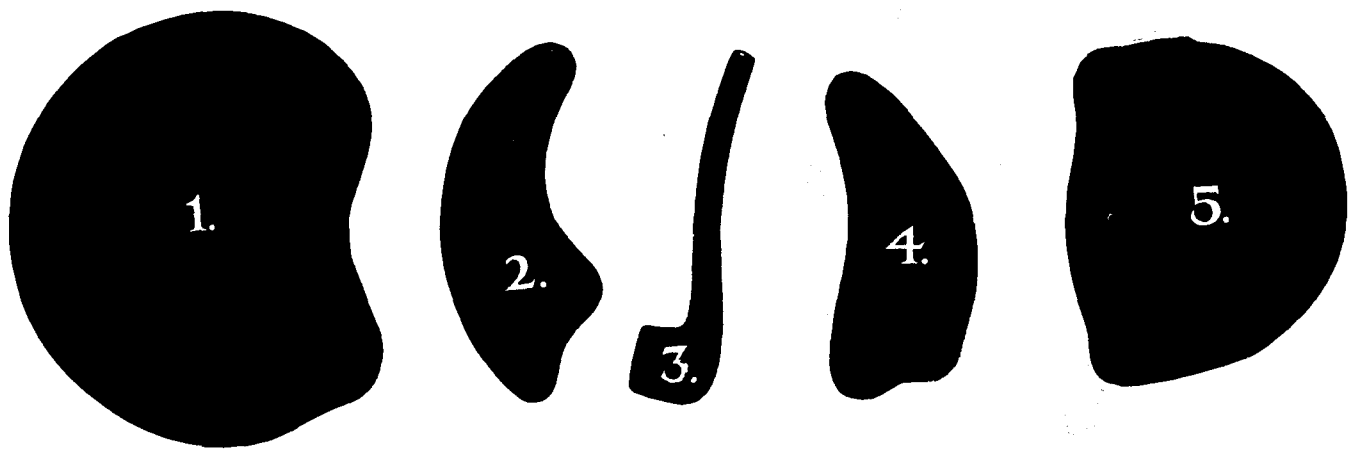
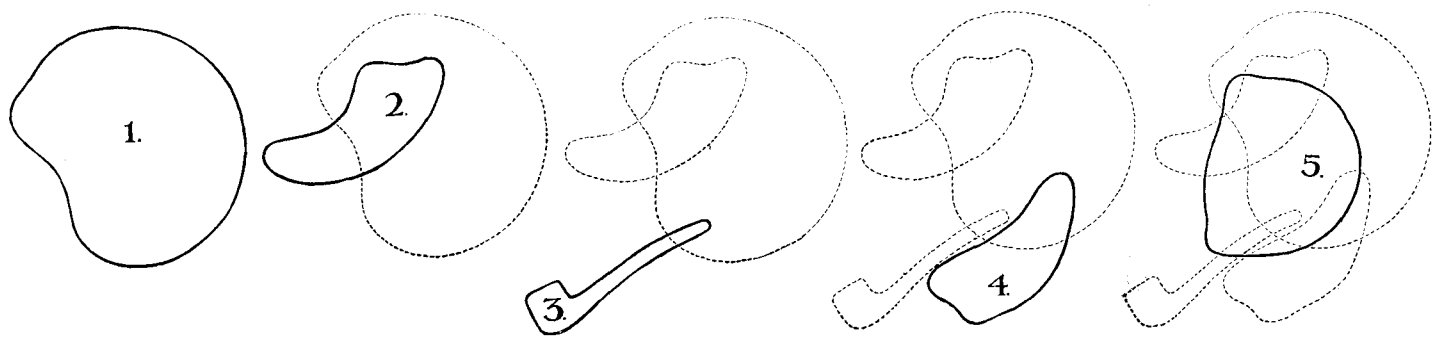
Read the simple directions, below, and start playing this fascinating game. Once started they won't be able to interrupt you for meals or sleep.

Colliergraph parties ought to prove mighty popular, too. You see, not only can you juggle the spots so as to form countless combinations, but you can try doing it blindfolded or with one hand tied behind you, or standing on your head. Gather 'round the table, lads and lassies, and watch.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



The Colliergraph below was made this way



This is how it's done

Cut out each of the five black figures. You might mount each one on cardboard, by the way. (Not that it's necessary but it makes it a lot easier to handle them and also makes them wear better.) When you've laid them on top of one another—a part of each necessarily protruding—shift the projections about a bit until you have a portrait. Then hold them down in the center so none will slip. With a pencil trace the outline, remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette. On the right is a large sample of what can be done with them and all around this page is a neat border made up of others.

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DOUBLE DANGER

By Fitzhugh Green

This story is true. Commander Green lived it in December, 1916, when he donned a diver's suit and went beneath a destroyer looking for a loaded torpedo on the bottom of Newport Harbor

THE night before it happened I waked up in a cold sweat. I felt as if I were being suffocated. Cold, clammy hands were at my throat. I couldn't move. Paralyzed with terror, I lay there waiting to choke to death. Until then I didn't believe in premonitions. Now I do.

Next day my dream came true.

I was temporarily on detail at the United States Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. This navy base lies on a small island in the middle of Newport Harbor. For this reason it is convenient to have destroyers steam right up to the station for their torpedoes. The factory which turns out these undersea projectiles lies near by.

My brother-in-law, Dick Elliot, was in charge of production. After work hours I went over to his office.

"Have you seen Mr. Elliot?" I asked a yeoman.

"He's down at the dock, sir. Haven't you heard about the accident?"

"No. What accident?"

"Dropped three torpedoes overboard. Man badly hurt."

The U. S. S. Flusser was in at the time. I asked if he meant her.

"Yes," he replied. "They were putting her allowance on board. The whip carried away. Nasty mess."

I hurried down to the dock. The accident didn't sound spectacular, but I knew it might be serious. A secret test had been planned. A new-type charge of high explosive was to be tried out. Ordinarily ballasted exercise heads were used on torpedoes fired at practice. These took the place of the war-heads loaded with deadly TNT, so that the projectiles, propelled by compressed air and guided by automatic rudders, ran from ship to target without the slightest risk to personnel. Just now the Navy Department was anxious to determine the effect of a full charge on a specially built caisson that would represent a section from a battleship.

Jaunting on the Gooey Bottom

One of these loaded torpedoes had been dropped overboard. The destroyer lay moored at the dock. Around her stern were gathered a group of workmen, officers and bluejackets.

I watched two divers don their rubber costumes and helmets and go down the iron ladder into the water.

Two hours passed without success. It was a delicate job taking hold of a torpedo which was loaded. Ordinarily, the war heads would not have been fitted until they were aboard the vessel. This time they had been put on in the shops. The divers were cautioned against touching the firing pin.

Five o'clock came, and the torpedo was still not recovered. The officer in charge decided that the job might as well be left until morning. The weather was perfect, and there was no way that the torpedo could go adrift. Soon it would be dark and the divers could not do their work properly.

One or two of the men lingered. Elliot asked me if I would like to put on a suit and see how it felt to take a jaunt on the bottom of the bay.

"You bet!" I exclaimed.

Before I had a chance to change my mind someone opened up one of the diving suits for me to step in. As the clammy garment was hauled up around me, I felt as if I were being embraced by some huge limp animal. When the helmet was bolted on, shutting out the fresh air and light, the sounds and the smells of life around me, a sudden panic of desire to be free seized me. But I was too late.

I found myself descending the iron ladder which led from the pier into the black water. The weights on my feet dragged me downward. The burden of the helmet on my shoulders oppressed me. Beads of sweat stood out on my forehead, not because I was warm, but because I was more nervous than I had ever been in my life before.

Now an eerie voice, so close to my head that I jumped, came to me: "Don't forget the torpedo, old man. It's loaded, you know." It was Elliot, using my telephone, the wire of which paralleled my air hose leading out of the helmet.

"You bet your life I won't!" I shouted back.

I heard a chuckle. "Needn't yell, you know," came back. "Just talk in a natural tone, and we'll get you."

A Baleful One-eyed Monster

But there wasn't a natural tone left in me. Soon my feet struck the bottom. I felt as if I were stepping in a huge bowl of oatmeal, soft, sticky and clinging.

The light of the fading day above was gone. To my right in the direction of the destroyer was a glow I knew to be the powerful under-water lamp that had been let down to help the divers pass a strap around the deadly missile which had sunk.

My nerve grew with the sight of this light. "May I walk over and take a look?" I inquired by telephone of those on the dock, though not in a natural tone even yet.

There was a noticeable pause before the reply came, as if my guardians were debating the risk of letting an untrained diver approach that mass of "bottled hell," as the deck men called loaded torp. Then came a laconic: "Sure, if you keep clear."

Slowly I plodded toward the light through the gummy mire which sucked away at my boot soles.

Presently I came up to it. Such effulgence would never have been possible save in my world of green brine. I reached out to touch it. In the silence of my isolation, broken only by the quiet sighing of my air supply, I yearned for the reality which the big lamp stood for.

But even as my arm went out I paused in mid-air—mid-water, I should say. There before me on the bottom, at the farther edge of the green-white disk of light cast down by the lamp, I saw what made my heart stop for a beat. It was a great bulbous head of glimmering metal with a baleful cyclopean eye that glared resentfully at me. That the head was the lost torpedo's forward dynamite chamber and the "eye" but the lacquered socket of an adjusting screw did not undo the sinister impression the steel beast made.

I started back, then paused. The sight of that one-eyed monster lurking there on the bottom fascinated me just as had the light. I stared at it, and it stared back at me.

Fondling the Engine of Death

I knew it contained at least four hundred pounds of the highest mine explosive made, a charge that would be set off by just a touch of the right sort upon the tiny firing mechanism at the nose tip. I knew it would be a very sensible thing to back away and reclimb the ladder to the dock, divest myself of the horrid cloak that gripped me and slip over to the Officers' Club for a whisky and soda before we dined.

But I didn't. With the perverseness of a lunatic I strode forward and leaned over the torpedo until I could lay my wet palm on its vaselined shoulder. For a few seconds I stood thus in a silly posture of conciliation as well as triumph over the immobile engine of death. Then I straightened up and stepped back.

"*Wow!*" I ejaculated the word involuntarily as the helmet I wore was struck a heavy blow from without.

Instantly through the telephone came, "What? Are you all right?"

But I did not answer. I was too busy executing a crazy maneuver combined of trying to regain my balance as well as to overcome a sudden foolish panic, and at the same time to dodge what looked like a big brass kettle which had abruptly appeared behind my back while I was making forbidden passes at the torpedo.

What had happened was that the destroyer afloat overhead had been shifted ten feet astern while I was down, bringing her port propeller abaft me. This was to give the divers a better (*Continued on page 48*)

Logan V. Reavis **"I was rising drunkenly to my knees"**

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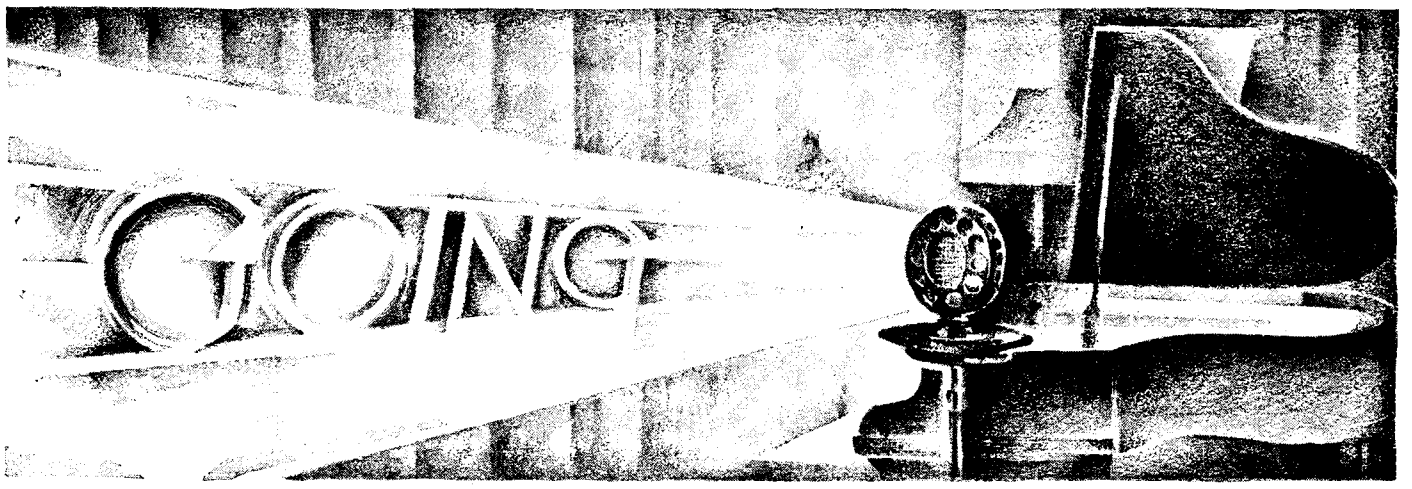

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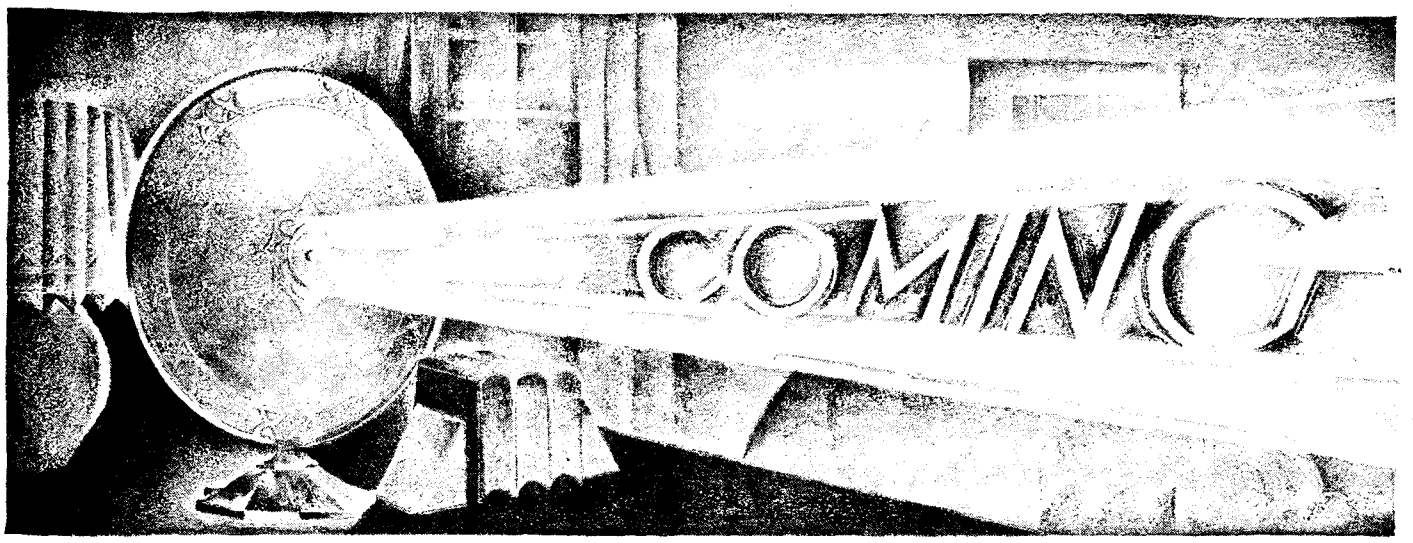

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE American Business Man

. . . how he has found time to live and laugh
. . . while becoming a greater business builder

He came home at night, haggard and irritable. Often, too late for dinner and too tired to renew acquaintance with his family and his friends.

In the morning, he caught the 7.10, so that he might be at his desk at eight. Thus beginning another eleven hour grind in his dingy downtown cell.

313 days a year he thus invested, with many Sundays and evenings of overtime added.

They called him the "tired business man." And well the impeachment fitted him. A weary and dreary fellow, with no contacts or interests outside his daily drudge.

A grub worm who wanted to be left to his grubbing and who sought no horizon above the top of his roll-top desk.

This was the business man of yesterday.

, , ,

Great changes have taken place in American business in the past thirty years. But no more amazing than are the changes in the American business man himself!

Today's business man works less, in hours. But achieves more, in results. His day is shorter, but his projects are vaster. And he accomplishes them with plenty of time left over for relaxation and self-improvement.

Daily, his desk is clear, and so is his brow. For somehow, he has mastered the science of promotion without commotion. His office is spacious, and so are his views. He has learned how to live and laugh . . . and how to find sound

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practical business ideas in his social contacts as well as in his business rounds.

What has brought about these changes? What has made it possible for the American business man to *do* more, to *earn* more, to *be* more . . . with lessened inroads on his home and social activities?

The answer can be written in five words: *The improved machinery of business.*

IN THE old days, moving the day's business was largely a matter of hand, leg and head work. The day's operations were figured and recorded by slow and plodding pen pushers.

Most of the executive's time was spent in getting through the day's mail, the day's obligations. Little time was left for retrospection and comparisons. To get at the facts and figures of his business, he had to rely on his memory and a hand-powered clerical staff.

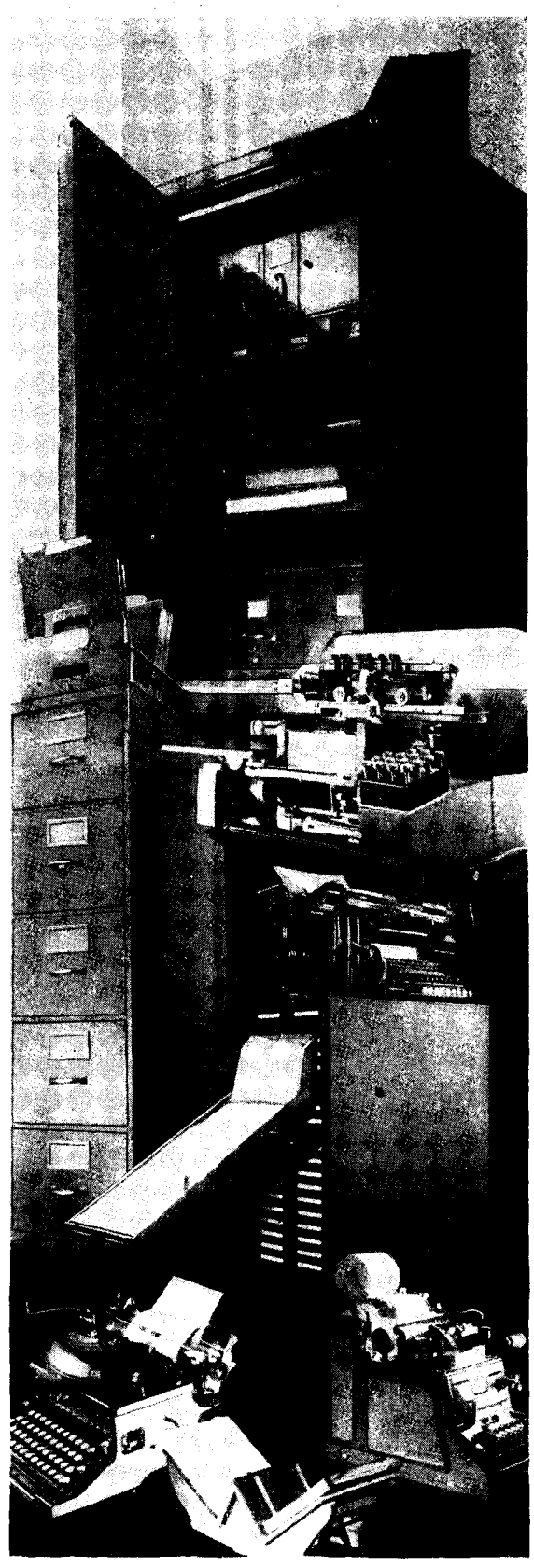
Mechanism has replaced Memory

TODAY'S business man gets his facts and figures almost as fast as they happen. Mechanism has replaced mind and memory in disposing of the day's routine. Entries, digests, tabulations and surveys are made mechanically. Events in the office, like news for the newspaper, get in print while they are hot and new. Freed from the fetters of detail, given a constant and daily television of his affairs, he is free to play a complete and unhampered *thinking part* in the building of his business.

AND THE March of Progress goes on! Tomorrow's work will be easier for the business man than today's.

For still greater steps are being taken to facilitate his plans, reduce his hazards and free his time for more productive activity. The most significant of these steps is the recent merger of the

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



greatest of all business machines and their companies into one parent organization . . . Remington Rand.

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Make use of this new clearing house for Better Business Methods

NOW THE business man can turn to one source of supply; not alone for his office equipment needs, but for the best judgment, counsel and plans for handling his business operations at minimum cost with maximum speed and accuracy.

The linking of the basic business equipment companies into one has placed 4,000 trained business analysts in the field—at the disposal of business men everywhere. No matter where a business is located, a Remington Rand representative is within easy reach and is promptly available.

A Telephone Call . . . connects you with this power house of BUSINESS ENERGY *. . . at no cost to you!*

BE SURE to *use* this amazing new business service. Even if your office is perfectly coordinated and equipped, it costs you nothing to make *sure*. Before you move, or re-insure, or increase your office space, or make *any* change in your routine, phone for the nearest Remington Rand analyst. He may be able to show you in ten minutes how you can save hundreds of dollars yearly, or even monthly. Write Remington Rand Business Service, Inc., Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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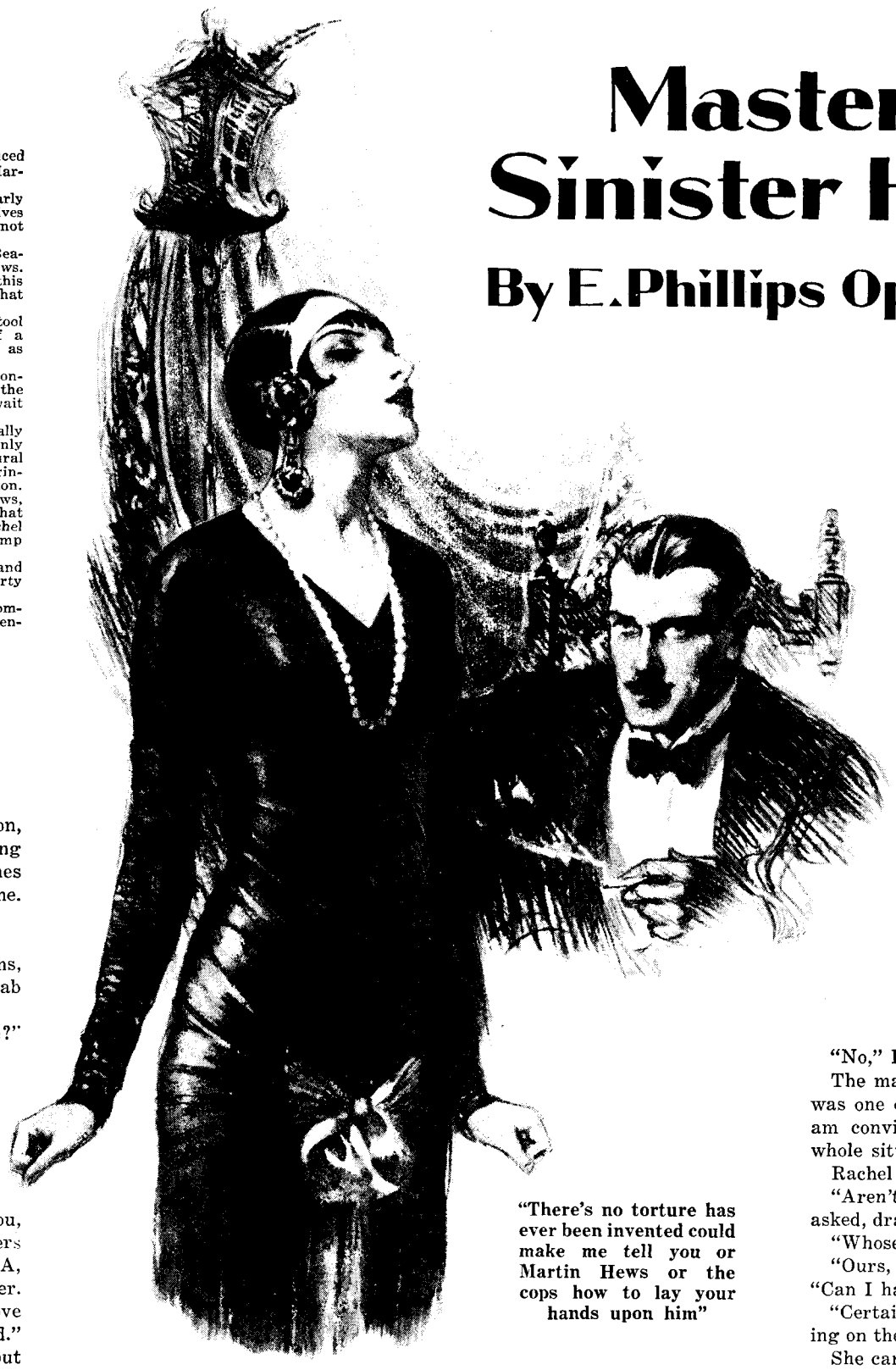
Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



"There's no torture has ever been invented could make me tell you or Martin Hews or the cops how to lay your hands upon him"

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR OWSTON, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, enters the service of Martin Hews.

Martin Hews, a strange man, but singularly aggressive despite the loss of both legs, lives in Breezeley Mansion and is an avid and not overscrupulous collector of art treasures.

One of the first people Owston meets is Beatrice Essiter, the beautiful niece of Martin Hews. He is fascinated by her and realizes that this feeling springs from a curiosity to know what she is like under a strangely cold exterior.

Jim Donkin, a London gang leader and tool of Martin Hews, steals Rachel, the girl of a rival gangster and master criminal known as Joseph.

To escape the jealous wrath of Joseph, Donkin and the girl flee to Breezeley, where the girl is kept. Donkin leaves the country to wait for things to become quiet.

Joseph makes two attacks on the electrically guarded mansion but is unsuccessful mainly through Rachel's refusal to aid. This unnatural refusal was probably prompted by the beginnings of an infatuation for Major Owston. Owston will not recognize this, but Martin Hews, quick to seize any advantage, proposes that Owston occupy a flat in town and take Rachel with him, there to make love to her and to pump her subtly regarding Joseph.

Owston flatly refuses the suggestion and Hews, infuriated, gives Major Owston forty pounds and tells him to get out.

Dejected by the termination of what had promised to be an interesting and exciting adventure, Major Owston returns to London.

IV

AT LIVERPOOL Street Station, London, a respectable-looking middle-aged man in dark clothes raised his bowler hat and accosted me.

"Major Owston?" he inquired.

"My name," I acknowledged.

"I am to show you to your rooms, sir," he announced. "I have a taxicab waiting."

"Aren't you making some mistake?" I asked him incredulously.

"No mistake at all, sir," he answered confidently. "I received all my instructions half an hour ago from Breezeley Mansion."

My spirits began to rise. Perhaps, after all, Martin Hews had relented.

"You will excuse my riding with you, sir, please," the man begged. "Passengers are not allowed outside. . . . No. 3A, Down Street," he directed the driver.

"Down Street?" I repeated as we drove off. "Quite a pleasant neighborhood."

"You will find your rooms small but quite comfortable," the man assured me. "I hope I shall give you satisfaction. My wife is a very good cook, and I am used both to valeting and waiting at table. My name is Smart."

"I have no doubt that we shall get on together excellently, Smart," I told him. "That is, if I stay."

"I hope you will be staying the month at any rate, sir. Mr. Yardsley has engaged me for your servant on trial for that period."

"Who the mischief is Mr. Yardsley?" I inquired.

"I understood that he was the solicitor acting for the gentleman who rang me up from the country," he replied hesitatingly.

AFTER that I asked no more questions. We duly arrived at our destination, and I was ushered into a very pleasant and even luxurious suite of bachelor rooms. They were not only ready for my occupation, but whisky and soda, cigarettes and cigars were upon the sideboard, and a variety of brand-new articles for my use in the bathroom. Mrs. Smart—a pleasant-faced, somewhat diminutive woman—came almost at once to take my order for dinner.

"I may be going out to a restaurant, Mrs. Smart," I demurred.

She looked at me in pained protest.

"The message was, sir," she ventured, "that you would probably be dining in tonight. I have been cook in gentlemen's families for many years, and have always given satisfaction."

I gave my order without further comment, deciding that someone would probably be communicating with me that night and that I had better not stir out. As soon as she had departed I looked into my bedroom and found the drawers full of all manner of hosiery, ties, shirts and collars and every imaginable article of men's wear. There were two suits of clothes and a coat from a well-known tailor, with a note to say that his cutter would come round any time if I would communicate with them by telephone, to see what alterations were necessary. . . .

I wallowed in a warm bath, and finished up with a cold spray. I lingered over the drawing on of silk underclothes and approved of the quality of my evening socks. Then I strolled into the sitting-room.

"Smart will be bringing you a cocktail in a few minutes, sir," Mrs. Smart confided. "He is supposed to be a very good mixer."

THE cocktail arrived in due course, accompanied by the evening paper, and I was forced to admit that Smart was an artist. I lit a cigarette and amused myself by reading of the futile efforts of the police to make any further arrests in connection with the Breezeley Mansion burglary. It appeared that I was a little before my time, for half an hour passed without any signs of dinner. At last Smart threw open the door.

"The young lady, sir," he announced.

I stared at Rachel for a moment without comprehension. Then I understood the trick of which I had been the victim. A fit of fury seized me, none the less intense because of the mocking laugh which parted her lips. She had undergone a transformation so complete that her appearance alone would have kept me tongue-tied. She was wearing a smart turban-shaped black hat and a fashionable black afternoon dress of some soft and clinging material. Truly, I said to myself, this man Martin Hews was the devil incarnate.

"Shall I lay another place, sir?" Smart inquired.

"No," I shouted.

The man remained silent, but his air was one of respectful expostulation. I am convinced that he understood the whole situation.

Rachel only laughed.

"Aren't you going to dine, then?" she asked, drawing off her gloves.

"Whose flat is this?" I demanded.

"Ours, isn't it?" she mocked me. "Can I have a cocktail?"

"Certainly, miss," Smart replied, seizing on the excuse to hurry away.

She came across the room and sat on the edge of my chair, derision in her eyes, but looking more like a human being than ever I had seen her.

"I say, now, what's all the trouble?" she remonstrated. "I shan't eat you."

"Where did you get those clothes?" I asked sternly.

"A young woman met me at the station, took me to her shop in Bond Street, and rigged me out from head to foot," Rachel explained, slipping from her place and pirouetting around. "Don't you like them? Can't say I'm stuck on black, but these West-Enders ought to know, and the crêpe de Chine's O. K., I can tell you."

My momentary fit of anger melted into laughter. After all, there was a humorous side to the situation, and I was a fool to lose my temper. Just at that auspicious moment Smart returned with a cocktail, which he handed to Rachel. Without further comment he began to lay another place at the table.

"Cheeri-oh!" Rachel exclaimed, raising her glass. "Why, that's too bad. You haven't got one."

"I had my second half an hour ago,"

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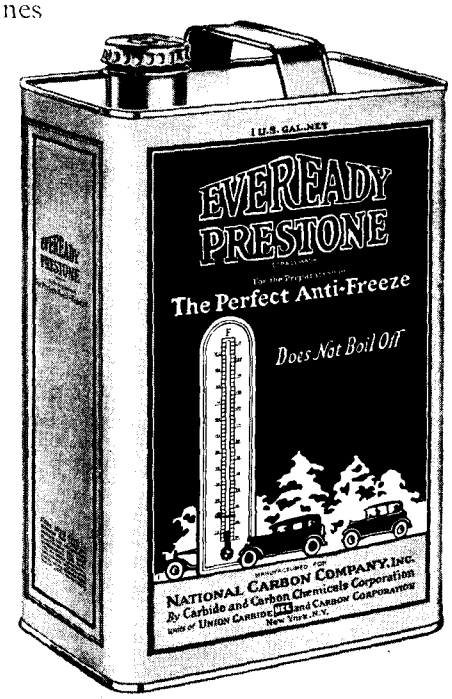

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I told her. "Mrs. Smart kept on making some excuse for not serving dinner. She knew all about this stupid business, I suppose."

"I don't think it's a stupid business at all," Rachel declared, coming back to the arm of my chair and swinging her leg with the obvious idea of admiring her own stockings. "I call it a very nice party. I believe he's gone to get another cocktail for you. I shall wait before I finish mine."

"I shouldn't," I advised her. "To tell you the truth, I'm rather thinking of going out and dining at my club."

She made a little grimace.

"You wouldn't be so unkind," she pleaded. "I should get into such trouble when I get back."

"When you get back?" I repeated hopefully. "You are returning to Breezeley, then?"

"Unless you invite me to stay here," she murmured brazenly.

She leaned nearer to me, her lips very close indeed to mine.

"If you come an inch nearer, I shall box your ears, you little hussy," I warned her.

She indulged in a further grimace. Then her prophecy came true. Smart entered silently, with another cocktail upon a tray.

"I have taken the liberty, sir," he acknowledged. "Quite a light one. My own special fancy. I shall be serving dinner now, sir, directly."

"Cheeri-oh!" Rachel repeated, raising her glass once more.

"Cheeri-oh!" I grunted.

DINNER appeared, and we took our places at the table. Rachel's deportment on the whole gave me no cause for anxiety. It is true that she moved her place a little closer to mine, and that she once or twice felt tentatively for my hand, but this, I noticed with satisfaction, was between the courses, and her first attention was directed always toward her food, to which she did full justice. She demanded champagne, and was promptly served with it. I asked for whisky and soda, and drank sparingly of that.

I permitted myself a glass of port after the excellently cooked meal had been served, and in a glow of after-dinner humanity, remembering that I had still nearly forty pounds in my pocket and that the young lady had not declared herself, I allowed her searching fingers to rest for a moment or two in mine. Then the inevitable crisis arrived. The cloth was cleared, the coffee and liqueurs stood upon a small table between us, and Rachel curled herself up on the hearthrug at my feet, smoking a cigarette.

"Now, young lady," I suggested, "let's get to business."

"Business?" she murmured. "You are funny!"

I ignored the provocative gleam in her eyes, and continued:

"Do you know what you're here for?"

"I can guess," she answered.

"Your mission here," I went on, "is to vamp me à la cinema, and when you have shorn my locks—"

"When I have what?" she interrupted.

"My fault," I apologized. "Put it this way. When we are sitting google-eyed, hand in hand, or probably with my arm around your waist, swearing to be true to one another for the rest of our lives, I am to begin gently and tactfully to pump you about Joseph."

"I rather thought that was the game," she murmured. "Give me some of that sweet white stuff."

I filled a liqueur glass with white crème de menthe for her, which she sipped appreciatively.

"Quite a scheme, ain't it?" she ruminated.

"Does it appeal to you?"

She slid toward me until her head was perilously near my knee.

"I LIKE the first part of it all right—Henry, your name is, isn't it?—I like the first part, Henry, but when it comes to the rest—well, you know you're fine to look at (I always did like big men) but you know, mister, up here"—she tapped her forehead—"I don't think you or Mr. Martin Hews have anything on me. If you began to ask me questions about Joseph—my, how clumsy you'd be! I should soon fill you up with a lot of faked stuff or else let you know where you got off."

I nodded approvingly.

"That's honest," I said. "Then tell me why you came?"

She leaned back deliberately, her head against my knee.

"Please don't do that," I begged.

She laughed at me, and remained where she was.

"Don't be silly," she rejoined. "This is very comfortable. If you want to hear why I came, you'll have to keep quiet. You wouldn't like to brush my fringe back, I suppose, with that great hand of yours? It's getting into my eyes."

"I would not," I answered sternly. "Go on, please."

"Well, of course I saw through the game the moment the old man sent for me," she continued. "I was to come up and have dinner and drink wine with you and try to find out whether you were on the square. That was how he put it to me. That was what he wanted me to believe. On parole, of course. Very nearly gave himself away, the old fool! 'What time am I to be back?' I asked him, as innocent as possible. 'Any time you like,' he replied, with a funny sort of grin, 'so long as when you do come you come straight from Down Street.' Artful old guy! I knew all the time what he was after. It wasn't you he wanted to test. It was me he wanted to peach about Joseph. If it wasn't that I thought it would be such fun to come, I'd have given him what for."

I was beginning to feel more at my ease.

"I am inclined to wonder," I observed, "clever man though he is, whether Martin Hews understands men and women as well as he thinks he does. Girls are too good sports to give their sweethearts away for nothing. After all, Joseph is your man."

"Is he?" she interrupted. "Steady on there, guv'nor! I'm not so sure. I've been crazy about him at times. There were other times I liked Jim Donkin just as well. I ain't at all sure about you, Henry," she continued, with an upward little flash of the eyes. "You're a good 'un in a scrap. That's what I like. I love to see men fight."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told her.

"Why?" she inquired curiously. "A man has either to fight or steal. Joseph is good with a knife or a gun. and he's as foxy as they make 'em, but he always seems to keep outside things. He ain't what I should call a fighter—not like you, Henry."

"Well, are you going to tell me where I can find him?" I asked her.

She sprang to her feet. Every fiber of her seemed suddenly quivering with emotion. She pointed to the door and swung round to me.

"I tell you this, Henry, if Joseph were to walk into the room at this moment, I'd send him packing if I could, but there's no torture has ever been invented could make me tell you or Martin Hews or the cops how to lay your hands upon him. His day will come some time, and maybe I shan't wear mourning for him, but it won't be me who'll give him away. Why, mister," she went on, dropping once more back to her old place at my feet—"I mean Henry—don't you know that's the reason why Joseph's lot have smashed Donkin's, why they'll smash any other gang that comes up against them, and why the police can only get one or two at a time, like they did at Breezeley? They're tight-lipped, every one of them. Two men have tried squealing, and they've been dead in twenty-four hours. That's where Joseph's clever. He'd swing himself before he gave a pal away. So would every one of them."

The lawyer's cold gray eyes rested upon mine. I knew quite well that this highly respectable practitioner was inciting me to murder

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"WELL, this is all very interesting," I admitted. "Pity you didn't tell it to Martin Hews."

"Likely to, wasn't I?" she scoffed. "I should have spent the evening down there moping. Henry, aren't you ever a little bit affectionate?"

"Very seldom," I assured her.

"It seems a pity," she sighed, smoothing my hand. "Don't you like girls, Henry?"

"Very much—in my own fashion."

"Show me your own fashion," she begged, laughing up at me.

"You're faithful to your man, aren't you, Rachel?" I asked.

"I'm faithful until I like someone else better."

"There's Joseph," I suggested.

"But I like you better than Joseph—dear," she whispered.

Then a flash of inspiration came to me.

"Listen, Rachel," I said. "You were in love with Joseph once, I suppose?"

"Fairly dotty," she assured me.

"If any other man had tried to make love to you then—"

"I'd have knifed him," she interrupted.

"Very well. I'm in love with another girl."

The smile left her face, and the tantalizing light died out of her eyes. She crouched in her place, looking up at me, her lips parted, her eyes dim.

"You don't mean that? Say you don't mean that, Henry!"

"I mean it."

There was a moment's silence. I gripped hold of myself, terrified of a sudden weakening, for I was as human as most men, and the pathetic break in her voice made a more dangerous appeal to me than all her wiles.

"It isn't his niece, is it?" she asked wistfully. "She's beautiful, but she ain't got any life. She'd never love like I can, even though I'm a common little thing."

"Never mind who it is, Rachel," I said. "She exists all right. I wish she didn't."

(*Continued on page 50*)

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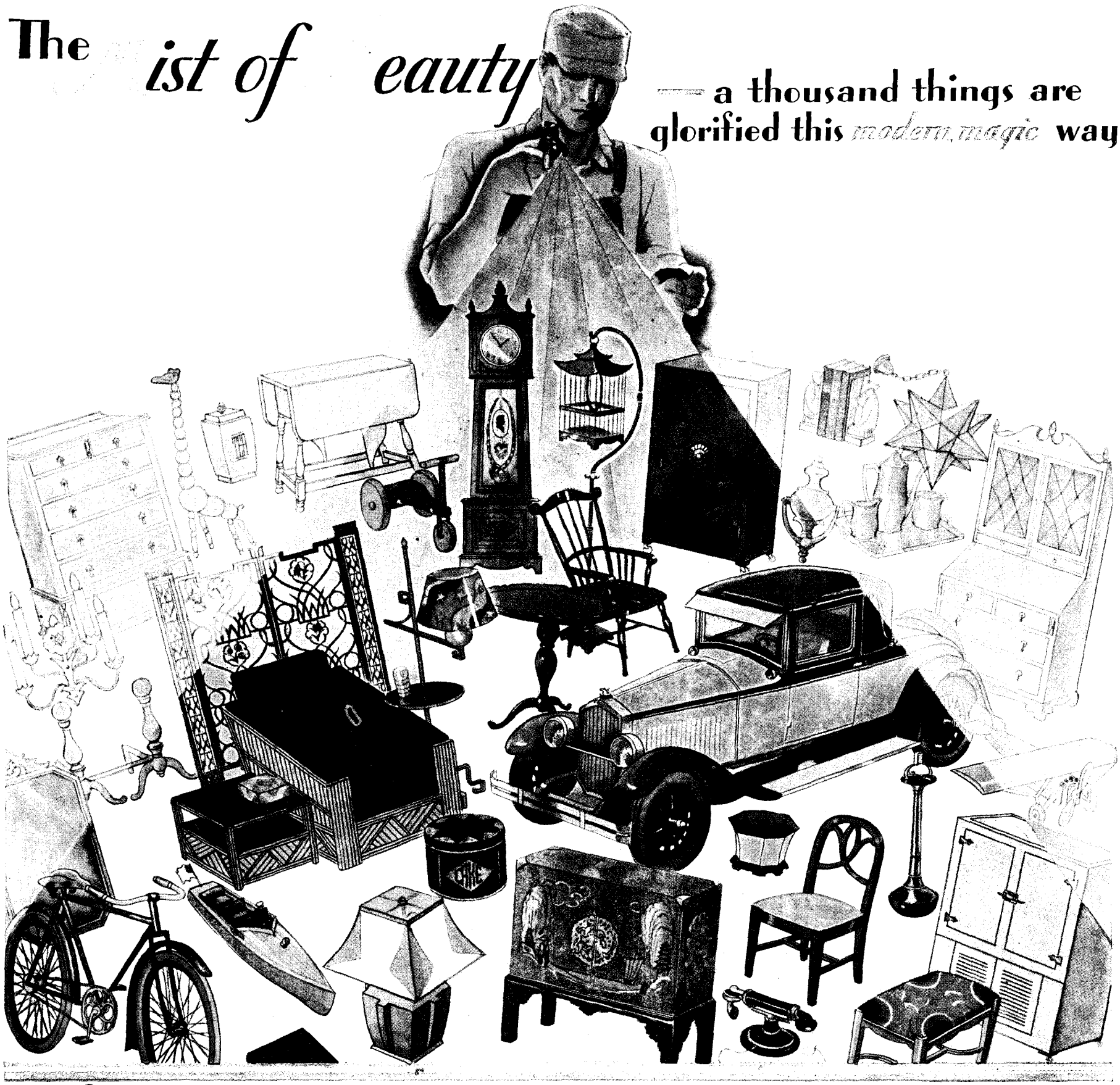
The *ist of eauty*

— a thousand things are glorified this *modern magic* way



COLOR! How alive it is! How attractively it gleams from whatever is new, whatever is smart! Color makes things irresistible!

But color has its practical side. The coat of Egyptian Lacquer—which touches the rough product and transforms it into a thing of color and of individuality—at the same time gives the product durability, and longer life. "Finished with Egyptian Lacquer"—that means both protection and long-lived beauty . . . . . .

It is significant that *more* products are finished with Egyptian than with any other lacquer. Sprayed, brushed or dipped, Egyptian Lacquer covers more surface, lasts longer, dries better, has greater richness of color.

In addition to thousands of standard formulas, Egyptian Lacquer chemists are always developing special "prescriptions" for manufacturers. Thus it is possible to secure the one Egyptian Lacquer finish exactly suited to each particular product. The experience and help of these chemists are at the service of any manufacturer who wishes to improve his product.

THE EGYPTIAN LACQUER MANUFACTURING CO., 90 West Street, New York, N. Y. Completely equipped branches in charge of *practical men* are maintained in: Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Grand Rapids, High Point, N. C., Kalamazoo, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis.

"THE MAKER WHO IS PROUD OF WHAT HE MAKES USES EGYPTIAN LACQUER"

EGYPTIAN Lacquers

© 1928—Egyptian Lacquer Mfg. Co.

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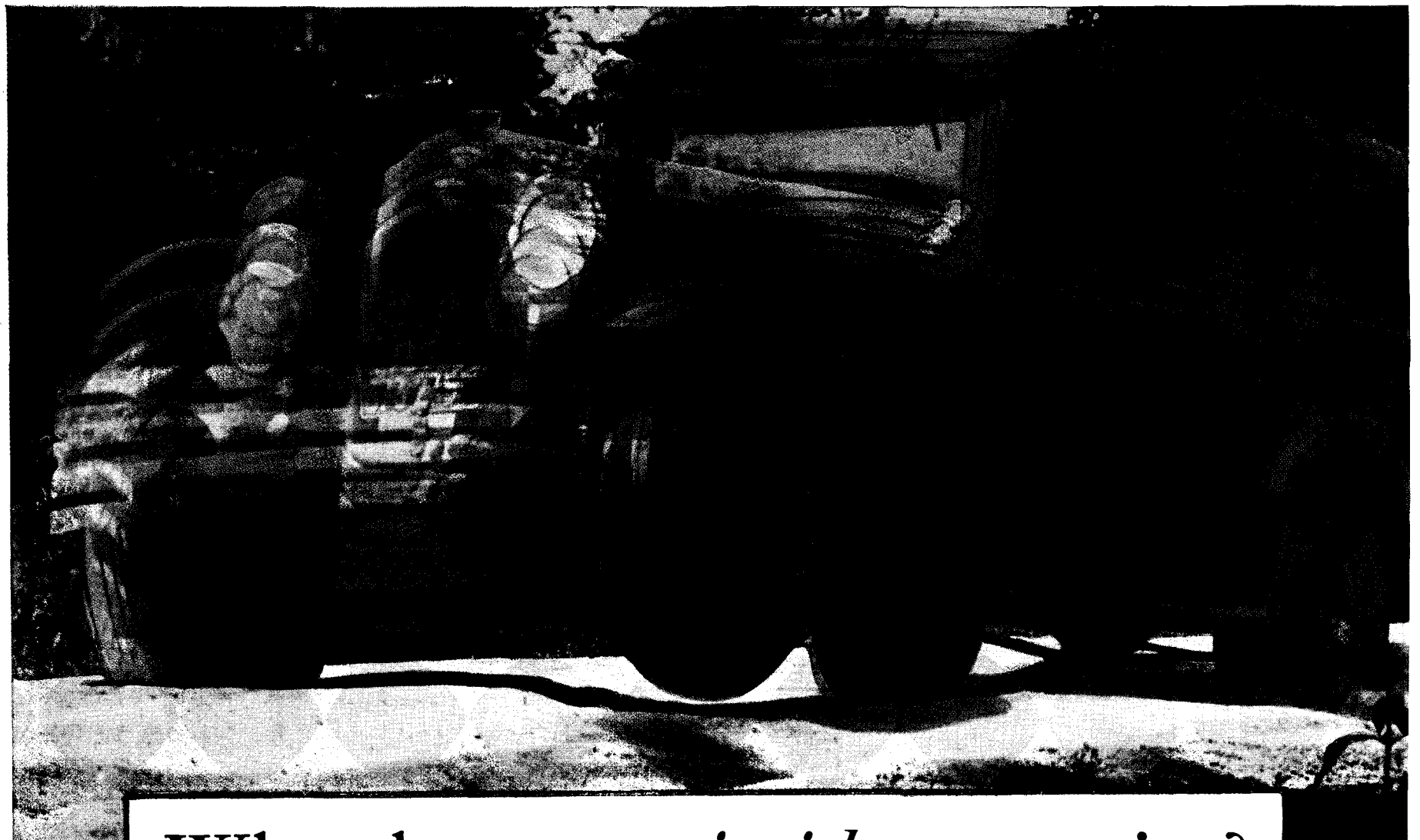


What happens *inside* your tire?

You are driving along, making good time; suddenly your car thuds into a chuckhole.

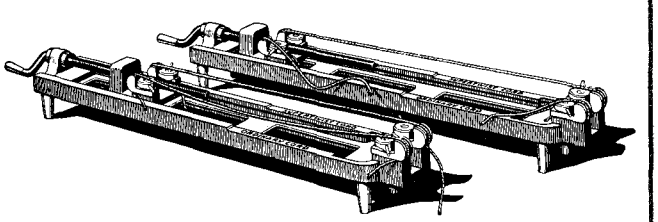
What happens inside your tire?

Nothing is likely to happen —if your tire is a Goodyear Tire, made with SUPERTWIST.

The extra elasticity of this special Goodyear cord fabric allows it to stretch under impact and recover, like a rubber band.

It enables Goodyear Tires to withstand the constant flexing of thousands of miles of driving without internal fatigue.

A child can see the difference!



Ask your Goodyear Dealer to show you the difference between Supertwist and ordinary cord on this cord-testing machine. You will see how, after a tension that leaves the ordinary cord lifeless, Supertwist keeps its life and spring, and how Supertwist has 60% *greater stretch* than ordinary cord

Under the heat and strain of normal usage, ordinary cord fabric grows "tired" and loses its strength.

The shock of chuckholes and sharp bumps may even rupture the casing and cause a blowout.

So you safeguard yourself against trouble and enjoy an added factor of safety when you use tires made with SUPERTWIST.

SUPERTWIST cord is Goodyear-developed, Goodyear-perfected, Goodyear-patented.

If your tire is *not* made with SUPERTWIST—it may be a different story.

It is one of the good reasons why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST

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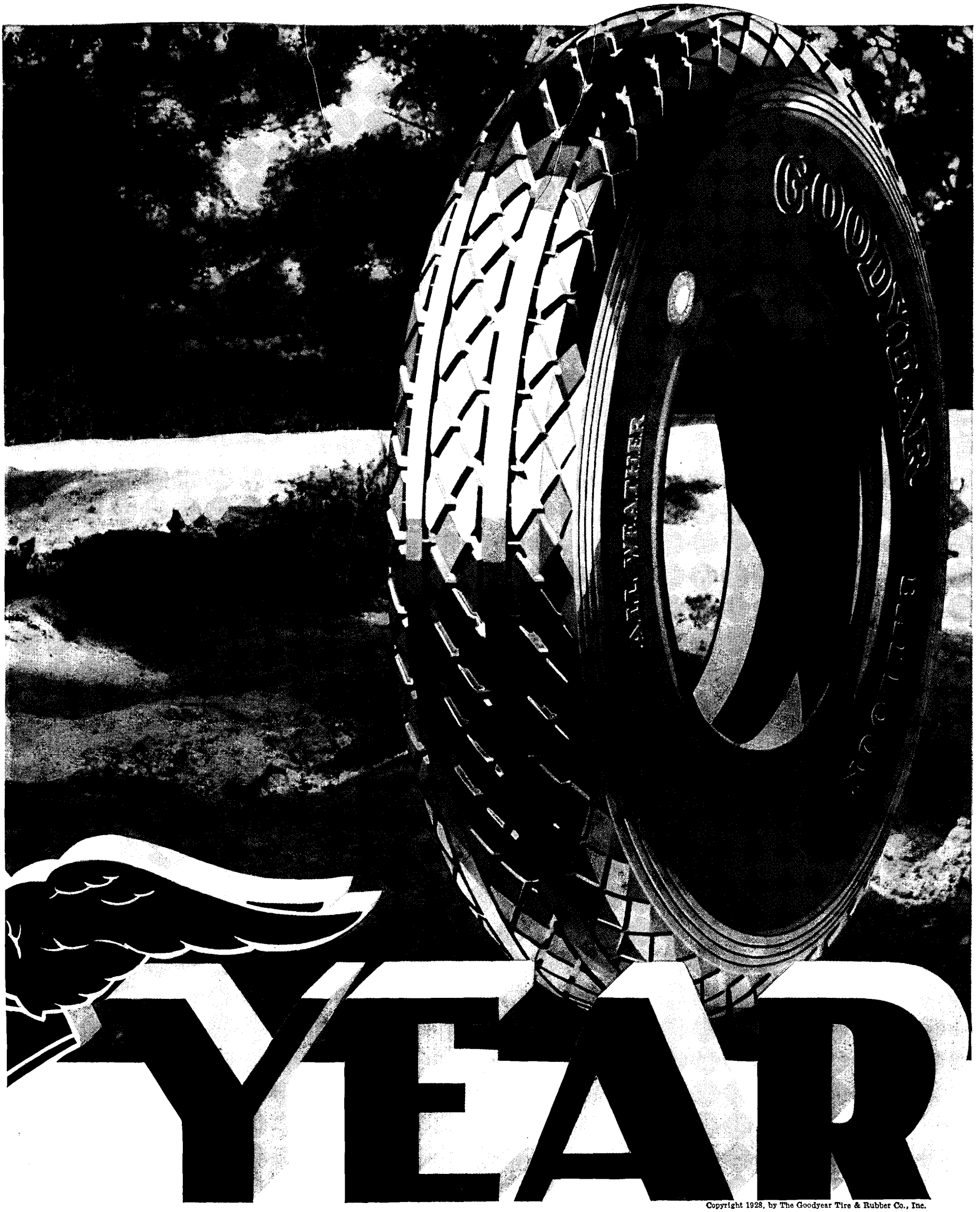

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SURE FIRE

By Sinbad

Once more he fixed us with his eye and spoke even more deliberately: "Two and two make four and never can be anything else"

Why an established humorist goes to the trouble of working out gags when his simplest remark sends his hearers into convulsions is enough to puzzle anyone

CONCERNING the Commander of the Faithful's sense of humor there can be no two opinions. In the lower right-hand box of any vaudeville house His Majesty should be worth his weight in gold to the management. I have seen the Successor fall back in his chair and howl whenever the comedian on the stage has seemed to be on the verge of shedding his trousers, as frequently happens.

Similarly the Caliph is a fervent admirer of Mr. Charles Chaplin, whose pictures he never tires of seeing, often in the company of the intellectual editor. The essential tragedy of Mr. Chaplin's art always moves the editor to tears, but leaves the Successor cold. But when Charlie runs foul of the soap bucket the Protector of the Kaaba smites his thighs and shrieks.

This being so, I find it exceedingly difficult to explain His Majesty's attitude and behavior in the case of Graham Baxter, who is by general consent our greatest wit and humorist.

One afternoon the Counsel on Public Relations and myself presented ourselves in the royal suite at the hotel.

"The peace of Allah on you two," said the Caliph; and then, after a brief hesitation, "I am in the mood for a slight experiment. Have I your permission?"

"Illustrious One," we murmured simultaneously, and bent to touch the carpet with our foreheads.

"It has been a cold summer," he said, "and the outlook for the corn crop is discouraging."

We had hard work not to gape at His Majesty. C. P. R. was the first to rally. "It is true, Sacred One," he replied.

I made haste to do my part. "Glorious One," I said, "the summer has been indeed cold and wet. It has been the subject of much comment."

But the Descendant shook his head and looked more puzzled than ever.

"The results are negative," he said. "I must try again. Are you ready?"

Once more he fixed us with his eye and spoke even more deliberately than on the first test:

"Two and two make four and never can be anything else," he said.

This time I managed to get in a bit before the Counsel on Public Relations.

"The Exalted One has uttered a profound truth," I said, "and one that has recently been endorsed in the editorials."

Give Ear to This

But the Commander of the Faithful made no attempt to conceal his disappointment.

"Neither of you," he said, "has shown an inclination to laugh."

"Laugh!" we said.

"The situation is beyond me," he said. "Give ear, you two. At the Authors' League luncheon I shared a table with half a dozen other guests. At my right hand sat a gentleman of grave and exceedingly intelligent demeanor. We fell into talk, and I was impressed by the eminently sensible nature of his remarks. But as for our neighbors—"

He threw up his hands in surrender.

"Yes, Your Majesty," I whispered.

"You know, Sinbad," said the Caliph, "how high is my opinion of your countrymen's courtesy and consideration in the everyday matters of social life. If anything, I think you sometimes are guilty of too much tact and forbearance. Well, now, will you believe me when I say that the behavior of the guests around that table was—I say it deliberately—atrocious. Every remark by the serious-faced gentleman on my right was received with the most disconcerting laughter."

"Pride of the Oxus," I ventured, "surely they were not laughing at him." His Majesty showed a flash of temper.

"Then what is it they did laugh at?" he demanded. "I happened to observe to my neighbor, in passing the celery, that the recent weather had been trying.

"He replied, 'It has been a cold summer, and the outlook for the corn crop is discouraging.' Immediately there was a roar of amusement around the table which I utterly failed to understand. Later I ventured to express the opinion that the problem of the war debts seemed to be in a fair way of being settled in accordance with common sense. He replied, 'Two and two make four and can never be anything else.' The others at the table burst into a great guffaw and stamped their feet and slapped each other on the back. Now why was that?"

I was nonplused, but C. P. R. had one of his rare moments of inspiration.

"Lord of the Tigris," he said, "perhaps—if we knew the man's name—"

The Caliph picked up the luncheon list.

"Naturally," he said, "I was moved to ascertain the man's name. I have it here. The name is Graham Baxter."

The Counsel on Public Relations let out one howl and sat down on the floor and beat the carpet with his heels while tears of merriment coursed down his cheeks. I was somewhat more circumspect. I merely stuffed a silk cushion into my mouth.

The Counsel on Public Relations was the first to regain control of himself.

"Inimitable One," he said, "the cause of our unmitigated hilarity is self-evident. Graham Baxter is our most distinguished and popular humorist."

"Your greatest humorist," said the Caliph. "What, for instance, are some of his characteristic observations?"

Happily, C. P. R's memory did not fail him, and he recited a number of Graham Baxter's best-known stories. At the first His Majesty grinned. At the second he laughed out loud. At the third he clapped his hands in applause.

"Admirable!" he cried. "It is genius, undeniably." But immediately the fun went out of his face, and he looked more puzzled than ever.

"But what is there amusing about a cold summer and a poor corn crop?"

"Luminescence," said C. P. R., "it was Graham Baxter who remarked that it had been a cold summer."

"But I have told you," said the Caliph with a show of impatience.

The Counsel on Public Relations fell forward on his face and beat the carpet with the palms of his hands, and his body shook. The Caliph studied him intently, failed to understand and turned to me.

"Graham Baxter also remarked," said the Caliph, "that two and two make four."

I made no further effort to achieve the impossible, but removed the pillow from my mouth, lifted up my head and laughed till the sweat poured down my face. On His Majesty's face the light of intelligence began to dawn.

A Fairly Good Substitute

"I think I understand," he said slowly. "Graham Baxter being a great humorist, it is impossible for him to make a statement without convulsing his audience?"

"P-p-precisely, Sacred One," said the Counsel on Public Relations.

"Graham Baxter," went on the Caliph, "cannot fail to induce hysterical glee even when he comments on the weather?"

Only by the most strenuous effort we were able to fight off a new paroxysm.

"In that case," said the Caliph, "I must admire not only Mr. Baxter's comic genius but his fine sense of rectitude. He goes to the trouble of thinking up the excellent jests of which you have given me a sample when he might get by just as easily by announcing that it will rain tomorrow. He supplies his public with humor of a supreme quality when he might be quoting the multiplication table. I respect him immensely."

It remains only to state that the Descendant and Graham Baxter became great friends. During the Caliph's sojourn the celebrated humorist was his frequent visitor, on which occasions they would discourse much in private.

"The reason, Sinbad, is this," His Majesty informed me later. "Mr. Baxter finds himself frequently starving for a chance to talk to somebody without driving him into convulsions. Things are much better when his wife is at home. Mrs. Baxter, so he told me with a happy smile, never laughs at anything he says. But she is now away visiting her parents. He was kind enough to say that I make a fairly good substitute."

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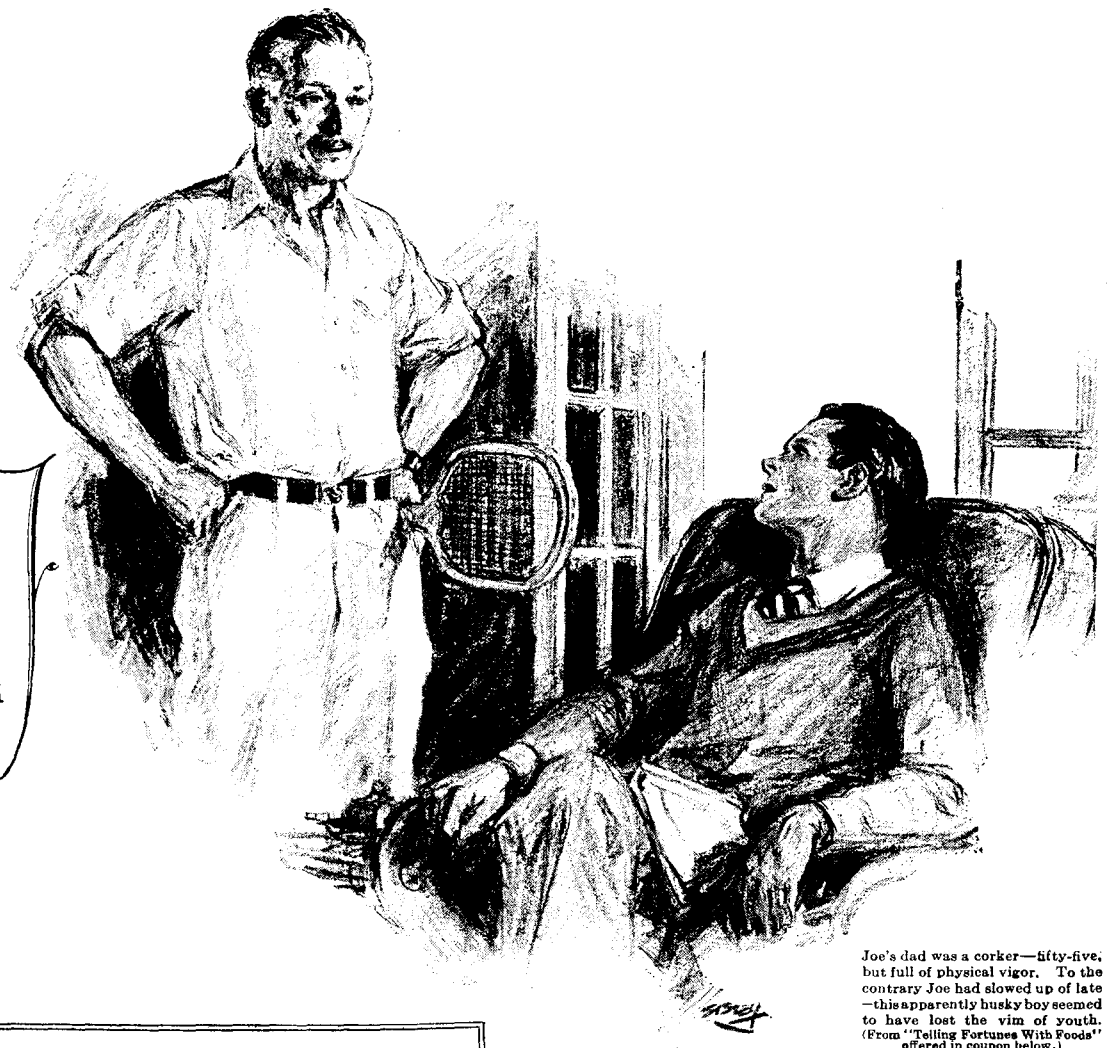
To the Half Well People Who Don't Know What's Wrong with Them



Joe's dad was a corker—fifty-five, but full of physical vigor. To the contrary Joe had slowed up of late—this apparently husky boy seemed to have lost the vim of youth. (From "Telling Fortunes With Foods" offered in coupon below.)

The Medical Profession is employing a new method of treating "half well people" that is bringing excellent results. Based on this latest theory and a new general diagnosis of such cases, it may present new opportunities to you. Ask your doctor to explain.

Every statement verified by high Medical Authority

IT MAY be difficult for you to work as efficiently as other people. You grow listless and your enthusiasm dies early in the day.

You look at your watch frequently and wish for the noon hour, and for closing time, and home.

Being interested socially—a part of success in life—you feel is beyond you. You are bored by such affairs. You wonder why you have to force yourself in business and elsewhere while others are accomplishing so much more with ease.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition. "Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree.

It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach. Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of high blood pressure than any other method known. It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	
Nausea	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Children's "Upset Stomach"	
Nervousness	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1610, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

* * * * *

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail the coupon for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

ALTHOUGH referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

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When they straightened up the guardian of the law was without revolver or whistle

The Story Thus Far:

THE aristocracy of crookdom in an Eastern city meet at the instigation of a very successful confidence man, Robert Gildad, to organize toward higher efficiency.

At this time there is an anti-crime movement on foot, sponsored by a newspaper, the Planet.

Gildad states that they must prove the supremacy of the criminals to the reformers. Their plan is to inform Phineas Harrington, editor of the Planet, that they will kill him and then do so.

The next day, just before a meeting of the reform committee, Phineas Harrington's secretary hands him a telegram which is the warning of the crooks. He refuses to take it seriously but shows it to the committee which is composed of the city's biggest business, judicial and church dignitaries, including the Rev. Hunt, a famous Western revivalist who has been secured to further the undertaking.

After some platitudinous speechmaking Harrington calls for Tennant, star reporter of the Planet. Tennant comes reluctantly because a riot has just started outside.

II

The Crooks' Convention

By Arthur Somers Roche

"THE way to kill a guy is to step right up to him and pour it into him," said the Yellow Kid.

Lifting Nell twined her fingers about the square palm of the Kid.

"God gave you everything, Kid, didn't He, except beauty and brains? Well, if you had those two things and good manners and nice habits, you'd be perfect, wouldn't you, boy?"

The Kid colored. In a way, he was as afraid of the pretty little shoplifter as of Gildad; perhaps even more so. For, after all, Gildad's silken tones held only a threat of death, and death the Kid could—and would—face. But ridicule, especially the sort of ridicule that he couldn't quite understand, couldn't quite define, rendered him uneasy as threat of bodily harm never could.

"Aw, lay off," he said feebly.

"Well, then, you lay off Gilly," she advised.

"I didn't mention his name. I only said that all this fuss about bumping a man off made me tired."

"You don't get the angle," she told him. "It ain't enough to settle Harrington. Gilly wants to do it in an impressive way. He's warned the man, and, believe me, all his friends know he's been warned. That makes it fifty times as important when Gilly finally gets him."

"Still and all, if somebody drove a taxi up alongside his car—"

"Yes, and if that somebody got caught, and squealed— Why, Kid, Gilly knows all those things. But he wants to prove to people like you that with an organization there's no risk at all. If you find that out today, if you find that working together *pays*, then there'll be less beefing about his other schemes."

She leaned forward and rapped on the window before her. The taxi driver turned his head around; she pointed to the sidewalk, and he pulled up at the curb. She and the Kid alighted, but it was the girl who spoke to the chauffeur.

"TURN around and pull up at the other side of the street," she ordered. "Keep your engine running all the time."

"I gotcha," said the driver.

"Come on, Kid," said Nell to her companion. "Remember, we're all for human rights and free speech and all that sort of stuff, but you don't have to cheer. Get me?"

On a patch of grass opposite the Planet Building, mounted on a wooden box, stood a fat, perspiring man. A few park loafers had gathered around him, uninterested in what he might have to say, but preferring to listen rather than endure the boredom of their own thoughts.

"My countrymen," shrieked the speaker, "how long are you going to endure the oppression—"

From across the street, at the first sound of his voice, sauntered a large and none too amiable-appearing policeman. He thrust his way through the audience of loafers.

"Say, Red, who told you this was Russia?" he demanded.

The orator met his glance.

"I'm no Red," he said; "I'm a speaker from the Anti-Volstead Law Society."

"Is t-h-a-a-t so?" inquired the officer. Heavy sarcasm was in his voice. "Well, maybe you got good ideas, and maybe you ain't, but that hasn't got a thing to do with it. Take your speech inside somewhere, young feller."

"I'm an American citizen," shrieked the speaker. "If this is a land of liberty, I've got a right to speak my mind."

"Sure, you have, if you got a mind," said the officer.

"Hey, bull, give the man a chanct," cried a shabby man in the audience.

The policeman turned upon him. "And what society is paying your expenses?" he asked. "On your way, or it's the cooler for interfering with an officer."

The shabby one slunk back into the suddenly augmented crowd. The officer redirected his attention to the orator.

"I don't want to pinch a lad just for shooting off his face," he said, with a kindliness inspired perhaps by the fact that he held views not inimical to those of the speaker, "but there'll be no outdoor speaking here today. Get me? You ain't got any permit, have you?"

"You call this a free country," cried the orator. "Can't a man express his opinions on a great vital public question without having a license?"

"Listen, fellow," advised the officer, "read up on some other laws beside the Volstead Law. Come on, beat it."

As he spoke he kicked the box from under the speaker's feet, catching the man by the collar as he did so. He swung his captive around and thrust him mightily toward the sidewalk.

Then events happened. An unidentified someone—all that any bystander could say was that he was of medium build and quietly dressed—gave the officer as violent a shove as the latter had given the would-be orator. As he sprawled on his hands and knees, two other unidentifiable someones bent over him, and when they straightened up the guardian of the law was without his revolver and whistle.

Perspiring, enraged, profane, the policeman finally regained his feet. In obedience to a blind instinct to arrest someone, he seized the nearest person.

"Listen, bull," said the person, "if I want to neck, I can pick my spot and my partner too."

Guffaws of joy greeted this sally. Lifting Nell stepped out of the official arms that had seized her, and smoothed the collar of her chic frock. A swift side glance assured her that the Kid and the confederate who had helped him relieve the policeman of his arms were mingled inextricably with the still growing throng.

"If you're sure," said Nell, "that you're all through mistaking me for your wife—"

"I'm sorry, lady," said the abashed policeman. "I didn't even see you. I just reached out and grabbed—"

Over her head he saw the fat face of the orator. The man was in no way responsible, so far as the policeman knew, for the humiliation that had occurred so immediately upon the curtailment of the soapbox oration. Nevertheless the officer darted for the speaker.

Bodies impeded him; feet thrust out and tripped him up again. Yet around him, when he reached an upright position, were only innocent faces, faces that expressed amusement, perhaps, and possibly a (*Continued on page 42*)

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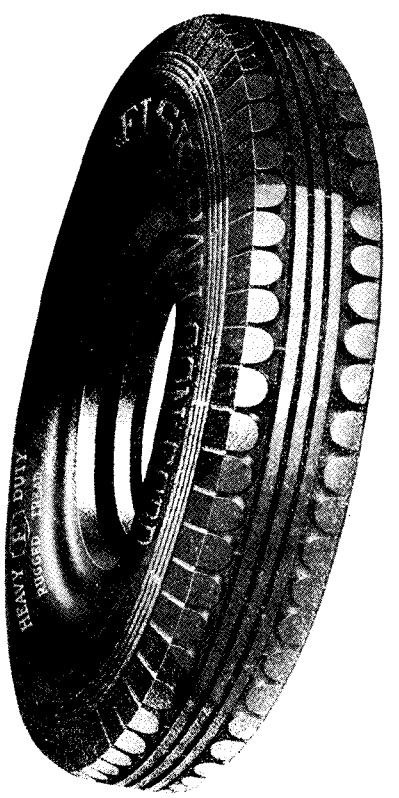
Learn the Lesson the Stars Have Learned —

When you get to Hollywood, where stars twinkle by in gorgeous cars—watch the tires on the cars of the stars. Hundreds of the brightest stars of the silver screen have learned that Fisks—in addition to providing amazing mileage, utmost riding comfort, safety and steering ease—make handsomer their handsome cars.

Learn the lesson these stars have learned—re-tire with Fisks when it is "Time to Re-tire"—for snappy *appearance* as well as performance.

FISK TIRES

Building more miles, more comfort into these big good-looking Fisk Heavy Duty Balloons, is largely a matter of Fisk exclusive and original features, "*Fillerless Cord*" Multi-cable Bead, and Rugged Tread



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THE marriage license, the purchase of a home, the creation of an estate—almost every important decision in a man's life represents a commitment based upon his faith in his future earning power. So it is with the car—a necessity in modern life . . . . This is the essence of the GMAC Purchase Plan.

GENERAL

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TIME PAYMENTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

TEN years ago there were many opinions about time payments, but few facts. General Motors began a careful study of the whole problem.

Everyone recognized the soundness of granting credit to a business—a *group* of individuals—for the purchase of necessary equipment. Was there, then, any logical reason why the *individual* should not be entitled to use his personal credit and earning power for the purchase of a necessity, such as an automobile—just as he purchased his home or life insurance estate?

Out of this study came a General Motors policy: every man or woman whose circumstances and income warrant the ownership of a car shall be provided with credit accommodation on a sound basis and at the lowest possible cost.

The General Motors Acceptance Corporation was organized to give effect to this policy.

Millions of families have had the use of their cars while they were paying for them, through the GMAC Plan. Sales and production of automobiles have enormously increased, resulting in much higher quality per dollar of cost. The American people are making more effective use of their time and energies, and this has been definitely reflected in national prosperity.

The whole machinery of consumer credit has been placed upon a sound economic basis, because the problem was approached with scientific thoroughness and an Open Mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment-Harrison Radiators-Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears - A C Spark Plugs - A C Speedometers - A C Oil Filters - New Departure Ball Bearings - Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers - Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials - Hyatt Roller Bearings - Inland Steering Wheels - Klaxon Horns

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

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The Crooks' Convention

Continued from page 38

shade of triumph, but nothing that could be deemed indicative of guilt.

As he stood there, embarrassed and bewildered, a police car drew up to the curb and debouched half a dozen uniformed men, reserves from headquarters. The lieutenant in command dashed through the melting throng.

"What the hell's up, O'Malley?" he cried. "Did you ring for us?"

O'Malley shook his head.

"Who turned in the alarm?"

But this was a question that only Robert Gildad could have answered, and he was at that moment sitting in a taxi with Nell and the Yellow Kid, moving discreetly, yet not hastily, away from the neighborhood.

"A man," he said, "should only rely on tools with whose temper he is acquainted."

"What's gone wrong, Gilly?" asked Nell anxiously. "Me and the Kid didn't spoil the racket, did we?"

Gildad sighed. "That speaker—he was approached yesterday and told that certain people wished to make a test case of the constitutional rights of free speech. He was given a lawyer's address and supplied with funds. But he was told to begin his speech at a certain time. Impatient—the man is sincere and sincerity is a great drawback in tools—he began forty minutes too soon. My plans are temporarily disarranged."

The Kid sneered. "Walk up to 'em and let 'em have it. That's my motto."

Gildad smiled. "I can't very well get into Harrington's office while it is filled with visitors, Kid. But they'll be gone in half an hour, and then—well, someone must take the place of my Volstead talker. I'm afraid that his courage has oozed; that he'll not be back again today. I need someone else to start the diversion."

His eyes lighted with enthusiasm.

"Everyone was in his place—the police alarm was sent in—only the speaker began too soon and everyone took the cue from him."

"Well, what now?" asked the Kid.

"I got the word to everyone," said Gildad. "I said to come back in thirty minutes and take the signals that would be obvious. Only—I don't want anyone hurt—that's why I had you disarm the cop, Kid."

"Why couldn't you have let me slug him?" demanded the Kid.

Gildad sighed. "Because hurt for hurt's sake isn't my scheme of things, Kid."

"Couldn't I faint? Or holler that I'd been robbed?" asked Nell.

Gildad shook his head. "It might arouse suspicion if you were seen in the same place again, Nell. No, an automobile collision—the crowd will gather at that—you two children have done enough for today. Run along and play."

"I THINK you know everyone here, Tennant?" said Harrington.

The reporter nodded. Sulkiness at being withheld from following his own inclination left him instantly.

"Good morning, Miss Hart. How's good womanhood today? Howdy, Winters. How's purity this morning? Not so good, eh? You're looking fine, Judge. How are stocks, Mr. Timmons? And, as I live and breathe, it's the Reverend himself. Mitt me, Reverend. It's a bear market on souls, eh?"

The Rev. Dr. Hunt smiled. He liked Tennant, and liked him the more because the reporter truckled to no one.

"It may be a bull market if our plans work out," he said.

The publisher coughed importantly. He respected Tennant's ability, but he resented his irreverent manner.

"Tennant," he said pompously, "this committee, this vigilance committee, is going to abolish crime in this city."

"Well, it'll make a swell story if you do," said the reporter. "Even if you don't"—and he grinned irrepressibly—"it'll make a considerable yarn."

Harrington frowned. It was tactless of Tennant to intimate that the Planet was interested in the proposed campaign other than for the sake of virtue itself.

"Tell us about the crooks' convention, Tennant," he said.

Tennant shook his head. "Don't know a darned thing except that there is to be one," he said. "However, if that convention's held—I'll be there."

"I wish I could be there," said Hunt.

Tennant looked at him. "Start at the source, eh?"

The revivalist nodded.

"It might be done," said Tennant. "If they didn't kill us at the outset—But what do you want with me now, Chief?"

"Nothing except to have you meet a group of people whom I find you know already," replied Harrington.

HE ROSE to his feet. "I think," he addressed them all, "that there isn't much to be done this morning. The Planet should have interviews with you all—Tennant, will you arrange for that?—and I think that we should enlarge our committee to include various other people who would be of value. Suppose we meet tonight at my house at nine o'clock."

He shook hands with the committee, bowed them to the door, and then turned to the reporter. As he did so his secretary unobtrusively entered and laid a bunch of letters and telegrams on his desk. She would have left but that he detained her.

"I may write the lead for Tennant's story, Miss Jones," he said. "Please stay here."

"I haven't much of a story except for those interviews, Chief," objected Tennant. "I've been screaming about crime for a week now, without saying anything definite. Suppose I take a crack at the courts?"

Harrington shook his head. "No use antagonizing them now that Judge Console is with us."

"Could I say that combinations of big business are putting the smaller merchants into bankruptcy and so into crime?"

"Tennant, why attack anyone except the criminals themselves?" demanded Harrington.

"Who don't own stock in the paper, eh?" laughed Tennant. "All right, Chief. I'll get up some sort of a story."

"Make it red-hot," said Harrington. "We need circulation."

Tennant grinned amiably. "We're getting it, aren't we?"

"Ever since you started your series of articles, we most emphatically have been. But we want to keep it up," said his chief. "That convention—Tennant, you haven't been—er—drawing on your imagination about that, have you?"

"I'm no faker, Chief," replied the reporter indignantly.

"I'm sorry. I know you're not," apologized Harrington. "Only—it seems so bizarre, so incredible. Did I show you the latest telegram threatening me?"

He handed it to the reporter, who read it gravely.

"Chief, you watch your step," he advised.

He ran, as a sudden outcry assailed his ears, to the window. He looked through it.

"Chief, that racket outside—it died down while we talked, but look out there."

Harrington joined him. On the street, and on the grassy park, milled thousands of people. The center of disturbance seemed to be two motor cars that had collided, but a motor accident, even in New York, the City of the Curious, hardly seemed to account for such excitement.

"Chief, I'm going down," cried Tennant.

Seated at his desk again, Harrington went swiftly through his telegrams and mail. To his alert secretary he dictated swift replies.

"You may type them now, Miss Jones," he finally said.

The girl hesitated. "The lead for Mr. Tennant's story?" she reminded him.

"Not now," said the publisher. "I'll attend to it later."

Alone, Harrington pulled toward him some copy paper and began aimlessly scribbling upon it. This preliminary meeting that had just been held in his office was the first step toward consummation of as great a dream as the mind of man had ever held.

THE abolition of crime! The dream of martyrs, the ideal of the saints! And he who scoffed at the scheme, said that human nature made it impossible, merely showed his ignorance of human nature. Hadn't whole communities, over and over again in the world's history, shown themselves capable of prolonged periods of righteousness?

Today, with all the modern methods of propaganda—the radio, the movies, and the newspapers—it was possible to instill an idea more swiftly and more completely than ever before.

His lips curled cynically. The Planet's circulation would jump to unheard-of figures. The other papers would get aboard, of course, but the Planet would be first in the field with the big plan, would always seem to have the cream of the news.

He caught at his thoughts and chided them. Of course, he was entering into this effort to clean up the city—and the world—in all sincerity. The fact that his paper might profit from it was merely incidental.

Now his pencil became less uncertain in its wanderings over the sheet of yellow paper. The banks—which meant all business and commerce; the press,

(*Continued on page 44*)

The publisher leaped to his feet. "The confidence man that's organizing the crooks' convention!" His hand went toward the push button on his desk

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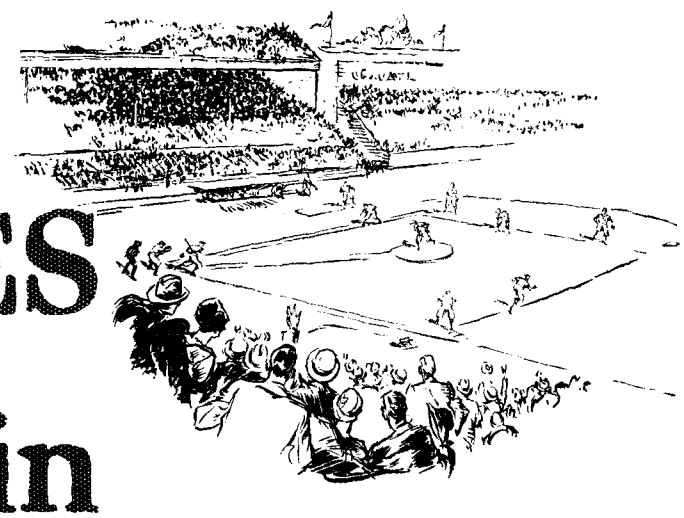
10,520 WORLD SERIES could be played in DUNLOP CITY



COMBINE Dunlop productive properties into one area, and you would have a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres . . . with room enough for over 10,520 baseball parks the size of the Yankee Stadium.

While some manufacturers have "had their innings" for a few years, Dunlop has been steadily successful for over 40 years. And this year Dunlop has forged ahead faster than ever.

The immensity of Dunlop is the proof of that success . . . and it helps explain why Dunlop can, and does, make such consistently *better* tires.

Consider these tire-building advantages that Dunlop has over and above any other manufacturer:-

Dunlop-owned rubber plantations—Dunlop-owned cotton mills—the world's longest tire-building experience—$195,000,000 in resources—45,000 man-power.

In baseball, it's the masterful execution of details that wins the pennant. Likewise, pre-eminence in manufacturing demands constant attention to small but important things.

The selection of cotton is vital in tire-making. Dunlop insists on the very cream of the long-staple kind, such as only Upper Egypt can produce. This costs Dunlop a lot extra. But nothing else will do to make a cord fabric that is as flexible as it is strong. And to get the best possible fabric from this cotton, Dunlop operates its own 36,000-spindle mill at Utica, N. Y.

When it comes to rubber, only the very toughest tread compound can pass Dunlop muster. No amount of laboratory research or experimentation is ever too great. And in addition, Dunlop tires are tested constantly under worse than normal driving conditions, by a fleet of test cars which covers millions of miles a year.

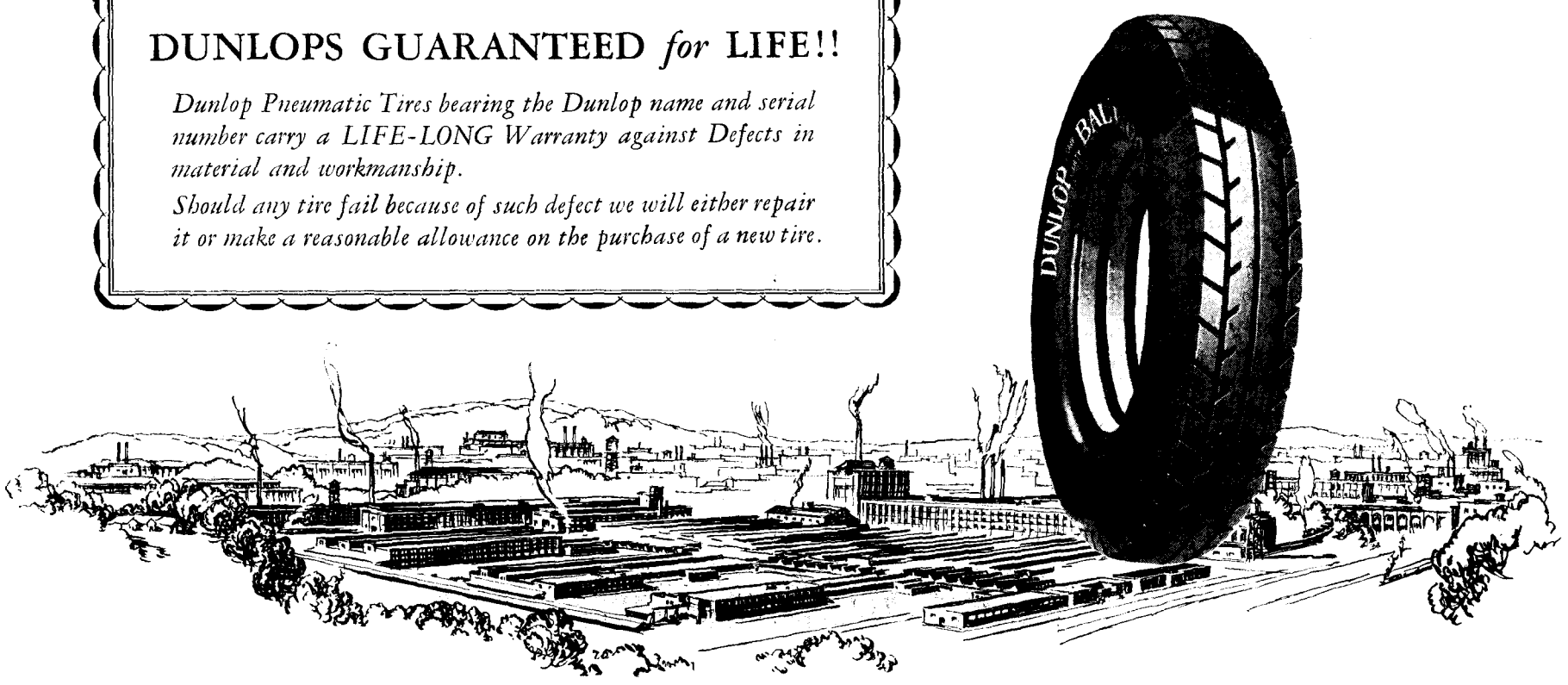
Add to all these tire-making advantages, this simple fact: Over 26 million Dunlop tires are in use today.

That, of itself, is indisputable evidence that **Dunlops are the** tires your car should have.

DUNLOPS GUARANTEED *for* LIFE!!

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires bearing the Dunlop name and serial number carry a LIFE-LONG Warranty against Defects in material and workmanship.

Should any tire fail because of such defect we will either repair it or make a reasonable allowance on the purchase of a new tire.



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So this is H.Q.!

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Democratic National Committee headquarters in the General Motors Building on Broadway, New York, is worth a visit. It is not a bit like any other political headquarters.

Perhaps I ought to compare it with the Democratic headquarters in Chicago in 1924, which, though only a branch headquarters, was a fair caricature of the chief headquarters in New York.

It was vast and lonely—partitioned off into dozens of cubbyholes. It took you about five minutes to learn that no one was in most of the cubbyholes! Occasionally a visitor strayed in and Mr. Lincoln Dixon, Western campaign manager, woke from a Rip Van Winkle trance to gaze upon him with surprised eyes.

In the New York office an equally comic thing was going on. There sat Judge Gerard, treasurer of the National Committee, and Jesse Jones, finance director, some of the time not on speaking terms. Gerard had no money and couldn't pay the bills and Jones had some money and wouldn't pay the bills because Gerard had approved them. The sheriff was a familiar figure.

About this year's headquarters is an air of excitement. Lovely ladies with sparkling eyes throng the corridors. There is a steady flow of visitors. Behind every separate office door sits someone busy as a man trying to make his own fortune and outside the door on a bench wait two or three persons for their turn to see the man inside.

Governor Smith comes in and is hurried to a big room labeled "Alfred E. Smith."

"My hero!" murmurs James J. Hoey, vice chairman of the executive committee. He says it humorously. He says everything humorously. Still he means it, that "My hero!"

Pretty Girls by the Hundreds

"Our hero" has come. There is a rush to the governor's room. Pretty girls turn up mysteriously, one would say by the thousand, but probably there are not more than one hundred of them. Query: Do the stenogs all get a recess when "our hero" is on the premises, or do the girl clerks from the General Motors Company all mount the elevators when the candidate arrives?

Jimmy Hoey introduces them one after another to his hero. The governor looks tired and nervous. A steady diet of ovations is wearing.

Through one door looks a little man in his shirt sleeves, darts away, looks again, darts away, looks again, darts away. That is Mr. Raskob, national chairman, only a little while ago chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Company and, at least so far as he knew at that time, a Republican. He wants to have a conference with the candidate. He has six other conferences scheduled for about the same time.

He looks at the crowd shaking the hand or kissing the hem of the garment of the hero, dashes away and has a conference, looks in again and dashes away to have another conference.

Sheer Joy

It is all very new to him. He can't tell yet what is important from what is unimportant. "I wish he would light once in a while," said one hard-boiled politician, a remark that used to be made about Will Hays. I don't mean to extend this comparison any further. Will Hays used to bustle for the purpose of impressing people. Mr. Raskob bustles from unwillingness to miss anything or from the sheer joy of being in politics with a hero as a candidate.

Jimmy Hoey is about the only man who can make Mr. Raskob "light." Hoey has more foot-pounds or fist-pounds of energy than any four ordinary men. He can bully men into making a decision without giving offense. There should always be a Jimmy Hoey in every headquarters.

It would be cruel to put him up against Senator Peter Gerry, chairman of the advisory committee, bearer of a great name—I recall his father, the commodore, a firm figure with forceful mutton-chop sidewhiskers. Senator Gerry is a gentle soul, small and neat, an elegant package. He pales at the thought of a decision. It takes all kinds to make a headquarters.

Jouett Shouse is another kind and a very useful kind, a former assistant secretary of the Treasury, a lawyer, finished socially and intellectually with that decision which a clear and accurate mind has, a man of much charm. He commands the confidence that a man of unusual industry and intelligence always does. He too is popular about headquarters and an important figure there.

Senator Pat Harrison interprets the South to Tammany Hall and Tammany Hall to the South, no easy job according to all appearance. If anyone can accomplish it, Pat can. He looks at you with a shrewd eye. If Al Smith is elected he will play a great part in his election, a part only equaled by Mr. Raskob's, Jimmy Hoey's and Jouett Shouse's.

The Crooks' Convention

Continued from page 42

which would lead to the inclusion of the radio, the pictures, and all other sources of the dissemination of information; the women's clubs, and those lay religious activities dominated greatly by Winters' society; the law, which meant the government; all these things would unite in one vast, overwhelming effort to stem the wave of crime which was inundating the nation. These forces had a chance to win, had a chance to end the gangster killings, the innumerable robberies, the open practice of vice that had reached a point unheard of since the Dark Ages.

THEN, once again, his lips curled cynically. As Tennant said, it would make a great story, win or lose. Outside, in the street below, the noise of the milling throng began to assume the dimensions of that insurrection which he had told Tennant would be less important than the meeting which had just ended.

He walked to the window and stared down. The two motor cars had caught fire, and engines from the fire department were pouring streams of water on the machines. But there was also a dense cloud of smoke issuing from a second-story window in a building catercornered from the Planet offices. Further, there was a struggle going on over on the grassy park; and in the direction opposite from the apparently burning building policemen, mounted and on foot, were charging the mob.

But Harrington shrugged. The police were powerless, it seemed, to cope with unexpected crime, were inefficient when it came to discovering the perpetrators of crimes of violence or of fraud; but they certainly were up to handling any kind of riot.

A trifle nervous, but not at all alarmed, he resumed his place at his desk, and drifted into grandiose speculations as to his own place in that possible regenerated world which lay ahead.

His office boy knocked on the door.

"Come in," called Harrington.

The boy thrust his head in through a crack in the door.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," he said.

"I'm engaged; can't see anyone," said Harrington.

"That's what I told him, sir," said the boy, "but he told me to tell you he was from the Amalgamated Association of Social Workers of America."

"Never heard of them," grunted Harrington. "I can't see him."

"Well," persisted the office boy, mindful of a tremendous tip and a still greater one that was promised to him, "he said that if you wouldn't see him to tell you that he had important information about the committee meeting that was just held here."

The publisher stared surprisedly at the boy.

"How did he know there'd been a meeting here?"

The office boy looked blank. "I dunno, sir. I didn't know myself."

Social Workers of America, eh? Harrington pondered the name. True, it touched no chord of remembrance, but it might nevertheless be some powerful and important body which might be of value to him. There were many societies in America, of tremendous membership, which he vaguely knew existed. Anyway, it could do no harm to see the man. If he turned out to be a crank or a busybody, Harrington had only to press a bell on his desk to bring instant aid.

"Show him in," he said.

The office boy vanished, to reappear in ten seconds.

"Here's the gentleman, sir," he said.

The publisher looked up to meet the steeliest pair of eyes he had ever seen. They were set on either side of a thin, finely modeled nose and below a high, broad forehead from which the dark hair had been carefully brushed back. The man's mouth was mobile, and his chin determined. As for his raiment, Harrington made a mental note to speak to his own tailor about that self-patterned brown suiting.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Harrington. "You represent the Amalgamated Society—"

His visitor smiled. Although he had not been asked to do so, he sat down upon a chair, drawing it with easy confidence near to the publisher, and began polishing, with the finest of linen handkerchiefs, a pair of eyeglasses which were attached to a waistcoat button by a heavy silk cord.

"Association, sir, association," he gently corrected the publisher. "The Amalgamated Association of Social Workers of America."

"What's its object?" gruffly asked Harrington.

"Better working conditions for three million people," replied his visitor.

No one could possibly look less like a representative of a body of laborers than this man. Nevertheless Harrington figuratively and literally sat up in his chair.

"Three million, eh? Funny I don't remember ever having read anything about your association."

The other man smiled thinly. "The membership is made up of retiring people who shrink from publicity."

"They're a queer bunch, then," exclaimed the publisher. "I thought only crooks hated publicity."

"Exactly," smiled his visitor.

Harrington stared at the man. "I don't get you," he said slowly. "Say, how did you know that we'd been holding a meeting here?"

THE other's thin smile seemed to take on a hint of triumph.

"We shrink from publicity ourselves, but we try to keep our eyes on other people. When Banker Timmons and Abigail Hart, and Winters, and Revival Hunt enter the office of a great newspaper—well, it's not hard to guess that an important meeting is on the way. And it's not much harder to guess the object of the meeting."

"Who are you? What's your name?" Harrington's voice was abrupt, almost threatening. Some cell of his brain was telegraphing him a warning, an incoherent, unreadable warning, but earnest enough to make his body and mind suddenly alert.

"Gildad," said his visitor. "Robert Gildad."

The publisher leaped to his feet.

"The confidence man that's organizing the crooks' convention!" His hand went toward the push button on his desk.

Gildad smiled. If he understood the meaning of Harrington's gesture, he showed not the slightest alarm.

"I have that honor," he said.

"And you're the man who's been sending me threatening telegrams," cried Harrington.

Gildad bowed. "A very good guess, sir."

"And you have the insolence to come to my office—" Harrington broke off in a jeer. "I suppose you've come here to threaten me again?" His mirth showed how lightly he would esteem any present threat.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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"NEUTRODYNE-PLUS"

New Radio Discovery

Scientists agree that Neutrodyne produces the purest tone quality known to radio—absolutely clear and free from oscillations. Now, Philco engineers have found the way to combine Neutrodyne with *super-power.*

The result: Perfect tone quality PLUS vast distance range and extraordinary selectivity—a combination new to radio.

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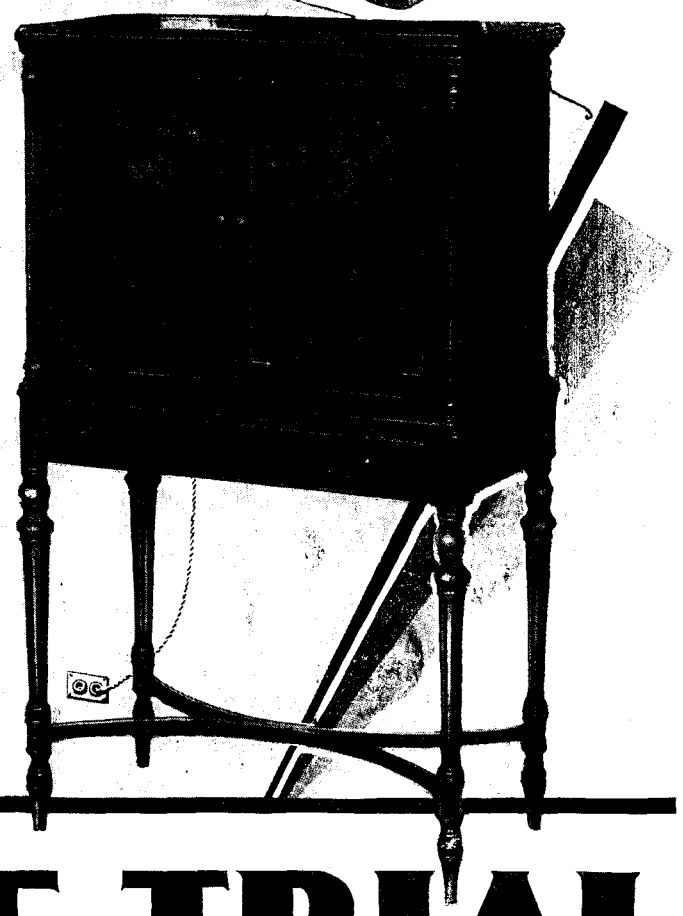
Yes, Philco brings in local and many distant stations *without an aerial!* With its marvelous selectivity and power, it brings in far-distant stations even during the day—*real* daytime reception, at last! **All-electric**—entirely dry; no batteries; no liquids. Special Range Control cuts out local interference and separates distant stations. Electric phonograph connection on the dial plate. Many other features fully described in Philco book. *Send coupon below.*



COLOR

In response to the modern trend, the Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" receiver has been placed in table cabinets of exquisite color. Soft, two-tone effects, plain and hand-decorated, to match the conservative as well as the colorful room. Your choice of five colors.

And—*at a Price!*

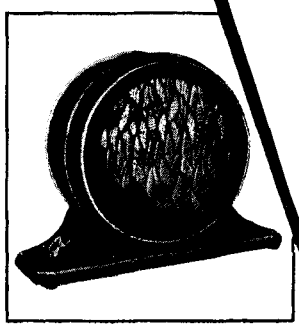
The super-quality Philco is available in exquisite console furniture cabinets at surprisingly moderate prices. And, in addition, *this same instrument* has been installed in table cabinets of color to sell *at popular prices!*

The PHILCO Speaker

The Philco Speaker reproduces the entire musical range, high notes as well as low notes, in perfect balance and proportion. A full, broad, life-like tone. The combination of Philco Speaker and Philco Radio produces a range, depth and naturalness of tone which is ***new to radio!*** In five colors to match the Philco table cabinets.

Console Grand Speaker

Has specially designed tone chamber which gives amazing emphasis to its life-like quality of tone. In combination with the Philco table cabinet it offers the utmost in "Neutrodyne-Plus" performance.



Console Grand Speaker

Superb cabinet; matched walnut panels. Fluted legs and pillars.

FREE TRIAL

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ANY Philco dealer will send the new Philco Electric Radio to your home on an absolute Free Trial. He will attach it to your light socket (you do not need even an aerial!) and *then*—judge for yourself its flawless reproduction, its amazing selectivity, its uncanny power in getting distant stations—*even in the daytime!* If you are not delighted, your dealer will take the Philco back. No obligation to buy. The trial is *free.*

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Philco dealers offer a liberal trade-in allowance for your old radio. Don't be content any longer with inferior reception or an old-fashioned, troublesome set. Now you can have the ***all-electric*** radio you wish for without taking a dead loss on your old set.

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Visit the Philco dealer in your neighborhood; see the beautiful Philco models. He will gladly tune in the Philco for you, so you can hear what "Neutrodyne-Plus" adds to radio in tone, selectivity and distance. AND—he'll explain, if you wish, the liberal offer on which Philco is being sold everywhere. Be sure to ***find out*** about this offer. No obligation.

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In the meantime, fill out the coupon and mail it *at once!* It brings *free* the Philco book showing all models in natural colors; also prices and details of Philco's Free Trial, Easy Payment, Trade-In Offer. Tells the full story of "Neutrodyne-Plus." No obligation. *Send coupon.*

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Kindly send me, free and without obligation, the Radio Book telling about Neutrodyne-Plus and showing in full color all models of the Philco Electric Radio and Philco Speakers. Also prices and details of the Philco Free Trial, Easy Payment, Trade-In Offer.

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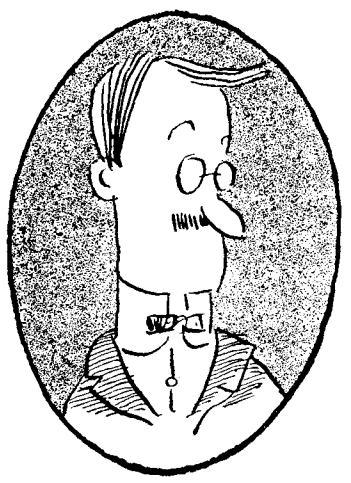


McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. Phillips

Illustrated by the author

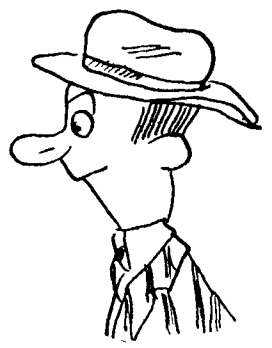
Who is this? *This is Luke.*
Who is Luke? *Luke is a hat salesman.*

Lesson 2

And who is this? *This is Gus, an average citizen.*

Where is Gus going? *Gus is going down to the haberdasher's to get a hat.*

Does Luke see Gus? *No, but before he gets through he will see plenty of him.*



Lesson 3

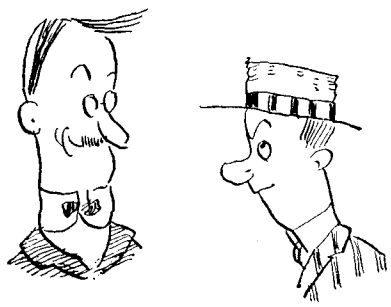
This is Gus trying on the first hat Luke hands him.

Is it a good fit? *Perfect.*

Is the price satisfactory? *In every respect.*

Does the hat look well on Gus? *As well as any hat in the shop.*

Will Gus choose this hat? *No.*



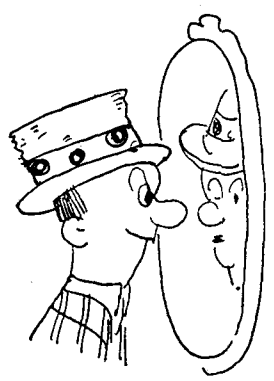
Lesson 4

What is Luke doing now? *He is carting up more hats for Gus to try on.*

How many has Gus tried on so far? *About eleven dozen.*

Is Luke weary and out of patience? *Very much so.*

Lesson 5



Hasn't Gus found a hat to suit him yet? *No, but he is still looking.*

But Luke isn't waiting on him in this picture, is he? *No.*

What became of him? *Luke went mad, and they had to shoot him.*

Lesson 6

Who, for the luvvamike, is this? *This is Gus in the hat he finally bought.*

Could he look worse in anything? *Nothing except a water bucket.*

Then how did he come to take it? *The salesman who succeeded Luke had a dominating personality and a you-take-the-hat-I-tell-you-to-or-I'll-sock-you-in-the-eye manner.*

The Crooks' Convention

Continued from page 44

"The A. A. S. W. issues few warnings, Mr. Harrington," said Gildad. "We stretched a point in your case, and sent several. Yet today, in defiance of them, you held a meeting in opposition to our aims."

"And I'm organizing others. I'm going to put every crook in the country out of business or behind the bars." He glared at the confidence man. "Now I'm going to ring for the police."

"Better not, Mr. Harrington," warned Gildad.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you?" blustered Harrington. "Why, I've half a dozen detectives outside. Make a move toward me, and I'll have them in here."

"But you'd be dead before you could ring, Mr. Harrington," said Gildad.

AID lay at the alarm in a room fifty feet away, and Harrington's hand was within inches of the bell that would sound the alarm. He banished a panicky fear that had come to him.

"Don't be silly," he sneered. "Before you can reach me I'll have rung the bell. And you won't dare fire a revolver because it'll be heard outside."

As patiently as though he reasoned with a child, Gildad spoke:

"Don't you think I thought all that out in advance, Mr. Harrington?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the publisher.

"I'll explain to you," answered Gildad. "Keep your hands right near the bell. Don't be alarmed."

"Don't worry," said the other. "I'm ready for any move of yours."

Gildad rose easily to his feet. Harrington's hand, above the pushbutton, grew rigid. Gildad smiled, and now there was a blistering contempt in the curve of his lips.

"Not afraid of a man so much smaller, are you, Mr. Harrington?"

"Never mind about whether I'm afraid or not. I'm ready, that's all."

"And I'm walking away from you," said Gildad, moving toward the window. "That makes it certain that I can't leap on you before you ring for help."

He was at the window now, and he pointed outward and downward.

"You've seen the crowd down below, Mr. Harrington?"

"Go on with what you have to say," growled Harrington.

"I planned a slight diversion today," said Gildad. "Unfortunately, eagerness caused the first diversion to occur too early. With you in your office were a group of people. I wished to see you alone. So—I called off my associates and caused them to regather a little later.

"It is quite a triumph of executive ability, Mr. Harrington, to be able to move considerable numbers of men exactly as one wills. And the triumph becomes greater when the people moved are a lawless lot, unused to obeying but the dictates of their own impulses. You'll pardon a little pride, won't you?"

He stood by the window, easily observable by anyone on the street below.

"When my followers regathered," Gildad went on, "their general aim was exactly as it had been in the first place. On the first occasion the arrest of a public speaker on a soapbox was to have been the signal for a riotous demonstration. A couple of hundred workers, involuntarily assisted by the curious crowd that would instantly gather, would cause considerable uproar.

"The same plan has been followed on this second effort. Instead of a speaker, however, two automobiles collided. Their drivers quarreled, fought, and gasoline was ignited to cause a blaze. As the fire department arrived fights broke out on near-by corners. All this, my dear man, in order to distract attention from any occurrence in this office. That makes it so much easier for me to walk out of here."

"You are forgetting," sneered Harrington, "my bell here. The guards outside will not be distracted by any noise in the street." He grew braver as he measured the distance between Gildad and himself. "If you fire a revolver, you'll be heard."

"Unless," objected Gildad, "at the moment I fire, another noise, louder than any revolver shot, drowns the report of my gun."

"You mean the yelling outside? Maniac was what I called you, and maniac was right. If you think you can escape—"

"Not yells," said Gildad. "But suppose, as I raised my left hand thus, a bomb was exploded outside—"

As he spoke he raised his left hand. On the street below, staring intently up at the window, and removed enough from the milling crowd to be unimpeded, stood Manners.

As Gildad's hand flashed in the air, Manners hurled high in the air a round black object that burst into flame, that drowned, in the roar of its explosion, not merely the cries of the rioting crowd, but the sound of the revolver which Gildad simultaneously fired.

Harrington's fingers, obedient to the sudden warning which Gildad's upraised left hand had given him, descended toward the pushbutton. But he had never dreamed that the criminal leader would dare risk a revolver shot, and his hand was too far away, had wandered off in that security which Gildad's retreat to the window had engendered in him.

HE WAS dead, shot unerringly through the forehead, before his fingers touched the button, and when they did so they merely rested upon it inertly, without pressure.

Gildad stood still, listening, a fraction of a minute. Then he approached Harrington's body, assured himself that the publisher was dead, straightened his cravat, patted his lapels into place, and put in a pocket the weapon which he had drawn so suddenly and used in so deadly a fashion.

Then he walked leisurely to the door, opened it, saw the office boy lounging at the foot of a short corrider, and turned back into the room.

"Certainly, Mr. Harrington. I'll tell him now. A great pleasure to have had our talk, sir, I assure you. Good morning."

He stepped into the corridor, closing the door behind him.

"Here, boy," he called to the office boy.

That youth, remembering the two big tips he had received, leaped eagerly to his feet.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Mr. Harrington wishes you to tell the city editor to send reporters outside to cover that bomb explosion, if he hasn't men there already. And he doesn't wish to be disturbed for half an hour."

"Yes, sir," said the office boy.

Leisurely Gildad walked to the end of the corridor. He disdained the elevator. He was whistling almost gayly as he descended the stairs.

(*To be continued next week*)

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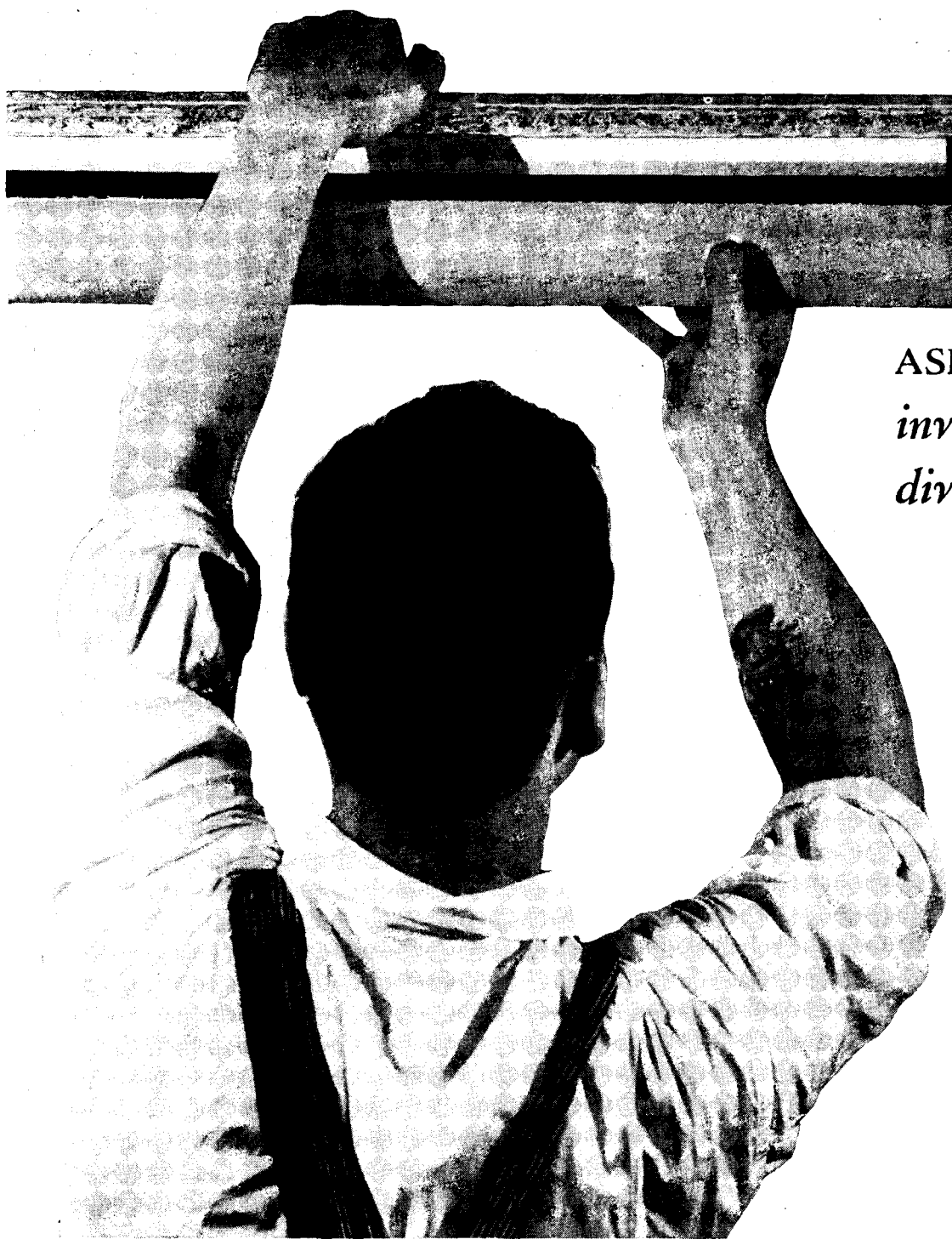
Your Plumber knows *why*— *do* You?



ASBESTOCEL *pipe covering is an investment which pays satisfactory dividends in more heat for less fuel*

YOUR plumber knows that bare heater pipes cause uncomfortable homes. Bare heater pipes waste fuel and increase heating cost. Your house can be more comfortable for less expense if the heater pipes are insulated with Asbestocel pipe covering.

The reason for this is that the warmth generated in your heater must be carried to the spot where it is to work. If you send the heat along a leaking path, loss is certain.

Your plumber can easily reduce heat losses on your present system, or can start you right in your new home. He can do this by using Improved Asbestocel, the product of the world leader in the development of asbestos insulations.

Without protecting insulation on the pipes the huge power plants which furnish you electric light, or supply power for great industrial plants, could not operate. You *can* run your own heating plant with bare pipes, but every day that you do so means that you are burning more fuel than is necessary.

Ask Your Plumber about Fuel Saving

Whether you are planning to build a new home or overhaul the heating system of your present residence, you will do wisely to give heed to the advice of your local plumber and steam-fitter. He is a man whose business lifetime has been spent in solving the plumbing and heating problems of others (many of them possibly being your neighbors). He will bring to your home this lifetime of experience plus mechanical expertness and specialized knowledge which, for the sake of living comfort, you can ill afford to do without.

If it is a new home you are building he will apply to it the concentrated knowledge he has received not only through experience but through contact with all the makers of heating equipment—people you never see in the course of your daily business. He knows a certain size pipe is needed to carry a certain quantity of warming steam or hot water—and he knows Improved Asbestocel is the one insulation which, when applied to that pipe, will give the steam most generous safe conduct to your radiators.

The Cost is Low—the Returns High

The price of a ton or two of coal, or its equivalent in oil, will put Improved Asbestocel on the heater pipes of the average home. Usually this whole cost will be saved in two winters. For the rest of the time you use the heater the saving is clear profit. Besides this, your house will be more comfortable because more uniformly heated. Write today for our booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel."

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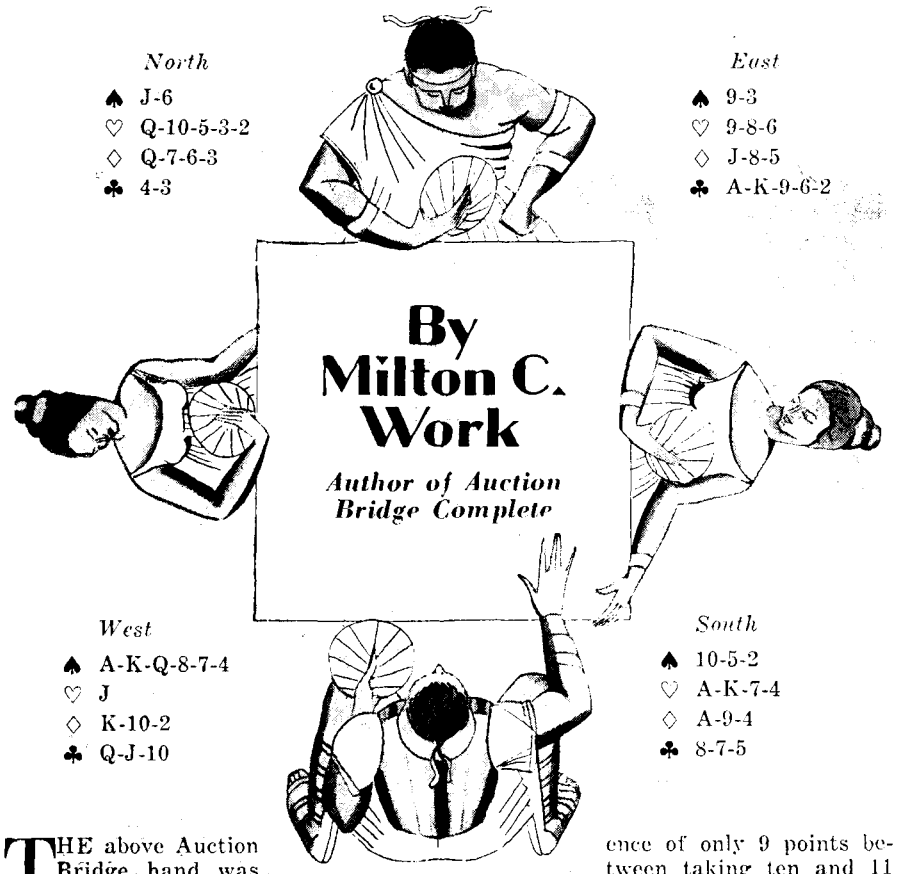
How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's issue of Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South made an initial bid of one Heart. A four-card suit is much weaker as the trump than a five-carder; and therefore it needs additional side strength to justify the bid. South's hand is an exact type of a perfectly sound four-card initial bid.

West bid one Spade. As the opponents had bid, there was little to be gained by attempting to preëmpt and to double would be more apt to deceive her partner than the adversaries.

North had one of those holdings with which a player hates to raise his partner's suit-bid from one to two, and yet dare not pass. While a suit-bidder usually needs side strength rather than length in his suit from his partner, nevertheless five cards of the partner's suit headed by Queen-Ten, two doubletons—one in the adverse suit, and a Queen in the remaining suit—is too strong a combination for a pass; so North bid two Hearts.

East had the holding with which many players err. Having only two cards—lack of normal support—she was not justified in raising her partner's Major; but she had sufficient strength in Clubs and bid three of that suit.

South of course passed on the second round.

West, with her Spade holding, had no reason to hesitate about rebidding. She consequently became the Declarer at three Spades.

The Play

North opened his partner's Heart suit and on the second round of Hearts, Closed Hand ruffed and of course promptly proceeded to exhaust the adverse trumps, being able to do so and still retain two long trumps in her own hand.

Declarer could now see that she was sure to make five Club tricks and consequently to obtain two Diamond discards; but that would leave her with a Diamond which then would lose and she would win 11 tricks, the extra trick would produce 59 points, and, as trying for it only involved a slight risk of a trick immaterial (there being a difference of only 9 points between taking ten and 11 tricks), Declarer determined to try for the Small Slam. She could do this with almost no risk because South, having initially bid a four-card suit, was marked with the Ace of Diamonds (North, who had raised Hearts, to trick 1 had led the Trey of Hearts and to trick 2 had played the Deuce of Hearts, so North originally held five Hearts and South consequently only four).

Nothing could be gained by a squeeze play, but the one possibility was an effort to deceive South. To trick 6 Closed Hand led the Ten of Clubs, winning the trick in Dummy with the King; and then led from Dummy a small Diamond through the Ace which she was quite confident that South held. This play was most embarrassing to South. He appreciated the possibility that a failure to play his Ace might result in his "taking it home with him"; but on the other hand it did not look as if Declarer's hand had solid Clubs and it might be that Declarer wished to finesse in Diamonds and that North's Queen would take a trick that otherwise would not be made, so this particular South foolishly risked a small Diamond on this trick. Declarer of course put up the King and, winning the trick, was able to discard her two Diamonds on the long Clubs in Dummy, thus virtually stealing a Small Slam from her adversaries. Most Declarers, as soon as the trumps were drawn, would have placed the cards face up on the table, conceding the adversaries one Diamond trick; but as long as there is a chance of making an extra trick, concessions are foolish. Give the adversaries a chance to err.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-J-3-2	S. 10-9-8-6
H. 10-3-2	H. Q-J-5
D. K-J-2	D. 10-4
C. Q-4-2	C. J-8-6-5
West	*South*
S. 7	S. K-Q-5-4
H. 8-6	H. A-K-9-7-4
D. Q-9-8-7-6-5	D. A-3
C. A-10-7-3	C. K-9

Double Danger

Continued from page 26

purchase from her quarter davits.

"*Answer*, old man: are you all right?" persisted the voice inside my helmet.

"Just—just a minute—I'm down!" I panted, scrambling on all fours on the gooey bottom of Narragansett Bay.

Communication Gone!

I felt a tug on my line. Involuntarily I reached up and clutched at the slender hose which carried to me sweet life-giving air.

Ensued a few minutes of semi-confusion. I was trying to reply to hurried questions from above and at the same time rising drunkenly to my knees. Not until afterward did I know that it took months of practice for a man to learn to balance in the weird medium of the undersea.

Then, right in the middle of a sentence, "Try working toward—" came silence.

"Try what?" I shouted.

No answer.

"What did you say to try?" I bellowed.

No answer.

Fearfully I plunged a hand up to my helmet. My fingers closed on a bit of limp cord. My telephone line had been severed.

Remember, I was not a practiced diver. No man with experience would have moved rapidly at a moment like that. But I was too ignorant to avoid this worst of all diving mistakes: struggling out of a hole before one knows just what the hole is. I suppose that one-eyed glimmering face of the torpedo just three feet from me was what finally unnerved me. At any rate, I tried to *run* back to the ladder.

I must have succeeded in at least the first jump of my escape, for the powerful yank that bowled me over backward left me stunned and huddled in the mud. It was then, in a wave of terror, that I realized that my air line was foul.

As I lay there I experimented with a pull. Sure enough, when I put my full weight on the line the quiet stream that was being pumped into my helmet became a sibilant hiss, then ceased altogether until I slackened my pull.

Yet the fact that the danger was palpable at last had a strange effect on me. I lost all my panic and began to think swift rational thoughts.

I rose slowly to my feet, carefully balancing so I would not sway and put my weight again on the hose. There was a chance that it might be foul of some sharp edge that would saw it through in no time. If this happened, I was doomed. The ladder was much too far away for me to reach before I should be suffocated.

The pendent lamp still cast its brilliant light upon the greenish truncated cone of water lying there as if in wait for me. I twisted my body around. Yes, and there was still the yellowish mass of the destroyer's propeller.

I needed no divine prescience to know that I was afoul of the destroyer's afterworks; probably the most dangerous predicament a diver could be in, owing first to the sharp metal corners of propeller blades, and, second, to the swaying and lifting of the vessel herself.

If ever a man was caught in a death trap, it was I.

And my world in that wretched moment consisted of but three grotesque entities: the eerie lamp that lit it, the massive and merciless propeller blade behind me, and the shining missile of steel-skinned high explosive at my feet. The oppressive liquid atmosphere in which I existed and the viscous mud on which I stood were too nearly invisible to lend more than a nightmarish tone to my whole dreadful predicament.

As there was nothing safe to do but wait for rescue, I waited.

Presently I felt a light touch on my back. A thrill of joy went through me. They had sent down a diver. He would free me in an instant!

I reached back to grip the hand of my savior. My fingers touched only a hard, cold knifelike edge. It was the propeller blade. But it had been shoulder-high a few minutes before. Now it was—

Then I knew: the ebb tide was lowering the destroyer down upon me!

Panic came back. I fought a little at first, despite the danger that I might saw my air hose in two. But I might as well have tried to hoist a battleship upon my shoulder as to budge that big, cold blade that pressed me down closer and closer to the bottom and nearer and nearer to the deadly torpedo.

I began to wonder which would be the most painless way to die: Let the dropping vessel crush the life out of me on the bottom? No, that wouldn't be swift enough. Struggle until I'd cut my air hose loose, and suffocate? No, I had nearly drowned once before; it was too frightful a torture. Wait until the destroyer thrust me and my metallic helmet against the torpedo and in a second be blown to shreds? No, that would mean the death of the other men who at this very moment must be working frantically to free me.

While I was still brooding in this fashion I felt myself quietly but firmly pushed to a kneeling position right under the lamp and with the glass plate before my eyes not a foot from the business end of the torpedo. I tried to rise, but was bumped again for my pains.

This could mean but one thing. The wind had risen and was kicking up just enough of a sea on the bay to lift the destroyer in its ground swell. The last vestige of hope that my air hose might last now vanished. Surely in a matter of minutes it would be shredded through by the working metal edges that must be pressing it in half a dozen spots.

Closer to the torpedo the destroyer pushed me, sometimes bumping me, sometimes only ruthlessly easing her terrible weight upon me from behind.

My Dream Comes True

I felt a cold touch on my shoulder's flesh. As I shrank from it I involuntarily put up one hand to fend the ghostly finger off. But the gesture was a vague one, for I realized immediately that my hand was OUTSIDE the suit, while I was within and that the cold touch was a leak: the first sure sign that the end was very near.

Then my dream of the night before came true: a warning serpent-like hiss—the dying gasp of my air supply—sounded in my ear. I felt as if I were being suffocated. I WAS BEING SUFFOCATED. Cold, clammy hands were at my throat. I couldn't move. Paralyzed with terror, I lay there waiting helplessly to choke to death.

Mercifully I lost consciousness. . . .

I came to on the dock. It was luck and the skill of an expert diver that saved me. He threw on his suit and came down when my telephone line broke. He found my line foul of a steel strut jutting from the destroyer's after body. Plying a crowbar with superhuman strength he wrenched me free. In doing so he shut off my air long enough to render me unconscious.

Since that day I can't bear even to sleep with the covers over my head.

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How a *printed slip* in a package may be worth $500 to you

Your today's order at the grocer may bring you an assortment of food packages...Tomorrow you may buy a tube of tooth paste, a jar of face cream or a bottle of perfume...Later on perhaps a box of face powder or some shaving articles...Perhaps gloves, underwear or hosiery.

When you open any one of these packages you usually find a printed slip or pamphlet. These are called "package inserts".

No doubt in your home, as in thousands of others, package inserts are always carefully read. You know that time and again package inserts provide interesting information—directions for use—new recipe ideas—and timely helpful suggestions. Now by the careful reading of package inserts you may win $500. Simply by writing a short letter.

What is your opinion?

$2,500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize—$500 (5 Prizes—$50 each)
2nd Prize—$300 (10 Prizes—$25 each)
3rd Prize—$200 (100 Prizes—$10 each)

TELL us what you think about any particular package insert that appeals to you. Or tell us how you think any particular package insert might be made more interesting...You may select any insert of any kind and send it to us with a letter of not over 500 words...In your letter all you need do is give your answers to the following questions:

1. *What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why?*
2. *Would more pictures be helpful? What pictures?*
3. *What is my general opinion of this insert?*
4. *How was it most useful to me?*

Remember the shorter your letter the better. The prizes will be awarded on the merit of the practical suggestions given and not on literary excellence.

RULES

1. You may submit any package insert or a description of any package insert, accompanied by a letter of not more than 500 words covering your opinions on the following four points:
   (*a*) "What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why?"
   (*b*) "Would more pictures be helpful—What kind of pictures?"
   (*c*) "My general opinion of this package insert."
   (*d*) "How was it most useful to me?"
2. Write your name and address at top of your letter.
3. Contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.
4. No communications will be acknowledged and no manuscripts will be returned.
5. All answers become the property of the American Lithographic Company, Inc. and the ideas contained therein utilized as may be seen fit.
6. Employees of American Lithographic Company, Inc. and allied companies are not eligible. Otherwise contest is open to everyone everywhere.
7. Letters must be received before midnight, December 31st, 1928.
8. Address all letters "P. O. Box 19, Madison Square Branch, New York."

Prizes will be awarded and the names and addresses of prize winners announced in Collier's as early as possible in 1929

THE JUDGES

Truman A. DeWeese, Vice-Pres. in charge of publicity, Shredded Wheat Co.; James E. Knox, Vice-Pres. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.; Stuart Peabody, Adv. Mgr., Borden Co.; A. T. Preyer, Dir. of Adv., Vick Chemical Co.; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Consultant; Stuart Benson, American Lithographic Company.

The sponsors of the above Prize Offer, The American Lithographic Company, Inc., and its allied company, Alco-Gravure, Inc., are among the largest producers in the world of Package Inserts and other forms of advertising printing. Complete art and advertising service is available through the companies' unique Business Bureau and staff of specialists.

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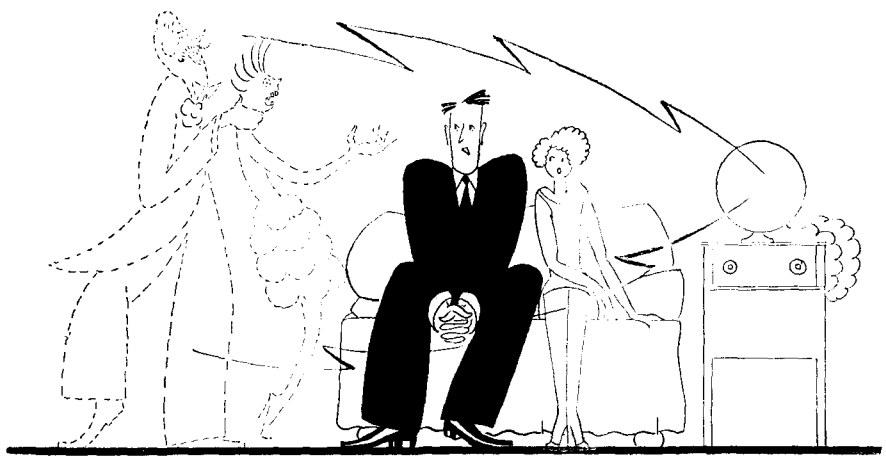


How's Your 'Earsight'?

By Jack Binns

ARE we developing a sixth sense as a result of listening to radio plays—a sort of "earsight"? Miss Joyce Benner really thinks so. In fact, she declares most emphatically: "I believe that the radio audience is actually 'seeing' plays by radio"—and she doesn't mean television.

Joyce ought to know. She is one of those quiet workers behind the scenes who sensed the necessity that was calling for invention in order that we might use the new vehicle offered by radio as a means of giving oral thrills and chills.

For two years she has been laboring to make eyes out of the ears of radio listeners. Now she has taken up the job in earnest, and her new work is unfolding itself to you in the form of the revivified Scheherazade that is coming to you over the chain.

The really interesting thing about Joyce is the fact she began preparing drama for the ether long before she ever sat at the business end of a loud speaker.

She started at WABC presenting three plays a week there two summers ago, adapting them to the requirements of the microphone and the loud speaker.

The next time you listen to a radio play and find yourself carried along as it develops in your ear, try and remember that all the action is being conveyed to your picturizing mind by mere words.

Then you will realize the specializing ingenuity of radio-playwrights such as the little lady whose identity I have disclosed to you.

What They're Not Wearing

A well-known authoress recently spoke over the WJZ chain on the question of "Clothing the Flapper."

There at least is one subject that can be covered quite briefly.

A Widespread Squeal

Commissioner Caldwell declares he is in favor of a comparatively large number of small-powered local stations and he feels sure there is room enough for a 10- or 50-watt station in every community of 10,000 and over for the transmission of local programs and affairs.

"Of course," he adds, "none of these events would have any interest more than a few miles away, and as program material they could hardly be accepted by the ordinary broadcaster. Yet, like the home-town weekly paper—or amateur theatricals among friends—they would have a local interest all their own, and any crudities of presentation or reproduction would be readily forgiven."

Everyone will agree with Commissioner Caldwell that such a situation is most desirable. Unfortunately one cannot restrict a 10- or 50-watt carrier wave to its own local area, even though the program it carries may be confined to local listeners.

Ten-watt carrier waves can traverse many hundred miles in all directions, and when they meet other waves around the same frequency they set up a squeal that can be heard over many thousands of square miles.

The commission should restrict the number of broadcast stations in simultaneous operation until the efficiency of transmitters has been increased so that the area covered by the program is more nearly equal to that covered by the carrier wave.

Then it will be time enough to consider a multiplicity of small-powered local broadcasters.

Don't You Believe It

One radio lecturess has been talking on "Wallpaper—Room by Room" for several months.

If she will only keep it up a couple of months longer I will be able to complete the repapering of my mansion.

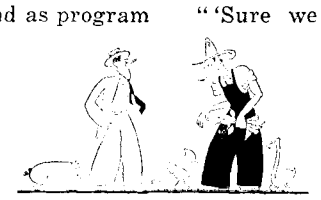
Where Static is Welcome

Here is a little story that may explain why modern jazz is developing into tympanic crashings and bangings. It is culled from the Pennsylvania News sent me by a sympathetic reader who probably realizes how hard my weekly task is. Read it and weep for music.

"While out flagging, last Saturday, along the valley, Flagman Mal Kunselman started to talk radio to a farmer who had had one installed a few days before.

"At the first mention of the great invention, the farmer dropped the handles of the cultivator, threw the lines from his shoulders and entered into earnest conversation with the flagman while the horses crushed many a prospective roasting ear.

"'Tell me, mister, do you people get static out here in the country?' asked Mal.



"'Sure we can get static,' replied the farmer, 'we had them the other night and they made good music, but I like Pittsburgh and some of the other stations too.'"

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 32

She threw her arms unexpectedly round my neck. Her burning lips brushed my cheek.

"Forget her," she begged. "We don't need to think of anyone else but ourselves just for now."

I lifted her up and carried her back to her chair. She clung to me convulsively. I could feel her whole frame shaking with sobs, but I set her down and left her. Her arms fell to her side listlessly. She turned her head away. I tiptoed my way to my own room and locked the door. I had a telephone there to Smart's quarters, and I called him up. As I held the receiver in my hand I saw the handle of the door turn and then go back to its place.

"Smart," I asked him, "is there a car waiting outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good," I said. "The young lady will be down directly."

I waited for five minutes. Then I returned to the sitting-room. Rachel was leaning back in her chair, with a full glass of liqueur in one hand and a cigarette between the fingers of the other. She had dabbed rouge on her cheeks, the pallor of which had alarmed me, and her lips were becarmined.

"I say," she complained, "have I got to go home without a cinema or a dance, or anything? That old spider said you'd give me ever such a good time."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go, Rachel," I insisted.

"The first time in my life I've been turned down," she confided. "I don't like it, Henry. I thought I was just angry at first. I ain't sure, though," she added, "that it don't hurt."

I bent down and kissed her.

"Friends, please," I begged.

She shook her head.

"I ain't sure," she answered as the door opened.

As soon as I had heard the car turn the corner of the street I settled down with a pipe, a whisky and soda and the evening paper. Barely a quarter of an hour had passed, however, before the telephone bell at my elbow rang. I hesitated for a moment before I took up the receiver. I had an alluring but terrifying vision of Rachel, with her turbulent femininity, back again, with new graces and devilments. I might have spared myself the fear, though. Rachel was already heading for the marshes of Essex, and the voice that spoke to me was cold and precise.

"Is that Major Owston?"

"It is," I answered. "Who are you?"

"Beatrice Essiter. I am speaking from Breezeley. I am sorry to disturb you, but I have a message from Mr. Hews."

"You are not disturbing me at all," I assured her. "I was only reading the paper."

IT MIGHT have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that there was a great change in her tone when she spoke again.

"All alone?"

"All alone. The enemy has effected a graceful retreat. I am enjoying a pipe and a sense of barren triumph."

"I gather that the young lady is on her way back here?"

"Unless she breaks her parole."

"Do you care to know that I am glad to hear it?"

"I can't think of anything else in the world just now," I replied, "that I would rather hear."

She laughed down the telephone—the first time I had ever heard her indulge in so light-hearted an effort—and I am quite sure that the old wire had never throbbed to anything more musical.

"Poor Uncle!" she murmured. "His devilish scheme gone wrong! He will lose faith in you, Major Owston."

"So long as you don't—" I began. I think that perhaps the personal note was too marked. She interrupted:

"Major Owston, I rang you up to say that one of my uncle's agents, his lawyer, who arranges many matters for him in town, will call upon you tomorrow morning. He will bring you some memoranda about Joseph."

"Good," I told her. "I shall like to be getting to work."

"My uncle wishes me to impress upon you," she continued, "that there are two Josephs—as it were. One is an out-and-out East-Ender, akin with his gang, a desperate, bloodthirsty person who sticks at nothing. The other is a wealthy young Jew, moving in quite exalted social circles, probably a member of a good club, possibly even one of a famous family, exploiting his position simply in search of places to rob."

"I follow you," I assured her eagerly. "Very interesting, indeed, it sounds."

"NOW, listen to me attentively, please," she continued. "We don't want you to go after Joseph, the East-Ender. We could tell you his haunts, but you would never reach them alive. We have another class of person taking care of that end. What my uncle wants you to do is to try to get in touch with him through the social side of his life. Friends will be found for you. All that you have to do is to accept the invitations you receive, and watch the people you see."

"Shall I ever be allowed to come back to the mansion for a week-end?" I ventured.

She laughed again, and it was hard for me to believe that it was indeed she who was indulging in such an act of graciousness.

"How can you want to come back to such a horrible place?"

"But I do," I declared emphatically.

Then, after a moment's pause, I added what I should never have dared to say face to face:

"I want to see you again."

She made no immediate reply, and I began to regret my temerity. Then she spoke once more.

"You may see me sooner than you expect. My uncle wishes me to attend some of the festivities for which you will receive cards. I may have to ask for your escort."

"I shall be delighted. I am not sure that I number a tail coat among my possessions yet, though."

"I think that will probably arrive. Uncle is very thorough, and he is wonderfully served. . . . Now for the next part of my message. Are you listening?"

"Rather!"

"You are to be at Christie's at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Just take a chair, buy a catalogue, and watch the bidding. If no one speaks to you, then come away in the ordinary course. My uncle simply wishes you to be there."

"That's all right," I promised. "By the by, I see they are selling some wonderful miniatures."

"Yes. It is the Martellion Collection in which my uncle is interested. . . . Good night, Major Owston."

"Good night, Miss Essiter."

"And, Major Owston?"

"Yes."

"I am glad our young Helen is on her way back." . . . (*Continued on page 52*)

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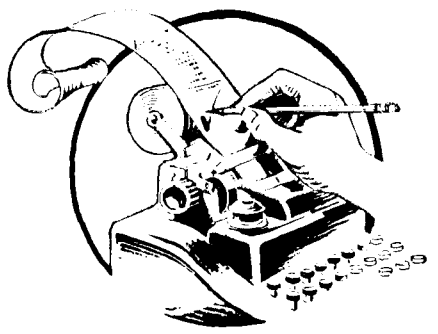

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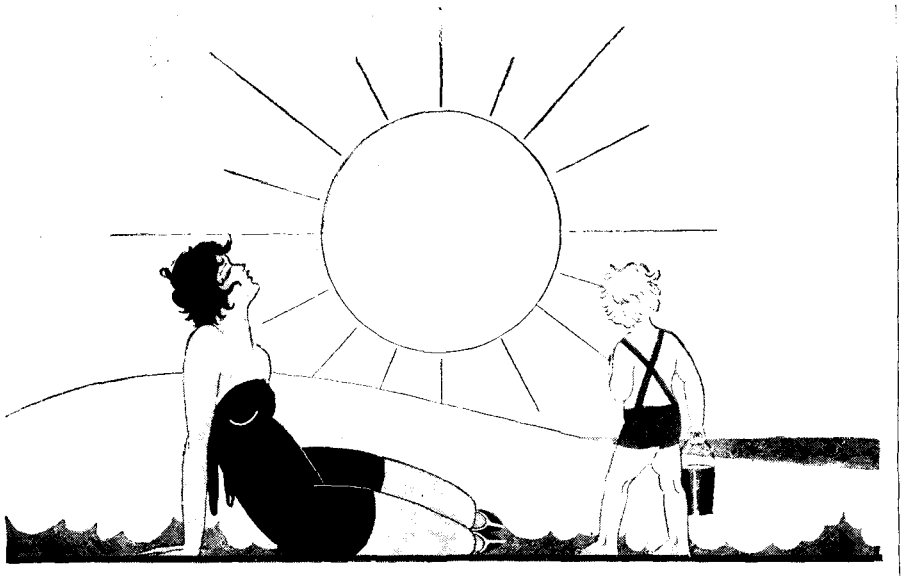

It's in the Air

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director
Science Service

TO ALL of the people who have written to me to inquire where they could buy the "Sunshine Pills" mentioned in Collier's of August 4th, I have replied, "Why not use the sunshine which is free in your locality?" The various artificial means of getting a sufficiency of Vitamin D, such as ultra-violet lamps, cod-liver oil and irradiated ergosterol, are all useful in emergencies, but fortunately it is not necessary for most of us to resort to them, for we all carry a private vitamin factory in our skin which is run by radio power delivered direct to us from the central station of the solar system so long as we do not break the connection by houses, clothing or smoke.

Windows are no better than walls in this respect, for glass, which transmits all the *sunlight*, does not transmit all the *sunshine*.

Recently several new kinds of glass and glass substitutes have been invented that are more or less transparent to the invisible ultra-violet rays.

The least opaque of these, and therefore the next best thing to nothing, is fused quartz, but this is as yet only made in small panes and even these are still very expensive. The other makes that are on the market have much less transparency to the ultra-violet, and lose much of this in the course of a few months. One of the best of them transmits from 50 to 60 per cent of these health rays when it is new, and only about 30 per cent as it gets old.

Such ultra-violet transmitting glass is being used to advantage in hospitals and chicken yards, and is being advocated for schools and offices as a substitute for ordinary glass. But the public is likely to get an exaggerated idea of its benefits, according to the experiments made at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene by Janet H. Clark, who has been measuring the intensity of the ultra-violet rays in the interior of a room where the north window has been fitted with panes of this new glass. She finds that a school child seated 16 feet from such a window would have to sit there 15 to 20 hours to get as much ultra-violet radiation as he would get in two minutes outdoors in the noon sunshine. So she concludes:

"This amount is obviously too small to be of any great value. Any child going out for recess or any stenographer going out to lunch will get more ultra-violet radiation than she could get all day behind a window of ultra-violet transmitting glass."

It seems that the old-fashioned recess is better than the new-fangled window.

Scatter Factories

When I go through one of our crowded industrial towns I wonder if it would be practicable to spread them without loss of efficiency or increase in expense—possibly, indeed, with a gain in both respects. Nobody can deny that it can be done, for it is being done in certain places.

Compare, for instance, Zurich with, say, our Fall River or Paterson. The Swiss city is a large textile center with a population of more than 200,000. But its factories are comparatively small and scattered over a wide area where the works and the workers have plenty of room and air and sunshine and greenery.

Perhaps these may in the long run favor efficiency, or the contentment and health that contribute to efficiency, and so compensate in part for the advantages of concentrating the industry under one roof. The real-estate dealer and landowner seems to be getting the most out of the congestion of population.

In Switzerland land rent is not so steep because the land is steeper. The mountains and the rainfall are both high, and so is the intelligence of the people. The most spectacular of the waterfalls are utilized in their natural state (or after being forced to illuminate themselves at night with rainbow colors) to make money out of tourists. The rest of the waterfalls are run into turbine dynamos and utilized to make money out of chemicals. They say a Swiss river has a glacier at the top and a stream of nitric acid running off at the bottom.

Electricity is a form of power that can be most easily divided and distributed. So a factory with 50 or 100 workers does not have to pay much more for power per person than a factory with 500 or 1,000. In these days of telephones and trucks, factories miles apart can be kept under control about as cheaply and conveniently as in one big building.

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 50

After that any few regrets or sense of loneliness from which I might have been suffering departed. Smart came in to ask for my order for breakfast, after which I dismissed him for the night. In due course, not too early, I prepared for bed. I awoke, however, within a few hours, with a violent start, to find the electric light turned on, and a figure, who seemed somehow or other very near to me, leaning over the end of the bed.

"What the devil—" I gasped.

There was no immediate reply. I never even finished my sentence. I became suddenly very wide-awake indeed. My visitor was wearing a black silk mask, completely concealing his face, and a hand of incredible steadiness was gripping an automatic, pointed directly at me.

"DON'T move," he said softly. "Above everything, don't call out. Are you awake now?"

"Yes," I answered. "What do you want? How the devil did you get in here?"

"Don't be silly," my visitor begged contemptuously. "You know who I am, right enough. I am Joseph. You can't seem to be able to lay your hands on me, so I've come to see you. I don't like the way you're drawing your knees up. If you move as much as a foot, I'll let daylight into you."

I decided to wait for a better opportunity to assert myself. In the meantime I watched my visitor keenly. Already two things had struck me. First that his cockney accent seemed scarcely natural; second, that the dirty and neglected state of his hands was a little overdone. Underneath some smudges of black I could see on one finger the traces of a remarkably well-manicured nail.

"You want to know what I'm after, I suppose. I'll tell you. I came after my girl. If I'd found her here, you'd have been stiff by now. Where is she?"

"Search the place if you think she's here," I invited.

He chuckled.

"A nice chance that would give you, wouldn't it?" he murmured. "No, Major, I've been in both the other rooms. You've saved your skin for a few minutes. I've got another bone to pick with you, though. You're Martin Hews' new man, aren't you? You're after me, they say."

"And so far as that is concerned," I replied, "I shouldn't be suprised, Joseph, if I *didn't* get you."

"An excellent nerve," he remarked approvingly. "I suppose you realize that your life is wobbling in the balance. I may pull this trigger at any second."

"Somehow or other," I said, "I don't remember to have heard of Joseph's shooting an unarmed man lying down."

"Pooh!" he scoffed. "That's nothing. I'd shoot my grandmother in the back if I had to."

"Well, then, there is another reason why you will probably behave like a sane person," I told him. "You enjoy your life too much to want to end it with a rope around your neck. I have a manservant sleeping in the next room, with his wife."

"Stupefied, both of them," he confided. "Softest job you can imagine. Their supper was laid out when I happened to stroll through the kitchen—jug of beer and a bottle of whisky. I bet they're lying across the table now."

"Let's go and see," I suggested.

There were creases in his mask, and I think he smiled.

"Pity you didn't join up with me and play the big game instead of becoming Martin Hews' mercenary," he said. "I like a man who can grin when the trick's against him."

"I'm not a mercenary," I objected.

"What else are you?" he demanded. "You call me and my men criminals, but we fight for what we want. Martin Hews is a far dirtier type of scoundrel, with his check book, his hired assassins and his receiving offices—and as for you, he pays you for fighting, I suppose. What else are you but a bloody mercenary, and one of the worst?"

"You're calling me very unpleasant names," I reminded him. "If you'll put that thing away for a moment, we might settle this."

"I should look well, shouldn't I?" Joseph smiled. "Over six feet, aren't you? I heard of your fighting the other night."

"You saw me," I told him. "And if I'd known who you were before, and if I hadn't put my foot in that damned pot hole, you would never have got away."

He sighed maliciously.

"So you recognized me! Rather a pity you mentioned that. Before there was just about one chance in twenty that I might have left you with a few words of caution. Now—well, it can't be done. A man who has seen me out with my lads and has recognized me can't be allowed to live. Say your prayers, if you want to, Major. Your number's up."

"Is it?" I rejoined. "What about your own?"

I had drawn my legs up inch by inch, and stiffened every muscle in my body, preparing for the spring forward. It was a useless effort, though. I failed to reach the automatic by at least a yard, and Joseph's hand had never quivered. I heard a wicked little spit, saw a stab of flame, and suddenly felt a queer, terrible sensation just over my heart. I saw a pair of black eyes bending down just as the room began to go round; fragments of words seemed to reach me, fierce, yet freighted with the spice of diabolical mirth:

"That will teach you . . . to leave Joseph alone . . . and his women . . . in this world, and—"

Then the room faded away, and blackness came.

MY AWAKENING recollections were confused and fantastic. Smart, in most unpicturesque dishabille, was standing with his handkerchief to his mouth, gaping at me. A young man, with a black mustache and horn-rimmed spectacles, a few feet farther away, was smoking a cigarette, and I myself had come back to the world with a strong inclination to be sick. Both windows were wide open, although a drizzling rain was beating in. Furthermore, there was the most abominable smell in the room.

"Capital!" the young man exclaimed. "Hope you don't mind my cigarette. This chemical concoction of your friend's makes the most ghastly stink I ever came across."

"But he shot me," I declared, sitting up. "The fellow with the black mask. I saw the flash, and felt the stab just over my heart."

The young man nodded.

"He shot you with a freak invention of his own," he explained, producing what seemed to me to be a piece of burnt wadding. "He apparently used an ordinary pistol, but a specially made cartridge. The wadding burst against your chest, and a small vial full of the most villainous dope broke against your

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skin. Naturally you went off pop—quaintest thing I ever heard of. I've got the whole of the stuff together to be analyzed."

"Who are you?" I inquired.

"I'm a doctor from across the way," he explained. "Perhaps this will help you to understand the matter," he went on, handing me a square of paper. "I found it pinned to your pillow."

I held it up and read in printed characters:

I came here with two automatics—one to use if you were alone, the other if you had company. If I had used the other, you would have been safely out of my way forever. Take my advice, and keep out. JOSEPH.

I FOLDED up the piece of paper, and thrust it under my pillow. Smart brought me in a cup of coffee.

"If you can drink it," the doctor said, "it will do you good. We've opened all the windows in the flat, and the smell will soon be gone."

I took the coffee, and felt better with the first sip.

"How did the fellow get in?" I asked Smart. "You locked the outside door, I suppose?"

"Indeed I did, sir," the man replied earnestly. "He must have got a passkey from somewhere."

The doctor felt my pulse, and murmured a word of commendation.

"Nothing more I can do for you," he announced. "You can have these bits of stuff back after I've sent them for analysis. So far as I can see, there will be no harmful effects whatever."

"Right-o!" I answered drowsily. "I'll send you a fee across in the morning if I may."

Then I dismissed Smart also, and slept until I could smell coffee and bacon and eggs, a few hours later.

At half past ten Mr. Yardsley was announced. In clothes and general appearance he was the most legal-looking person I had ever seen, from his black satin stock to his broad-toed boots. He introduced himself, and we shook hands.

"I have instructions, Major Owston," he announced, "to put you in possession of certain information. It is sufficient for you to know that Mr. Martin Hews is a very famous, a very wealthy gentleman. He is one of the greatest collectors of curios in the world, and, like a great many other collectors, he is, I regret to say, sometimes utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he gains possession of his treasures."

"I can imagine that," I murmured.

The lawyer coughed. I caught a gleam of something in his cold eyes, and I knew very well that if ever there was a rogue in the world Stephen Yardsley was one.

"Professionally," he went on, "it has suited my purpose of later years to devote my whole energies to Mr. Martin Hews' affairs. They have brought me some very interesting work in various branches of the law."

"I should imagine," I suggested, "that they have even brought you very near the criminal courts on more than one occasion."

"At times, I must confess to you, Major Owston," my visitor acknowledged, "I have had difficulty with my client. He is a very shrewd man, but he has the spirit of a buccaneer."

"Very interesting," I remarked. "Now what about this fellow Joseph?"

The lawyer leaned back in his chair, his finger tips placed together.

"During the last few years," Mr. Yardsley began, "the public has been curiously deceived by the press in certain matters. You read continually of fighting between rival bands at race meetings, but race meetings have only a secondary interest for them. They are the originators of most of the criminal exploits of the day, and by banding together they make the position of the police far more difficult.

"Within the last few months two of these gangs, Joseph's and Donkin's, have practically wiped out the others, and barely a fortnight ago Donkin killed a man in a fight, and has had to fly the country. Now, I am going to admit to you, Major Owston, that Mr. Martin Hews has been at the back of Donkin's gang in a good many of their exploits. He has financed them when it was necessary, and he has even gone so far as to suggest to them various privately owned treasures which he wished to acquire and for which he was willing to pay a considerable sum. These affairs are naturally conducted through an agent who keeps a second-hand art shop in Grafton Street."

"But surely," I ventured, "this is a criminal proceeding."

"Morally, Major Owston, without a doubt it is," the lawyer assented. "It is my business to overlook the transactions in such a way that Mr. Hews remains technically within the law. That has always been done. After this preamble we now come to the difficult situation which has arisen since Donkin's flight. His gang is dwindling away. Most of them have joined the enemy. Today Joseph's gang is omnipotent."

"And Joseph, I gather, is not exactly on friendly terms with Martin Hews."

"For some reason or other," Mr. Yardsley confided, "there exists the most bitter enmity between them. Only a month ago, we know for a certainty, the Borghese medallions came into Joseph's hands. An amazing daylight robbery, that! There was no limit to what my client was prepared to pay for these. Isaacs, his Grafton Street agent, did everything that was possible. Every proposal he made was met with stony silence, and Joseph sold these medallions to a New York millionaire. Mr. Martin Hews has had no sleep for a month.

"Things now, I fear, have reached a very dangerous crisis. I have done my best to restrain my client, but there are times when one might as well talk to a creature of granite. Knowing all the circumstances, Major Owston, I must pronounce it as my considered opinion that before many weeks are past either Joseph will have Martin Hews' life or one of Martin Hews' people—it may even be you, Major—will get at Joseph, and kill him."

"IT SEEMS to me that you ought to be talking about conveyancing deeds and drawing up wills and mortgages, and that sort of thing, and to hear you calmly discussing which of these two men, both in London, will succeed in murdering the other seems a little quaint."

My visitor smiled thinly.

"I was brought up," he confided, "in one of the strictest of legal schools, and I served my articles with a purely conveyancing lawyer, but I may as well tell you, Major Owston, since you know so much, that the criminal world has always had a fierce attraction for me. I gave up a splendid practice in order to enter Martin Hews' service. He chose me because I was, in a sense, above suspicion. I still keep a portion of that conveyancing business. I am still looked up to as a lawyer of the old school by a great many people. Martin Hews' great desire—I may say his passionate desire—at present is, as I think you know, to get rid of Joseph. I think there is no price he would not pay for that man's life."

The lawyer's cold gray eyes, which had flickered for a moment, rested upon

(*Continued on page 54*)

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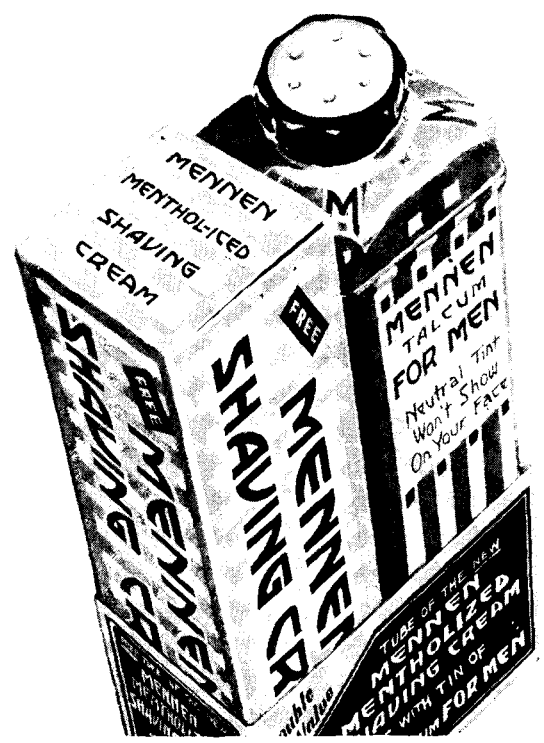

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Master of Sinister House

(*Continued from page 53*)

mine. I knew quite well that this highly respectable legal practitioner was inciting me to murder.

"But what about the police?" I asked. "They have three of the gang in their hands already."

"Very true," Mr. Yardsley assented, "but that will be of no assistance so far as the capture of Joseph himself is concerned. Joseph's men are never informers. That's about all the religion they've got, but they've got that. And there's just one thing more, Major," the lawyer went on reflectively. "Supposing they got Joseph, and he were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, I am not quite sure how that would suit Mr. Hews' book. Joseph, under such conditions, might prove himself to be a very dangerous enemy."

"In short," I put in, "what you would really like would be for Joseph to be killed in a fight or quarrel. Pity I didn't sleep with an automatic under my pillow last night, and I might have arranged it for you."

SO FAR as my visitor's parchment-like face was capable of showing emotion, he displayed it then. He leaned forward in his chair, his thin lips parted, the lines about his mouth deeper, his pale gray eyes staring into mine.

"Do you mean that Joseph has been here?" he demanded.

I told him the story, and handed him the scrap of paper. He read it and handed it back without a word. He made no comment at all upon my story. He sat looking into the fire steadily, and I could almost feel his brain at work, thinking the matter out in every detail. Presently he glanced up.

"I suppose you know what happened to your predecessor?" he asked.

"I didn't even know for certain that I had one."

"A young fellow named Fortherway," Mr. Yardsley confided. "Things hadn't developed quite so far as at present, and he thought he could do a little good as a spy down in the East End. He went off one Saturday night, following a clue Donkin had given him, to a house somewhere down Limehouse way. They found his body in the Thames the next morning. That was the work of Joseph's gang.

"I am telling you this, Major," he went on, "not because I want you to think that your position is more dangerous than it is, but because I want to warn you that now you are known to be in Martin Hews' service you must be prepared for trouble at any time. Frankly, I cannot understand why Joseph did not make an end of you last night. I imagine he spared you because it wasn't quite a safe environment for him. I can think of no other reason. I have not, I may say, one iota of belief in that gesture of chivalry.

"I am not a man of violence, Major Owston, but I have watched this business for some time, and I should like to warn you that you must never be without your revolver or automatic pistol, whichever of the two it is that you carry. You must never be misled by anonymous letters or messages inviting you to a strange rendezvous. Your business, such as it is, will center round the West End. Keep to the West End."

"All right," I conceded. "Now, is there anything definite I can start on? I am getting a large salary, and I want to work."

"Quite natural," he agreed. "It is my business to give you all the assistance I can. In the first place, during the course of the day you will begin to receive invitations for various functions, chiefly from what I should call the upper middle wealthy class. Accept them all, but especially those from Jewish families, and watch."

"Watch for what particularly?"

"We know for a certainty," the lawyer explained, "that Joseph goes as a guest to many of the best-known houses in London, and that it is from the information he has gleaned as a guest that some of his most daring burglaries have been planned. He gets to know the geography of the house, and, from a personal inspection, the jewels which are really worth taking a big risk for.

"From what I can gather it is very seldom indeed that he goes near the East End nowadays. There are a score of police at work around that particular little district, not far from the heart of the city, where they think his headquarters are, and they are also watching his place in Shoreditch, where it is reported that he has been seen, but my own belief is that he hasn't been near any of these haunts for months; that he has spent the whole of his time in the West End, and that when he moves eastward again, it will be for a very brief visit and to an unknown rendezvous."

"You have spies of your own about, then?"

"Certainly," he admitted. "I have six men, each of whom has served his apprenticeship at Scotland Yard, and I can assure you that it is very seldom that my client needs any information that we are not in a position to give him. We were able to warn you of the raid the other night. We are able to telephone down valuable information nearly every day. I will tell you frankly that one of these men is now watching you."

"Any more hints for me?" I asked.

Mr. Yardsley produced a paper from his pocket.

"Besides these invitations which I am already arranging," he said, "there are several restaurants and night clubs where Joseph is reported to have been seen—the Milan Restaurant, for instance, and the Blue Skies Night Club. There are others, but these are the most likely. Lunch or dine at the Milan whenever you have the opportunity, and make a point of visiting the Blue Skies Night Club as soon as you have an evening to spare."

"Rather like looking for a needle in the proverbial haystack?" I ventured.

"IT MAY seem so," Mr. Yardsley agreed. "Nevertheless, Major Owston, any detective will tell you that the most amazing captures in the history of crime have been made by chance. The luck may be against you, and your visits to all these places may be profitless. Mr. Hews takes that risk. He begs you to persevere."

With that Mr. Yardsley picked up his hat—a flat-topped bowler of the sort affected a generation ago by racing men—drew on one glove, shook out his umbrella, and bade me good morning. He had left a card upon the table.

"You will find my address and telephone number there," he said, "but whatever you do don't communciate with me personally—in other words, do not come near my office."

He took his leave. I watched him descend the stairs. It seemed to me that of all the strange figures in this strange world into which I had been projected his was perhaps the most unexpected and incomprehensible.

(*To be continued next week*)

An Important Radio Date

TUNE IN Collier's Radio Hour. Lovely girls, gallant men, dashing adventurers of romantic lands, lovers, sailors of the seven seas, famous authors and prominent persons — step from the pages of Collier's into your living-room.

Romance and adventure come to life in this magic sixty minutes which radio critics the country over call "the finest entertainment on the air."

Based on stories and articles from the current issue of Collier's —with a celebrated personage as guest speaker — Collier's Radio Hour comes to you every Sunday evening through the stations listed below.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
at 8:15 P. M. Eastern Time
7:15 Central Time
Broadcast through stations
WJZ WBZA WBZ WBAL WHAM
KDKA WLW WJR KYW KWK
WCCO WDAF KOA

Collier's RADIO HOUR

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The New Deal

Continued from page 17

put on one of the swellest two-acts that ever got booked. Now, why not try her out for fifteen or twenty weeks as a partner, see? Not as a wife. Get out on the road with her and watch her in action."

He did some heavy thinking. "It seems reasonable," he confessed.

"Reasonable? Man, it's downright sensible. If you want to marry her after you see how she acts, then it's nobody's business and only your funeral."

He gets up and holds out his hand. "You're a regular guy, Eddie Mooney. I'll do what you advise."

WELL, he drifts out, and the next thing I hear up and down the Ravin' Forties is that him and Bess are rehearsing a wow act. They get booked for twenty weeks, and out they go.

And, believe me, I'm happy thinking of what I've saved that palooka from doing. Sentimental as he is, I know he'll never stand Bess' monkeyshines, because he's as friendly a guy as me.

Well, he drifts back to New York on the twenty-first week, and I'm playing a Harlem house. I meet him one night on Fifty-ninth Street, and we take a walk in the park. I'm waiting to hear him turn loose, and sure enough he does.

"Eddie," he says, "you sure gave me some straight dope about Bess. She certainly does ride them other acts, and there ain't no question that she hogs the rehearsal time. She's awful upstage, Eddie, and—"

"Say, listen," I butt in, "didn't I hand you a brainful about that woman? Wouldn't she queer the sweetest-tempered guy that ever grabbed the calcium?"

"She would," says Sam—"and then some. Believe me, Eddie, there ain't a single thing you told me about Bess that ain't true. And how!"

"The other acts all hate her, don't they?"

"Man! Don't they just!"

"And the musicians would like to lynch her, wouldn't they?"

"Oh, boy!"

"Well, Sam," I says—"I guess you have learned your lesson, haven't you?"

"I sure have," he answers fervently. "I sure have done that little thing, Eddie."

"Well," I ask then, kind of curious—"what's the layout?"

"Plenty," he answers. "In the first place, me and Bess are done, finished and through as partners."

"Wise baby you are, Sam. And you're going out single in the fall?"

"Uh-huh."

"That being the case," I asks, "what are you gonna be doing all summer?"

He gives me a goofy look.

"Well," he explains, "me and Bess sort of figured it out that even though we couldn't get along together on the stage, we certainly could off. So we're gonna use this summer for a nice, long honeymoon."

Roy Howard

EVEN when he was a high school boy, selling newspapers on the streets of Indianapolis, he always carried a carefully folded ten-dollar bill in his carefully hidden pocketbook. That was his reserve. Times came, occasionally, when it was necessary to break the bill. But the first new money that came in went toward making that ten-dollar bill whole again.

In all the years since—and they have taken Roy W. Howard, who is now approaching the age of 45, clear to the top of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers—he has always had a reserve behind him not only of money but of effort, logic, reason and whatever other elements help to put a man forward.

He has the reputation of being able to get to the place he wants to reach. Once, in school, because of a personal dispute with the head of a school fraternity, he foresaw that he would have at least one vote against him in seeking membership. He immediately started a new fraternity, which, within a year, became even more popular than the one he had considered entering.

Ohio was his birthplace, but his family took him to Indiana while he was a mere boy.

There isn't a commonplace hair in his head; commonplace and ordinary ways of doing things he is noted for avoiding. When he was married, he traveled across the Atlantic—that was in the days when his salary was not large—and there took Margaret Rohe, a newspaper and magazine writer, who was traveling abroad, to one of the fine old churches in London for the ceremony.

As for the writing side of journalism, he has been a reporter, a sporting editor, a news editor, a New York correspondent.

As for the business side—and his training with his ten-dollar bill must have helped him in this direction—he was manager of the Publishers' Press, president of the United Press Associations, with world-wide connections, and is now chairman of the board of directors of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which have a turnover yearly of many millions of dollars.

THE EDITOR.

"Why don't you end this *ceaseless drudgery*"

Adding machine convenience is now within the means of the smallest business

TODAY in thousands of small businesses, men wearily seek trial balances, make up inventory, pay rolls, lists of accounts receivable—all without the modern safeguard of a dependable adding machine.

Too expensive for them have been the intricate appliances big business knows. They have sought through hours of drudgery to do what an adding machine could accomplish automatically in a few minutes a day.

Now, for the small business Corona has built a special adding machine. It sells at just $60 (slightly more in the West and in Canada). The name is Corona '7'.

Efficient, fast, reliable as the most expensive machine, Corona '7' is still within the means of the most modest store or office. Occupying merely the space of a letterhead, Corona '7' still has capacity for complete convenience in accounting, and stamina for years of hardest, most exacting use. It is Corona's answer to a serious business need.

Already in hundreds of stores and offices men have found Corona '7' an indispensable aid to profit. Thousands of these machines are in use. They are built in the plants of L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc—your guarantee of performance and service.

To every owner of a business that is growing or *should* be—to every man responsible for the success of an enterprise where money outlay is limited—Corona here offers a suggestion.

Mail the coupon at the lower right. It will bring full details of the Corona *free trial* offer, as well as full facts about how you now can easily own a Corona '7'. Portable Adding Machine Co., 703 East Washington Street, Syracuse, New York.

Corona '7' $60

Weighs 16 lbs. Repeat and error key, flexible key board, non-add key, individual column control, non-print key, standard size legible type.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE CO., Syracuse, New York
Without obligation, please arrange for me a free demonstration of Corona '7' as advertised in COLLIER'S Oct. 13, 1928

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Business _____

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NATIONAL PHARMACY WEEK

Your doctor, your druggist and you!

THE reliability of the druggist who fills your prescription is fully as important as that of the doctor who writes it. Your Rexall Drug Store employs experienced, licensed pharmacists. They compound your prescription from pure, fresh, potent drugs — make it error-proof by double checking—price it at a moderate figure. Don't take a chance on your health or the health of your loved ones. *Make sure!* Have prescriptions filled at your Rexall Drug Store.

Save with Safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you — You will recognize it by this sign

The Yankee Musketeers

Continued from page 7

that wabbly wing down through three miles of space, filled with a justifiable doubt as to whether he was to land or fall. While he spent some twenty years in that state of doubt, the flight swept eastward, toward the lines.

Bannerman had passed through the fire, and circled back for another attempt, his face bloody from innumerable fragments of an explosive bullet which had burst in his instrument board. He tossed back his head to shake the blood from his chin, and saw Glenn wheeling about one Albatros machine in a network made by the smoking trail of German bullets.

"Hot!" Bannerman yelled fatuously, waving to Glenn's plane. "Hot stuff!"

AND then he was within fifty yards of his enemy's nose. Again the bullets were rattling through his fabric and tugging at the edges of his flying coat. He held his fire and let the enemy have it from close range, and, as the miracle had occurred to him, so it occurred to the Germans. Nobody was hit.

He swung about, and saw Warburton darting about the tail of another, and Royd was attacking the nose of it. Glenn he could not see anywhere. Then he scored, his next burst causing the gunner of an Albatros to crumple over his gun in grotesque resignation. At that the German pilot suddenly stood up in his cockpit and seemed to rave and curse. Then, like an angry woman who had spoken her mind, he sat down to his controls again and tried to fight with his forward guns.

Warburton was quick to take advantage of Bannerman's shot; he darted down upon the stricken Albatros and clung to the thing's back like a bird of prey, firing his gun as he pounced again and again on his victim. But it was Royd who sent the big machine down with a burst across her bows.

Then Bannerman, looking about for further prey, found that the other German planes were gone; and Affleck was gone; and Baird, and . . Glenn too had gone!

Shutting off his engine, he swooped downward, studying the earth for some bit of wreckage which might reveal Glenn's landing; and while he looked for wreckage, he prayed that he might see an undamaged plane. But he saw nothing, and his petrol was running low.

He landed, and Chatford and Stanley were beside his plane before he reached the tarmac.

"Where's Glenn?" snapped Chatford, his gray eyes burning.

"We had a scrap over St. Omer," cried Bannerman.

"I know. We know all about the scrap. But Glenn? How come you left him behind?"

The raw nerves of Bannerman gave way beneath the implied rebuke of the two overwrought comrades.

"How in hell should I know?" he cried. "I'm no bloody nursemaid!"

"Hm." Chatford turned from him abruptly. "Come on, Blackie!" he cried, and, followed by the fiery Blackie, he fairly ran to where their planes stood filled and ready for them. They took off closely, one behind the other, and disappeared into the lowering sun.

At midnight Bannerman was desperately playing cards, ready to sit up all night if need be, striving to nurse his confidence. And in the small hours of the morning news came. Yerks, the orderly sergeant, brought word that Lieutenants Chatford and Stanley had found Glenn's plane and crashed in landing beside it; that Glenn himself was at a base hospital at Cartel, near the front lines, suffering from the effects of an explosive bullet in the thigh. Chatford and Stanley were at Cartel, waiting for transportation to their field.

So Glenn was wounded . . . in the thigh. . . . That wasn't so bad . . . rather a lucky shot, as a matter of fact . . . couldn't have been severe, because he'd brought his plane down in control. . . . Why, come to think of it, he couldn't be more than scratched . . . just shot in the thigh. . . . It was fine. The best luck in the world. He must get up to Cartel and see him in the morning. . . . Jubilantly Bannerman went to bed.

He didn't go up to Cartel in the morning, because Tretherall, incensed at the smashing of two good ships on such a sentimental journey as Chatford and Stanley had taken, clapped a ban on all flying without orders. But the day was an easy one, and Bannerman, after the morning patrol, was able to be on hand to greet the Americans on their return.

"They got him with a damned explosive bullet!" Chatford growled bitterly.

"But he'll come through?"

"He's like to die of agony and acidosis, or something, more than of the wound," explained Chatford, glowering. "All he can have is orange juice, and they haven't got any oranges. We'll fly back with some this noon."

Bannerman frowned and spoke gently:

"I'm afraid you'll find Tretherall's all against it. No more joy rides."

"What?" exploded Stanley. And without another word he was off on a bee line for the orderly hut, Chatford following him.

They came forth half an hour later consumed with resentment which was aimed at the entire British nation. For Tretherall had made himself understood. There were to be no more joy rides in Squadron 97. Stanley wanted to take it out on Bannerman, for whom he had now an opinion so small that it felt pinched, but Bannerman was not to be found, having departed in a side car for parts unknown.

"He's down for evening patrol," said Chatford. "That'll bring him back."

"Who cares?" queried Stanley.

They took counsel together and besieged Tretherall once more, with the result that they wangled twenty-four hours of leave, with transportation to Amiens. They lingered within its hospitable environs only long enough to ransack the shops for all the oranges they could carry and pull every possible wire for a lift toward Cartel. The best they could do was to persuade a congenial transport officer to let them occupy the side cars of two motorcycle dispatch bearers, and these would carry them only as far as the forks of the Amiens-Bapaume highway. Thereafter they must trust to luck.

THE ride was a stimulating one, for Chatford prevailed upon his rider to race Stanley's bearer for stakes amounting to 120 francs. The race was to the most daring, and it ended some few rods before the forks of the road were reached because nineteen trucks full of Chinese laborers had become involved at that point with four batteries of field guns, and the dispatch riders had failed to allow, in the heat of the race, for sufficient room to stop. So they left the road, and Stanley's side car, becoming somewhat detached, was flung into a little group of staff officers, who, on a knoll, were doing what they could to make miserable the rank and file involved in the traffic jam.

What officers were bowled over by Stanley's arrival in their midst were heard to make derogatory remarks about that aviator, but Stanley didn't hear them or note the rank of the speakers, because, on rolling out of the side car, he became instantly engaged in collecting his scattered oranges.

"Pick 'em up, can't you?" he cried as he saw the astonished officers standing there staring at him with the fruit rolling about their feet. "All right, then! You needn't tread on 'em!" And Colonel Trevassy, of the Intelligence, found himself pushed aside by the pressure of two strong hands against his puttees.

"Dammit!" he cried. "Stand up! Yes, sir! Stand up and stop fiddling with those damned oranges!"

Deftly and with amazing speed, Blackie, ignoring that voice, popped oranges back into the paper sack from which they had spilled.

"Sorry, Major," he said. "But we can't stay now. Got to deliver these oranges to hospital. . . . Special order."

And with a genial bob of his head he plunged away down the knoll, where Chatford stood, awaiting him.

They proceeded seven miles in a truck that was crowded with a reeking mass of coolies, and then they left that infested vehicle for a train of American ambulances which was—and you can call it luck, if you like—proceeding at all speed to the base hospital at Cartel.

They were sitting on the floor of an ambulance which was unoccupied except for a single private who sat on a stretcher and swore intermittently about the loss of three fingers.

"Some guys have all the luck," he pointed out. "Now I gotta give up my profession and go to work."

HE WAS, it developed, a professional calliope player. They gave him an orange, and talked about calliopes and circus life until a familiar sound filled the air above them, causing Blackie to look forth from the rear.

"Six nice new Albatros invincibles," murmured Blackie. "And us on the wrong end."

With the clap of doom, large sections of the road arose lightly in the air and dropped on the ambulances while at the same time Blackie's vehicle joined three other cars in a hop, skip and jump to the embankment.

"Unload and take cover!" shouted an exceedingly youthful officer with horn-rimmed glasses. And Blackie and Chatford found themselves unloading from the ambulances the most convincing collection of arguments against war that any professional patriot might reject as sentimental. They laid the blood-soaked stretchers under the road embankment where the débris might not hit them, and then ran to lend a hand in clearing the road of the wreckage.

Chatford, having become a massive figure shaped of mud and blood—for shrapnel had cut him—paused, after fifteen minutes of work with his bare hands, to watch proceedings up above. The bombs had stopped falling in the immediate neighborhood, and he followed with his eyes and ears the direction which the raid was taking. The reverberations of the falling missiles informed him of the ruthless fact. They were making to bomb Cartel.

"Get them ambulances going!" roared Blackie. "Get the road clear and the ambulances movin'."

"Those bombs are dropping on Cartel," said the officer with the horn-rimmed glasses. "We'll wait here till Heinie's gone home!"

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"Oh, my God!" said Blackie. Then he leaped into intense and furious action. "Come on, Yank!" he yelled. "Get your oranges and come on. We got to walk!"

They ran down the muddy, war-scarred road, soon leaving the ambulances behind them. But they had not proceeded far before they reached a rise of ground which dipped to the banks of what the French, in their light-hearted way, called a river.

"Good glory!" cried Blackie. "They've knocked the bridge to hell!"

But Chatford said nothing. He merely sat down and began methodically taking off his clothes. They stripped down to their neat athletic underwear, and, putting their oranges in their blouses, made bags of them, tying the sleeves about their necks. They then approached the muddy water, but as they did so they both instinctively looked upward, for a moment of silence had fallen during which no bomb had dropped, and once more they heard the droning of the German motors.

THE bombs had stopped falling because, from a distance to the eastward, a flight of British scouts was speeding toward the bombers.

"S. E.'s!" roared Chatford. "The game is up!"

"No! No, look! The dam' Britishers are flying past 'em!"

Blackie was right. Presumably bent for home with a diminished fuel supply, the scouts were speeding in a wide circle away from the German machines, or perhaps they did not see them.

Chatford swore.

"Wait a minute!" cried Blackie. For from the V-shaped formation of the British scouts a single plane had turned and, all alone, headed deliberately toward the German bombers.

"Gosh! That boy's committing suicide!" yelled Chatford.

"But how nicely he does it!" agreed his companion. Whereupon he fell silent, for the lonely British scout was very close to his almost certain death. He flew in a straight and deadly line toward the circling enemy, and did not deviate until the first German fired. Then he made a complete roll, left turned, and, having by that time arrived exactly above the confused German gunner, half rolled, dived, fired, and whipped about in a vertical spiral as the German plane veered away with a dead pilot at her controls, and flame bursting from her gas tanks. The gunner jumped.

The lonely scout was now stunting, spiraling, rolling and twisting desperately, for he was the target for a ghastly hail of shot, and the tracer bullets showed how near the gunners came to reaching him. The German planes lined up in a circling formation which would in another few seconds have him in a vortex of their gun fire. But he did not dive as he might well have done, he merely circled with swift, dizzy turns, until he suddenly shot forth and pounced upon the pathway of one Albatros. The attack was suicidal, but it was, at the same time, unexpected. He flew straight at the German's nose, both guns blazing furiously, and it seemed that he must surely have collided with his victim, had the German not first veered off in that deathly, sickening manner of a stricken plane. And the broad wings crumpled, trailing behind the body as it plunged to earth.

Before that earthward plunge of his victim started, the lonely pilot had leaped for the sun again, and in leaping missed the vengeance of his victim's comrades. But that was only for an instant. The sky was now filled with the smoking hail they rained on him, and Chatford and Blackie saw the lone plane quiver, saw it drop in a side slip as its victims had, and then saw it spin down, as the other planes of the flight he had deserted roared up to give him aid. And five Camels came whining up from the westward and two Bristol Fighters from the south. The Albatros machines, thus outnumbered, turned tail for Germany, the Bristols and Camels at their heels, while the S. E. 5's continued their journey home.

But of all that Chatford and Blackie saw nothing. Their eyes had followed the spinning, twisting body of that lonely plane. They watched it with bated breath as it whirled downward and gasped in chorus as it straightened out, and came down in a slow glide to pass from their sight beyond the river.

"That man!" gasped Blackie. "I want to shake him by the hand! He ought to be dead, the fool! The damned fool. Gosh, how I wish I was him!"

"Come on," said Chatford. "He may need us!" And so saying he plunged into the river and made for the opposite shore. It was a short swim, but both Chatford and Blackie found it exhausting, for they had striven harder than they knew. And then there were fields of mud to traverse barefoot. And fences—they had not realized that France contained so many—and, occasionally, tangled barriers of barbed wire.

They reached the plane finally. A grotesque and astonishing spectacle they presented, so that the officers and men who were gathered about the wreckage of that plane stared at them incredulously.

"The pilot," gasped Blackie. "Is he dead?"

"No," snapped an officer coldly. "He's gone up to the hospital. What have you got in that bag?"

"Oranges," said Chatford. "We're going up to the hospital too."

The officer, who had doubted his eyes, now felt his mind giving way.

"Oranges!" he whispered weakly. "Oranges!" And he grinned sheepishly upon those about him. But the bearers of the oranges had gone.

They limped and stumbled through the slightly battered encampment to the hospital, and gave their message and their burdens to a medical officer, who looked at them with a queer and knowing smile while he listened to their story. They were ignorant of how near nakedness they stood and of how lavishly they had covered that nakedness with mud. The medical officer did them the further kindness of providing them with bathrobes so that they might go in to the ward and visit Glenn. But he did not prepare them for the sight of Bannerman in the bed next to Glenn's, bandaged and pale, contentedly sucking an orange while Glenn did likewise.

THEY stared at their two comrades, speechless, while Glenn and Bannerman stared with amusement and surprise upon the two tall figures inadequately swathed in the bathrobes of lesser men. . . .

"How'd you get here?" asked Blackie feebly.

"Just arrived," explained Bannerman. "Left the flight to drop in on Glenn, and ran into some Heinies. They crashed me with a cracked scalp and explosive in the leg."

"You . . . left the flight. . . ?" asked Chatford slowly.

"Yes," explained Bannerman. "I had a few oranges in my bus for Glenn, you know."

"Ole Bannerman. . . ." said Glenn happily. "He's a sho'-'nuf pal fo' a man to have."

But Chatford had something in his eyes which recalled the expression of the officer who had stood beside Bannerman's wrecked plane.

"Oranges. . . ." he was whispering feebly. "Oranges. . . ."

JIMMIE, THIS THING WILL SELL! LET ME BORROW IT FOR THIS AFTERNOON.
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A KRISS-KROSS STROPPER- IT GIVES THE SLICKEST SHAVES EVER INVENTED
JIMMIE, THAT KRISS-KROSS STROPPER YOU LOANED ME A YEAR AGO - WAS THE START OF A $15,000 BUSINESS
I SHOULD HAVE KEPT IT AND GONE INTO THE KRISS-KROSS BUSINESS MYSELF

How I Started Making $5300 A Year

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The True Story Of A Man Who Found Himself Facing Failure And Then, By A Sudden Stroke Of Luck, Discovered The Secret Of Making Over $5300 A Year! Don't Fail To Read This Illuminating Article Of Real Life Success! It Should Prove An Inspiration To Any Man Who Wants To Make More Money!

By B. G. LOUGHREN

$200 the first week! $1000 in a single month! And over $5300 cash profits in a year.

When I sit down and look at those figures in my bank book, I can't help marveling at the strangeness of fate. It was Chance—and Chance alone—that thrust this money-making opportunity into my path at the very moment I needed it most! I had been in the real estate business, when suddenly the local "boom" collapsed. The immediate future looked gloomy, until one day when I dropped in to talk things over with a friend.

When I went into his office, he was at the wash bowl just finishing shaving, so I sat down at his desk where my eye fell on a little nickel-plated contrivance about half the size of my hand. There was something about it that aroused my curiosity.

New, Revolutionary Invention

"What's this thing?" I asked. "It looks familiar but I can't place it."

"That's one of those KRISS-KROSS razor stroppers," said Jimmy. "You've read about it in the magazines. I've only been using it a month, but I'm getting the keenest shaves of my life, *all from the same blade*. You'd be surprised how it seems to make a blade last forever. Look here, I'll show you how it works."

Well, it certainly was a mechanical marvel. I hadn't seen anything as ingenious in years!

"I wish I could invent something like that," I said. "I'll bet the company that puts it out is coining money hand over fist."

"They are," said Jimmy. "Furthermore, they only sell through agents and demonstrators—and those agents are making *plenty*, too! I sent for their proposition the other day just out of curiosity."

He handed me a letter with some sample order blanks attached. I read it through and then read it all over again.

"Jimmy," I said at last, "this thing sure will SELL—and they certainly give their men a generous split! Let me borrow your stropper this afternoon and see how many orders I can take!"

Astonishing Profits

That afternoon I got the surprise of my life. The first man I walked up to had read all about KRISS-KROSS in LIBERTY and said, "Send me one" before I got half-way through my demonstration. (Actually, he seemed better acquainted with its good points than *I* was!) By 4:30 I had 9 orders—and the next morning I got 11 more!

That sure convinced *me*—and I wrote the company that although they were not aware I was working for them, the only way they could stop me was by wire! They wrote back—"Good work. Go to it—and wire us if we can help you in any way." . . . Needless to say, I "went to it" in earnest and the end of the week found me with exactly $200 cash profit in my pocket!

Why KRISS-KROSS Pays Agents Such Astonishing Profits

KRISS-KROSS literally fascinates every man who sees it! Imagine a device that actually reproduces with mechanical precision the intricate diagonal stropping stroke of a master barber. Strops any make of blade (except Durham Duplex), giving the keenest cutting edge that steel can take! Quickest, most astonishing demonstration you ever saw! Just insert blade and turn the crank for 11 seconds. Your prospect sees the genuine shell horsehide stropping leather drawn across the face of the blade—sees the blade reverse itself at every turn—notes how the pressure decreases automatically to a feather-like finishing stroke. How can he help but be interested in such an amazing device, especially since it means cool, smooth shaves forever with *no more blades to buy!*

A $15,000 Business Almost Overnight

The money I made that first week came easily enough—but after I got well started it became easier and easier. Enthusiastic customers kept talking about KRISS-KROSS to their friends and roused their curiosity so much that I began to get telephone requests to "bring one of those stroppers over and show how it works!" . . . And then, before I knew it, I found that I had actually cleared as high as $1,000 in a single month!

Today I figure that I did a $15,000 gross business that first year—with profit of over $5,000. And it all came from getting started with the right kind of a proposition. Success comes from giving the public what it wants and they surely have shown that they WANT KRISS-KROSS! Personally, I believe that it is the most astonishing "self-seller" I have ever seen and that the coming year will prove it the *greatest shaving invention of all time!*

* * * *

Mr. Loughren's experience is typical of the surprising successes that have automatically fallen to the lot of KRISS-KROSS representatives in all parts of the country. Practically every man who takes up this unusual proposition finds himself making money faster and easier than he ever dreamed possible. Right now, due to our heavy Fall advertising program in Liberty, The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, etc., there is room for more KRISS-KROSS representatives—to earn $30 a day and up. (Free demonstrating Manual gives you everything you need in order to commence cashing in right away.) Find out about this opportunity today. No obligation. Just clip the coupon and mail it at once!

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Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER
Takes the "H" Out of SHAVING!

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He Mailed Coupon and made $8,500 in 17 Weeks

Chas. F. Worthen

Do what he did. Mail the coupon. Get my free book. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Start in spare time. Build a permanent business of your own. No capital or previous experience needed.

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A. W. Fosgreen ran a candy store in a small New York State town. He got my book and cleaned up $8,000 in 90 days.

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BURGESS SNAP-LITE FLASHLIGHT

Actual Size

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Songs for the Stump

Continued from page 14

(Next Scene. The famous River Brool. Two Fishermen are keeping cool. The one is keeping cool with Cal, the other's staying natu-ral. You recognize these Men of State as silently they soak their Bait. The Broad One of the Two pulls out a very large and speckled Trout marked "Illinois"—a catch, no doubt.)

BROAD FISHERMAN

A lucky cast.

THIN FISHERMAN

Enthusiast! (*He has New England on his hook and scarcely stops to take a look.*)

(*A madcap Whale with broncho buck ramps out to test the Broad One's luck. It isn't hard to land him. Across his fat and throbbing chest he's plainly labeled "Solid West." Deep gasps of joy expand him.*)

BROAD FISHERMAN

He's big enough to fill the Dish.

THIN FISHERMAN

Don't chatter so. You scare the Fish.

(*Down in the pool expectant Whales sniff at the Bait and wag their tails. North Carolina one is called, another's Georgia, wise and bald; one's Alabama, Heflin-wet; one's Florida, the tourist's Pet.*)

BROAD FISHERMAN

Will they bite?

THIN FISHERMAN

Well, they might.

(*More silence. Now these Fishing Mates have landed quite a mess of States. Enwrapped in Nature's quiet mood, wooing the sweets of Solitude, how can they even faintly guess that Special Writers from the Press set the surrounding woods a-quiver and drop Cigar Butts in the river? At last, among the Leafage green a Star Photographer is seen.*)

STAR PHOTOGRAPHER

Ah, Mr. President, that's great!
This picture will inspire the Nation.
Now, please engage your Candidate
In animated Conversation.

(*Typewriters tick, cameras click, newspaper interviews cover the crick; which causes the Thin One to say as before, "You see why I don't Choose to run any more."*)

(Says the Donk to the Gop as they gaze on the Show, "That scene may be good. What's the point? I dunno." Says the Gop to the Donk, "Kid, you gotta remember we won't see the point till away next November.")

(*The next Scene's an office, Italian in style with Hollywood tables and Hollywood tile. The carpet is oozing with silver and gold; the coal-scuttle glitters with diamonds cold. At the back a large banner 'neath Jefferson's torso says, "All Men are Equal and some of them More So."*)

(Manager Raskob in garments artistic sits at his desk, and his air is Czaristic as he pushes a large ruby button forthwith. "Send in His Excellence, Governor Smith." Governor Smith, with a small kangaroo, lent for the day by the Albany Zoo, promptly appears, and refined is his air as he parks the Brown Derby 'longside of his chair.)

RASKOB

Oh, Governor Smith, oh, Governor Al,
Oh, Governor Alfred E.,
There's a street called Wall which is thin and small,
But it stands at the back of We.
It says, "Be plain in this Campaign,
And Radical partialee.
So wallop a sock at the Tainted Stock—
So long as it's G. O. P.

AL

Oh, General Ras, oh, General Kob,
Oh, Boss of the General Voters,
The general dope on the general hope
Is: Stick to General Motors.
Step on the gas, my General Ras,
And do as the Wise Ones say
As a General should, for the General Good
In a general sort of Way.

DUET

Al and Ras are on the level,
Al is this and Ras is that.
Al rebukes the Money Devil,
Ras cajoles the Pluto-cat.
Thus by methods hale and hearty
We have went and gone and done it:
To conduct a Poor Man's Party
Get a Billionaire to run it.

(*Now sensual Music is played by Guitars. Both the Conspirators drop their cigars. Sex Appeal enters, a girlie quite charming. Her name it is Ceres, the Goddess of Farming. Plainly you see that a look at the gal quickens the heartbeats of Raskob and Al. Seizing gold Zithers, they kneel to the maid and tickle her Ear with this sweet*

SERENADE

Nymph of tomatoes,
Queen of potatoes,
Ah! Restrain thy steps.
If there's an evil,
Corn-blight or weevil,
Blame it all on the Reps.
We're not Haugen nor McNary—
Nary thought have we
Save to be loved by thee!

(*Ceres won't soften. "I've heard that so often. Promises never grow Beans. Lay off the petting and stylish coquetting." She tries to escape through the Scenes.*)

AL SMITH (*assumes a Villain's rôle with high silk hat and blackened soul*):

Ha-ha, proud wench, protest no more
In this here hall of gilding.
You're captive now on the high Eighth Floor
Of the General Motors Building.
Yon window hangs above the street,
And if you try to jump it
Your form so sweet will hit con-crete
And, golly, how you'll bump it!

(*The Lady shouts, "You Cur, you Kurrrr!" 'Tis plain they have offended her—Her helpless shrieks to drown, the Orchestra plays William Tell while Alfred has a sneering spell and paces up and down.*)

(Big Climax. On the window ledge, fearlessly leaping o'er the edge, a Noble Stalwart doth appear.)

ALL (*with respective hope and fear*):

Oh, see, 'tis he,
'Tis he, oh, see—
Hoover the Engineer!

BARITONE SOLO

Hoover the Engineer,
Yes, that's my introduction.
I conquer problems there and here
By means of steel construction.
Miss Agriculture, come away
On a device of mine
Designed to float so you can vote
Across my Party Line.
Ah!!! Say that you'll be mine. . . .

(*Here Villain Alfred in despair fans Herbert with a handy chair. The Lady from her stocking draws a Map of Kansas. Comes a pause.*)

THE LADY

Halt! Dare advance another step
And, be you Dem or be you Rep,
You'll see, you will, what I can do—
I'll tell Bill Allen White on you!

(*The Audience is so disturbed its demonstration can't be curbed. The Donkey simply swoons. The Elephant breaks through his seat, and saying things I can't repeat, swells up like six balloons. The Usher comes with courteous care and leads them out to take the Air.*)

CURTAIN

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

a new novel

by

ZANE GREY

BEGINS IN COLLIER'S FOR OCTOBER 27th

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The Thundering Herd

Continued from page 13

even more by playing him. At least you learned to keep out of his way.

I studied his unique method of coming out and heading his own backs either to the right or left and it occurred to me that one need not be a Heffelfinger to do what he did even if it were not done so brilliantly. If it were safe for him to come out and lead the interference, I pondered, it would be safe to train both guards to do it.

So my first job at Oberlin as coach was to find two speedy guards. I found them and made my experiment on Ohio State, coached by Jack Ryder of Williams. When those two big guards of mine, followed by the entire backfield, assaulted the Ohio State flanks little remained to do except to count the score. We won, 40 to 0. We played Ohio State again later in that season and won again 50 to 0. That's what came of studying Heffelfinger.

A Human Reindeer

Thus encouraged, I enlarged upon the idea, presently getting the tackles and ends into the interference, thereby inaugurating, I think, the first seven-man interference. It worked beyond my hopes. We won seven games, six of them overwhelmingly. The other we won from Michigan, 24 to 22, and were lucky to do it. Michigan had Dygert, Dye, Hooper and other magnificents then.

I remember particularly their left tackle, one of the greatest ball-carriers I have ever seen. Alas, I can't summon his name. It began with B. (Doubtless some reader is going to supply it.)

At any rate we couldn't stop him. The ground was covered with snow and the going was treacherous. But B. loved it. He just kept going, treading the snow and our lads without discrimination.

Michigan, 20 yards from our goal, handed that reindeer the ball and I think the entire Oberlin team attached itself to him. He dragged on for 15 yards, before they toppled him and there on our five-yard line, he rolled over, his jersey yanked upward, exposing his bare abdomen. But the ball was not yet declared dead.

Merriam, one of my ends, could not resist the temptation. He scooped up a handful of snow and clapped it against the giant's exposed stomach. Roaring like an infuriated bull, the big lad dropped the ball, heaved to his feet and took a terrific swing at Merriam. Carl Williams, later to become famous at quarterback for Pennsylvania, fell on the ball for us while B. was swinging at (and missing) Merriam.

The umpire saw what B. was doing but had not observed what Merriam had done. So B. was ruled out of the game and we gave thanks.

There was much discussion a year ago about the revival (or looked-for revival) of the lateral pass. As a matter of fact it has never been a bright asset to any team since 1892 when all teams were concentrating on rushing the ball and perfecting interference.

But it had its flashes. I was coaching Clemson College in 1902 and had considerable success with the lateral—against Furman College spectacularly.

On Furman's field in those days there stood a mighty oak tree. It was almost sacred, that beauty; it must have been because it stood on the 50-yard line well inside the boundary.

I was struck with a beautiful idea the moment I saw it. I called my lads together and explained my scheme and I think they played the harder to get within the shadow of the oak.

We had worked the ball nearly to mid-field. The oak was on our right and slightly ahead of us. We started what appeared to be a short end run toward the tree. Maxwell, our quarterback, slipped the ball to Pollitzer, left half, and Pollitzer darted off in a curving end run just inside of the oak, thereby drawing Furman's left and secondary defense down to that threatened area.

But Sitton, my left end, had sped off past Pollitzer and behind and past the tree. And there he was, alone, uncovered. Polly, safe behind strong interference, flipped the ball laterally to Sitton, who ran 40 yards for a touchdown.

Twice again in that game we used that tree and that trick. And then Furman felled that oak, although not that afternoon. Sitton was a gorgeous athlete. He was the "Vedder" who pitched, later, for Cleveland.

About once every season or two some coach would produce something new in those days of mass plays, but none took on greater fame than the invention of George Woodruff, head coach at Penn. Woodruff was a Yale man, which may or may not explain that it was upon Yale that he tried this:

Penn received the kickoff at the opening of the second half. Carl Williams, at quarter for Penn, ran off his signals, paused, and shouted "Go." With the ball still in the center's possession, Penn's right end and right tackle galloped over between Williams and the other backs, who, like the other nine Penn players, stood stock still. Yale was teetering, wondering what was about to happen.

"Now," snapped Williams.

The ball came back to him just before that flying tandem of end and tackle ran over Yale's right half, who played in the line on defense in those days. At the word "Now" the whole Penn backfield started running. Penn's right end and tackle had put Yale's right half out of the play. Osgood, Penn halfback, took the ball and followed the rest of his backfield, which smeared the Yale end. He made nine yards!

Yale blinked. Yale had not been scored upon for three years; but then Penn was not behaving as a team respectful of such reputation. The Yale crowd was inclined to scoff. Patently this was a slip, an error. Yale must have been careless.

"Hey," yelled someone in the Yale crowd, "why don't you try that on Frank Hinkey?"

"Great idea," replied a Penn sub. "But we beat you to it. We're going to visit Hinkey this time."

Two Tons of Flying Meteor

Now there never was a better end than Hinkey. You will meet old-timers who will go farther than that, who will say that there never was an end like him. He weighed 145 pounds on the scales. He was two tons of flying meteor on the field.

And Penn visited the great Hinkey! Woodruff's flying interference swallowed him whole. In eight consecutive plays, with Knipe for a third time carrying the ball over Frank Hinkey, Penn scored.

Again later the Woodruff genius triumphed over circumstances. His flying interference was declared taboo by the rules committee and Princeton, about to face the Pennsylvanians in 1894, was breathing more easily. There

(*Continued on page 60*)

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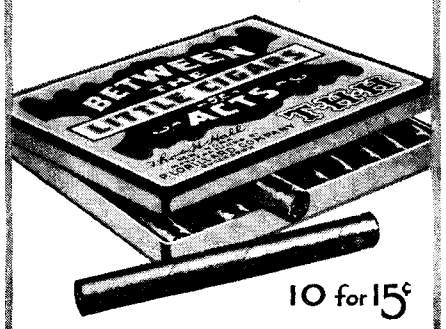

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The Thundering Herd

Continued from page 59

was no love lost between the two colleges and it was general opinion that the rivalry had become so fiery that this would be the last game between them.

The first time Penn received the ball it produced Woodruff's reply to the National Rules Committee.

"Guards back—right," shouted Carl Williams, Penn's quarterback.

The huge guards, Wharton and Wiley Woodruff, brother of George, dropped back beside Williams. They stood in close tandem formation. I remember that a curious quiet came over the field. The players had ceased chattering. Williams' voice was sharp and clear.

He clapped his hands, received the ball and slapped it into the arms of the rear guard. The leading guard plunged forward, his ball-carrying mate at his heels. Behind the second guard came the whole Penn backfield (and what a backfield)—Brooks, Gelbert and Osgood.

You have, doubtless, seen circus performers dive through a paper-covered hoop. Well, that describes it. First one side of Princeton's line was assaulted and then the other. And Penn won 12-0.

At once the football-playing world began talking guards back.

For four years Penn mowed the field with George Woodruff's great tandem. It, like the flying interference, was proscribed by the rules writers and one is saddened when he thinks what the greatest of all Penn's guards would have done with it. This man entered Penn just as guards back went out—T. Truxton Hare.

Like Newell of Harvard and Hinkey of Yale, Hare made All-America four successive years. These are the only three to have achieved such honor. He had everything—speed, weight, football sense—everything. As I see him, he was the only guard worthy of the honor of being paired with Heffelfinger.

The Football Shift

The business of pulling linemen back and giving them the ball was not at all new, however. As early as 1891 Stagg, in his first year as a coach, utilized his ends as runners with the ball at Springfield. He ran them like halfbacks and I copied his theory and carried it along for years.

In the struggle for assembled man power, the football shift made its appearance. There was Harry Williams' Minnesota shift and my own, the Heisman shift, which had its inception at Georgia Tech in 1908. In both these shifts, the players, at a word of command, are rapidly dispersed to right or left from their original formation. The moment they arrive (simultaneously of course) at their new stations the ball is passed. The theory is that the ball shall be put into play before the opposition has had time to reform itself to meet the new situation.

Fundamentally the shifts were alike but my backs at Georgia Tech took wholly different positions. The Tech backs lined up, upon the shift signal, in Indian file and at right angles to the rush line.

The havoc that the Minnesota shift played in the West was matched by the effects of my own shift in the South. But slowly the shifts have been legislated down—slowed down—until much of their value has gone.

And while I am giving credit to Heisman let me add that I was the first to use the double pass aimed at something except the ends. I was coaching Alabama Polytechnic at the time (1905). Frankly I DREAMED the play. I dreamed many plays, but this was the only dream of mine that ever worked.

The dream was too vivid to ignore. So we tried it on the scrubs. The quarterback simply gave the ball to, say, the right end while the latter was on the dead run. The right halfback and fullback galloped in front of the left halfback, who stood still until the right end passed him.

Then he took the ball from the right end and went through center with the quarterback preceding him. They found nobody there. My dream had produced a touchdown in its first trial. That play, virtually the forerunner of all delayed bucks, served me for fifteen years and with it my teams gained thousands of yards.

How Many Halves Make a Game?

On that Alabama Poly team which first used my double pass I had a huge young farmer who, when he reported for the squad, told me that he had not even seen a football game before.

"That's all right," I said after sizing him up and recognizing the possibilities he represented. "When you come upon something you don't understand, just ask me."

Presently he came to me and said:

"Mr. Heisman, I've been hearing the fellows talking about the first half and the second half and what's puzzling me is, how many halves do you have in this game anyway?"

It is difficult for a coach to specify his greatest team, but perhaps I had my greatest rewards at Georgia Tech—the Golden Tornado Teams. We rolled up scores. The most prodigious victory we ever achieved was against Cumberland University.

"If you boys don't lick Cumberland by 50 points," said Bill Alexander, my assistant (now head) coach, "you ought to be whipped."

"If we score 100 will you set 'em up for the gang, Alex?" cried Strupper, one of our halfbacks.

"I'll set 'em up for the varsity scrubs and the frosh if you make it 200," grinned Alex.

Alex then left on a scouting trip. He must have felt faint when he read the newspapers. The score was Georgia Tech 222, Cumberland 0.

(*To be continued next week*)

Jingles in the Rough

A few more entries from the golfers who find balm for jagged nerves in jingling, with the hope of earning a Collier's gold luck-piece that will improve their game:

An English golfer whom I know
Always gets me hopping.
For when I ask him, "How's your game?"
He always answers: "Topping."

H. K. Wood, Monroe, N. Y.

Willy in his new plus-fours
Made the most tremendous scores.
Brightly he remarked to me:
"Plus-sixteens these seem to be."

Jane H. Lindley,
Princeton, N. J.

Morning's at seven,
Hillside's dew-pearled.
Another shot duffed and
All's wrong with the world.

Bernadette Delohery,
Bridgeport, Conn.

My husband loves me, this I know,
Because one day last week,
Between a game of golf and work,
He stopped and kissed my cheek.

Mrs. O. S. Horton,
Wellington, Kan.

Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! I shout aloud.
I lost that hole, but, say, I'm proud.
The boss was pleased. He liked my praise.
I lost that hole—but won a raise!

L. M. Stewart,
Shreveport, La.

When once I break a hundred
It surely will be fine.
'Cause then I'll get my courage up
And play the second nine!

Harry R. Brandon,
Richmond, Va.

Remember well, despairing men,
That all those holes you make in ten
Will teach you lessons better far
Than those few holes you make in par.

A. D. Cook,
Washington, D. C.

Upon a mound of sand
I gently perched the ball.
I made a mighty swing and lurched
And still the gutta perched.

H. Tiemann,
St. Louis, Mo.

I've written lots of jingles,
But no medals—there's the rub.
So at golf and jingleering
My name is just—A. Dubb.

Robert A Johnston,
Philadelphia, Pa.

For twenty years I've tried and tried
To make a hole in one.
Now with a Collier's luck-piece
I'm sure it can be done.

Gene Boyd,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My pro tells me my form is good
But I twist and dip more'n I should.
He demonstrates the proper twist,
But, gosh, I'm no contortionist!

Dr. Lloud Carver,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I get my bridge and golf games mixed
(And get myself in trouble!).
When my opponent scores a par
I step right out and double!

Miss E. M. Eriksen,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Congratulations

Continued from page 11

in jail because of not paying alimony that was due before she died. And he can't pay that either, because he hasn't got it."

"Now tell us what happened this afternoon," Jimmy prompted.

Mrs. Templeton's voice dropped to a lower note; she clutched her handkerchief tightly, then with great resolution dropped it into her lap and, looking up, spoke rapidly in short sentences: "I was standing on the curb. There was a big crowd. We were waiting to cross the street. The traffic officer blew his whistle. There was a big truck still passing. It was coming around the corner. But the crowd shoved, and the woman in front of me pitched forward. I grabbed her. And just then I saw who she was. Mrs. Pickett."

"And then what did you do?" Jimmy prompted. No answer.

"Why did you volunteer to make this statement, Mrs. Templeton?" he asked. She brightened immediately.

"Because I want to explain the whole thing and go home to the children. They'll be half crazy by this time. I never stay out late and I've got to be in the office tomorrow because Mr. Pickett is in jail."

"All right, Mrs. Templeton. You left off where you grabbed for Mrs. Pickett." No answer.

"Perhaps you didn't get a very good grip on her?"

MRS. TEMPLETON looked startled, and then considered the suggestion but did not answer.

"Did her clothing or whatever it was you had hold of slip out of your hands?" he asked.

Jimmy waited patiently. "You are not required to answer immediately," he said. "Try to recall exactly what happened. Take the necessary time to refresh your memory." Miss Bowman looked at the young lawyer critically.

"Was it absolutely required of me to save that woman?" Mrs. Templeton suddenly demanded.

"No," Jimmy answered. "You are not charged with failing to save her, but with pushing her under the truck after you had already saved her. You didn't push her under the truck, did you?" Mrs. Templeton seized her handkerchief and covered her eyes while Jimmy again waited patiently for nearly a minute. Presently he noticed that she was sobbing convulsively but without making a sound. The handkerchief was pressed against her mouth now. Still he waited.

"Oh, God, I don't know what I did. I grabbed her; I tried to hold her; with all my might I was saying to myself, 'Hold her! Hold her! For God's sake hold her or she'll be killed!' And I thought I was holding her. But my fingers just didn't do it. They must have turned loose. I don't know what happened," she suddenly cried, and Miss Bowman and Jimmy rushed to her, both seeing that she was about to collapse.

Officers Carr and Clancy emerged from their corner and hurried across the room to bring ice water. For five minutes all was confusion, the men being nearly as unnerved as Mrs. Templeton. Only Miss Bowman remained calm.

In the midst of the excitement the old woman who cleaned the offices opened the door and peered in. Miss Bowman hastily indicated that she was to pick up the waste-paper basket and when she had done so sent her away. Another five minutes passed, and still calm was not restored. Mrs. Templeton, in spite of her best efforts to control herself, remained hysterical. Finally the morose deputy warden reappeared in the doorway.

"Did you send for him, Miss Bowman?" Jimmy asked.

"I thought you told me to," she replied.

"Well, maybe I did. Yes, I must have done so. Anyway, this woman should be in the hospital. I'll give the warden a note to that effect." He began scribbling, and as he did so remarked: "We ought to get word to this woman's children. I don't want to send an officer, and I suppose I ought not to go myself."

"I live near there," Miss Bowman remarked, glancing at the memorandum of the case. "I'll do it. I can fix up some kind of a story that will hold until the morning papers are out. Why don't you tip off some friend to see her tomorrow?"

"You mean, some lawyer friend?" Jimmy whispered, feeling very uneasy.

"Yes," Miss Bowman whispered. "This wouldn't be the first time it's been done." Jimmy thought of Beaver, and then felt guilty for having done so.

"I wonder why she didn't get a lawyer?" he meditated aloud.

"Because she hasn't any money," Miss Bowman replied impatiently. "She thought she was going to explain everything to you and then just walk out and go home."

"Yes," Jimmy agreed, "that's evidently what she thought." And he pondered the fact unhappily.

"Ask her the name of the Pickett firm's lawyer," Miss Bowman prodded.

Jimmy did so, and Miss Bowman noted down the name and address.

"Would you like to telephone him that you are under arrest?" was the next question.

"Why, I think not," Mrs. Templeton answered, embarrassed and hesitating. Then: "I'll be in the office in the morning. That is—are you about through with me?"

"No, Mrs. Templeton," Jimmy answered, blushing, and that very moment the gloomy deputy warden opened the door and looked at her with obvious purpose in his dull eyes. Without looking up—perhaps only his feet were within her range of vision—she asked, "Do I have to go with him?"

"Yes, Mrs. Templeton. Are you able to walk?"

"I think so." She rose as though it were a hazardous experiment.

"I have to go back to jail?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then it didn't do any good for me to explain?"

"It hasn't done any harm, Mrs. Templeton."

"Somehow I have got to get word to Mother," she pleaded. "I told her we could have lamb chops for dinner, but we can't afford to now. May I telephone?"

JIMMY nodded assent. Mrs. Templeton hesitated for a moment, looked at the telephone, then said in a barely audible whisper, "I can't—I can't talk."

"I will deliver the message," Miss Bowman volunteered. And the message was delivered.

Mrs. Templeton tried to say, "Thank you." Her lips moved, but there was no sound. Then the deputy warden led her away.

"I think I know what happened," Officer Clancy whispered to Officer Carr while Jimmy and Miss Bowman stared at the office door.

"What?" asked Officer Carr.

"She didn't push that woman. She

(*Continued on page 62*)

"I aint" "He don't"
"It's me!" "You was?"
"Can't hardly"

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think.

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Over three million car owners have now installed this remarkable little device after this free test offer. No matter what make of car you drive, I guarantee unconditionally that it will save you gasoline or you don't pay a penny.

Note the records listed on this page. These are but a few of thousands of reports from car owners all over the world, driving every make of car, under every conceivable driving condition. Forty-three miles per gallon from a Chevrolet, says F. S. Carroll. Fifty-seven miles on one gallon, from a Ford, says J. T. Jackson. Forty miles a gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Texas, to Tampico, Mexico, says T. L. Brown.

What It Is

Fifteen years ago my father created what is now internationally famous as the Stransky Vaporizer. Since then it has been perfected to a remarkable point of efficiency. It is based on facts about potential gasoline power that few car owners know about. For example, official tests made by automotive authorities indicate that the average car owner wastes at least two or three gallons of gasoline of every ten he buys. This is because in most cases the driver does not have automatic control over the mixture of gasoline and air.

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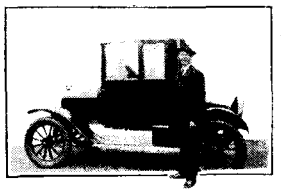
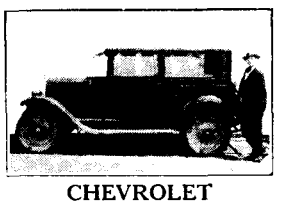


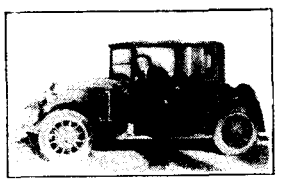
FORD

H. H. Cummings, Electric and Radio Engineer, California: "I have used one on my 1922 Ford, which I have driven over 50,000 miles myself. I am getting 30 miles on a gallon of gas, whereas before I got only 12 to 14 miles on a gallon."



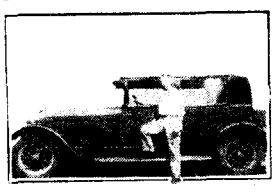
CHEVROLET

Mr. M. E. Miller, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "You people claim a saving of 25 to 50% of gasoline. I have subjected the Vaporizer to a severe and thorough test. After installing one on a Chevrolet I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon, whereas formerly, I had been getting only 19.5. That is not a saving of 25 to 50% but 124% so you see that the actual test surpasses your claim."



BUICK

E. Henderson, Auburn, Washington, writes: "I put one of your Vaporizers on my friend's Buick. We tested it out by running seventy-five miles without the Vaporizer. The best the car could make was 15 miles to the gallon. With the Vaporizer we make a little better than 31 miles to the gallon."



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Congratulations

Continued from page 61

just turned loose like you might drop a dead rat you had picked up when you was reaching for a live kitten. That's what I think."

Officer Carr nodded agreement.

"Where's my notebook?" Miss Bowman demanded sharply, and the three men in the room walked toward her desk as though to stalk it. "It was right here," she asserted, "and now it is gone. Did any of you pick it up?"

"Why, no one has been near that desk," Jimmy declared. "You don't mean to say your notebook is gone!"

"It certainly is."

A CAREFUL search ensued, and so another five minutes passed.

"By jingo, I know!" Officer Clancy exclaimed. "The cleaning woman! I saw her, but I forgot all about it. She took the wastepaper basket, and I'll bet she got the notebook too."

"I'll find her," Miss Bowman volunteered and immediately ran out of the room. Presently she returned.

"Well, it's gone," she said, with stoical resignation. "It's in the furnace." Jimmy stared at her appalled.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed. "But we've got to see what we can do without it. Clancy, do you remember what Mrs. Templeton said in her statement?"

"Well, now, I can't say that I do," Clancy replied. "Let me see, though; when you asked her if she pushed the woman under the truck she said, 'I don't remember anything about what happened. I was out, blotto, cuckoo,' or words to that effect. Isn't that right?"

"No, no, no, no!" Jimmy sputtered. "That isn't what she said at all."

He turned to Officer Carr and asked, "What did you hear?"

"I wasn't paying much attention," Officer Carr replied, "except right at the last."

"Well, that's the part I'm asking you about."

"Well, she didn't say whether she did or she didn't. All I heard was 'God help me!' and then she blew up."

Jimmy looked from one to the other through narrowed eyelids, fairly spearing them with disgust, while they stared back with bland stolidity.

"You may go," he said. Before they reached the door, however, the first assistant district attorney came bustling in, evidently in high good humor.

"Well, Jimmy, old boy," he boomed, "Did you make her come across?"

"I did my best," Jimmy replied, "but, to tell the truth, I didn't get much."

"But you gave her an hour or two she won't forget, eh, youngster?"

"Yes, Chief, I put her through an awful grilling."

"Broke down completely, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Begged to tell the whole story?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the stuff, Jimmy!"

"But Chief, I haven't really developed a case. Unquestionably she dropped that woman, but I don't think we've got a murder case—a case that would stand up before a jury."

"That's all right, Jimmy," the Chief boomed. "There isn't any case," and he laughed heartily. "You don't suppose I turned this whole thing over to you, do you?" And he laughed again. "No, Farley and I have been at work on the other end: the books, records, history, and all that sort of thing. You're right. There was no malice and no motive. But you've done a wonderful job, my boy. Don't feel downhearted about not developing a case."

Jimmy almost gasped on hearing this because he realized now for the first time his singing gladness that he hadn't. "Can't send everybody we arrest to the chair, you know," the chief continued. "The detectives have been poking around, and they don't find anything crooked about this Mrs. Templeton. Straight as a string. So we'll not fight for high bail at the hearing. Good night, Jimmy."

"Good night, Chief."

Miss Bowman had donned her hat and coat. Officers Carr and Clancy were gone.

"You'll see that woman's children tonight?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes, Mr. McCauley. I'll tell them that she'll be home tomorrow."

"Miss Bowman, what did you think? About the case, I mean. Did it seem to you, that—that there might have been a case?"

"No, Mr. McCauley, I'm sure there wasn't."

"Are you sure that Mrs. Templeton didn't run away with your sympathies? You lost your notebook. Why, Miss Bowman, you never did anything like that before in your life. And, anyway, these cleaning women around here all know better than to pick up a notebook off a desk. I don't understand it, and I feel rather uneasy about the whole business."

Miss Bowman sat down. She was smiling.

"I'm older and more experienced than you, Mr. McCauley," she said, "so I hope you'll not mind if I speak frankly. You see, our relations are just about the same as those between Mr. Pickett and Mrs. Templeton. I'm assigned to you. I've been assigned to many other young assistants. It isn't my fault that none of them ever became district attorney or even first assistant. But if they had done so I would probably have a much better job. That's just my hard luck. Of all the young lawyers I've ever seen in this office you impress me as the most promising. It takes more than just a shrewd mind to go to the top in the professions, and you've got those other qualities; they are rare, and precious.

"One of the proofs that you've got them is that you're floundering a little right now; the best minds aren't often the best beginners. You must learn to be a great deal more careful than you were tonight. You suspect me of undue sympathy for Mrs. Templeton. Why, Mr. McCauley, she swept you clear off your feet. You were suggesting lines of defense, almost everything except an alibi. Nevertheless, she told the truth; she didn't rise to the bait once.

"THERE'S no case there. But what a frightful record you piled up in my notebook! If the chief ever read that, he'd go wild. As it turned out, there was a certain measure of shrewdness in the way you conducted that examination. It actually got at the truth. And I'm not going to see your career blasted because of this night's business. Set it down to strictly selfish reasons." Miss Bowman rose.

Jimmy did not look up. When Miss Bowman ceased speaking his mind snapped back to the conversation with Beaver, earlier in the evening. "Tell you all about it when I come in," he heard himself saying. And with what exultant pride! With what absolute assurance! "Tell you all about it when I come in." Hu-u-um. Not now.

And then he looked up. Miss Bowman was gone. "Well, after all," he meditated, "I've learned something."

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The Swat Complex

Continued from page 16

in front of his desk. It was hard to understand him at first because he had such a German accent. Looking solemn, he said:

"I will say some words, and then right away quick you will tell me what each one makes you think of. Do you understand? Yes? Then let us begin. . . . Angel?"

"*Katie Dugan!*" I came back at him in a rush.

"Oil?"

"*Stock!*"

"Dynamite?"

"*Rocky Mullins!*"

"Wood?"

"*DeForest!*"

"Sock?"

"*Socked!*"

"Lusitania?"

"*Sunk—I mean, fifteen thousand dollars!*"

THE old boy stopped and made some notes in a little book. He saw that he couldn't slip anything over me that way, so he flashed a new trick. "Next," he said, "tell me about the dreams you have had. Maybe you have been dreaming about being pursued by a prehistoric monster, yes?"

"No," I said, "but I dreamed one night that Katie wrote me a letter and told me she'd forgive me. When I woke up in the morning and it wasn't true I felt rotten, I'm telling you, Doc."

"Any other dreams?"

"Sometimes I dream about DeForest—the dirty thief!—and that fifteen grand I dropped. And sometimes I dream about Rocky. I guess that's about all."

"H'm," said the professor, "strange. Very strange. All the time you dream about rocks and the forest. I see now! You have a repression—you want to live in the country next to nature, nicht wahr?"

"You've got me wrong, Doc," I told him. "It was Rocky Mullins, the bum, and that robber, DeForest, I was dreaming about. If I ever get hold of him—"

But he didn't pay any attention and for another hour he kept asking me questions and writing down notes in the little book. At last he got through and went out in the hall to talk with Slick. There wasn't anything more except slipping him a check for three hundred smacks and calling a cab.

As soon as we got outside the door Slick begun to laugh. "Haw! The doc told me you had a mental age of eleven!"

"Eleven?" I said. "If I got a mental age of eleven, you're not even born yet. . . . What's the doc kicking about?" I said. "Didn't I slip him the right answer to every question he handed me?"

"You couldn't fool him," said Slick. "These psychoanalysts know everything that's going on in your mind, even while you're asleep. He told me you had a repression and unless you got out in the tall timber you'd lose the fight. So you can pack up tomorrow and take a morning train and have a few days in the sticks—"

"I'm not going to the sticks," I said. "It's too lonesome. I'm going down to the gym tomorrow—"

"I'm surprised!" said Slick. "What's the use of paying for getting psychoanalyzed if you don't follow directions?"

Well, that looked fair enough. Anyhow, Slick said, it would do me more good to be out in the fresh air than to stick around the gym worrying my head off.

It took Slick to think about the publicity. On the way to the train next morning he showed me a story he slipped the reporters about how I was going into secret training for a couple of days. "Guess that won't get Rocky Mullins' goat!" said Slick. "You're a lucky kid, that you got a manager who understands this psychology racket."

I didn't know any other place to go, so I got a ticket for the town down in Arkansas where my oil-stock land lay. I might just as well play tag with my own rocks and rills, I thought, since I'd sunk fifteen grand in them.

The rattler wasn't ten miles out of town before I begun to get lonesome. I spent my time on the train eating peanuts and writing out telegrams to send to Katie.

It was night when we finally hit the jerkwater where I got off. I stumbled around Main Street till I found a hotel that had died of the hookworm right after the Civil War. The proprietor and nine hound dogs were sleeping in the office. "Got a room?" I asked.

"Who? Me?" he said. "Yep, I reckon I got a room for you."

It only took him about ten minutes to find the register. "Now, that's funny," he said, yawning again; "I had two customers only a couple of days ago. Must be going to be another oil boom like there was twelve years ago."

"Keeps you pretty busy," I said.

"Yep; it does. Don't hardly get enough time for sleep." He pulled a pen out of a raw potato and opened the register. I gave one look and almost let out a yell—there was DeForest's name!

"Do you know this guy?" I asked.

"Who? Me? Do I know him!" The old boy begun to laugh. "Say, he's a smart one. He's a sucker-hound. Know what that is? That's a fellow who sells oil stock to city dudes. He comes down here once in a while and buys oil from my service pump to salt those old wells east of town—that's how he gets more customers. A slick one, he is!"

I found out that DeForest had a car and a big bozo with him that was his bouncer. They'd been here two days and were due to leave soon. "Listen," I said, "can you drive me out to those oil wells tomorrow morning? I got business with Mr. DeForest, and I don't want to miss him."

"I reckon I can," the hotel man said. "I got a mule. We better start about seven because I'm postmaster here, and I got to sort the mail at eight."

NEXT morning just when we got to the most lonesome place in the woods the old boy yawned, "Well, I reckon you can find it easy now. You just walk a couple of miles farther—"

"What's the matter?" I said. "Aren't you going to take me?"

"Who? Me?" He laughed for about five minutes while Hector, the mule, gave a mournful sigh and went to sleep. "Not me! I don't want no trouble! I took two or three other fellows out to see Mr. DeForest," he said, "and the last I heard they was doing nicely in the hospital."

I started hitting the gravel toward the oil wells, thinking how nice it would be to wrap one of them around DeForest's neck. After half an hour of hoofing it I stubbed my toe on something that used to be a town—a few deserted shacks and some old tumbledown derricks. This was the bad luck I'd paid fifteen thousand for!

I was standing there wondering what

(*Continued on page 64*)

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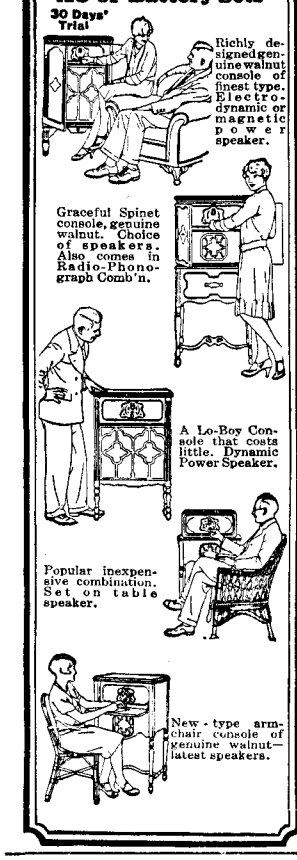

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The Swat Complex

Continued from page 63

to do next when behind me somebody yelled:

"Up with your hands! You can't fool me, you varmint, you're one of De Forest's men. Gimme back my sixteen hundred dollars or I'll fill you full of lead!"

First I saw a squirrel rifle that probably had fought against Julius Cæsar, and back of it an old-timer that looked like the Spirit of '76. Holding my hands up till the clouds tickled my fingers, I said, "Wait a minute, Uncle! You got the wrong party."

"I been waiting two month," he said. "and I ain't going to let you slip out of my hands. You can't fool me!"

"I'm telling you, Uncle," I said, "you're all wet! Give me a chance and I'll prove it."

It took a long time, but I argued him into letting me put my stock certificates on a stump so he could look them over. I even had to show my auto driver's license.

With a disappointed look he pulled down his cannon. "I guess I got to set here another two month," he said. "I ain't going to move till I get my sixteen hundred back."

THE professor was right—a repression didn't have any chance here among the rocks and forests. Things happened too fast. The Spirit of '76 had just been showing me the shack where he kept his ammunition and bunk and a few things to eat, when 'way off in the distance we heard a car coming. "If that's DeForest," he said, "I'll—" He made a grab for his gun.

"Take it easy, Uncle!" I said. "You let me handle him and his bouncer—we won't need your cannon."

We waited inside the shack until the car popped out of the woods. Sure enough, it was DeForest, dressed in knickers and sweater like he was out for a little golf, and with him the gorilla that was his strong-arm man. They stopped and took a few cans of oil out of the back seat. We watched while they poured it on the ground near the derricks. Then they got ready to take some snapshots to use on more boobs like me. When I saw that I got so mad that I stepped out, the old-timer right behind me.

"Fifteen thousand!" I yelled.

"Sixteen hundred!" piped up the Spirit of '76.

DeForest was so surprised that he dropped the camera.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you'll only listen a minute—"

"You won't think I'm any gentleman," I said, "if you don't come across with fifteen thousand smacks for me and sixteen hundred for my buddy here." I started toward him.

The bouncer jerked his head toward DeForest. "Want me to lean on him?" he asked out of the corner of his mouth. Looking pale around the gills, DeForest backed away.

All the time I'd been sizing up this big apple knocker, and I thought he was duck soup. I started a fast right for his jaw that would of put him to sleep if it ever landed.

That was the trouble—it didn't. The bozo was good! He wove in like he'd been in the ring all his life. He swung a left. I side-stepped. . . . Next thing I was flat on the ground.

My knees were weak, and my head had a thousand bells ringing inside it. If I got up, another one would finish me. So I stalled a minute, watching both of them.

DeForest turned white as a Ku Klux kimono. "My gosh!" he said to the big bozo. "*You knocked Kid Blotto down!*"

"Kid Blotto?" said the apple knocker.

His voice sounded shaky. His eyes got bigger and bigger.

I began climbing to my feet—I figured I might have a chance if I went into a clinch.

The big boy just watched me, his jaw dropping until it almost touched his chest. I started toward him—so weak that you could of dropped me with a hard look.

"Gosh!" he said.

He turned around and ran for the woods . . . the last we saw he was pushing the trees out of the way with both hands.

He's probably running yet, and he won't ever guess that he had Kid Blotto licked. What that bim might of done to me if he'd only known his psychology like he knew his onions!

"Now," I said to DeForest, "you can begin writing out those checks."

The old-timer and I dumped our oil stock on the ground in front of him. We let him wait till his hand was steady enough to wrestle a fountain pen. I said to him, "You think you're going to stop payment on these, but you're not. I'm going to leave you here a couple of days where my buddy can watch you with a gun. I'll drive your car to town and leave it at the hotel garage."

When I shook hands with the Spirit of '76 I felt kind of sad. "I wish you could watch me hang a few on Rocky Mullins," I said. "And don't forget—I'll deposit your check for collection."

The last I saw of him he was holding a gun with one hand and waving to me with the other. . . .

"Well, Kid," said Slick when he met me at the station, "how's your repression?"

"Listen," I said. "My repression curled up and died because it didn't get enough exercise. I got a swat complex now."

Slick looked worried. "Think you can take Rocky?"

"After all that fresh air and peace and quiet, I could take Tooney," I said.

But I wasn't so sure.

There were only two days left, and they went like two minutes. I put all my time at gym work. I was so busy I didn't even let Katie know I was back.

ON THE night of the fight I could tell that the old repression was trying to stage a comeback. When I saw Rocky sitting in his corner he seemed as big to me as he did the day we signed. Then I remembered how that apple knocker ran when he heard who I was, and the next time I lamped Rocky Mullins he looked like such a little shrimp I felt sorry for him.

While I was waiting for the bell I took a peep at the customers and got the jolt of my life. There, about ten rows back, sat Katie! It was the first time she'd ever come to see me fight. Her eyes caught hold of mine for a second, and her lips moved like she was trying to say something to me. Then the bell rung and I jumped for the middle of the ring, with Rocky coming at me from the other corner.

Short and sweet: that's what it was. The sport pages said it was a record . . . fourteen seconds for a K. O. . . . Rocky hit me. I hit him. Curtain! My right landed on the button, and it was five minutes before he could say uncle without stuttering.

Standing in my corner while they counted poor Rocky out, I could hear somebody behind me yelling his head off, "Ach, Gott! What a sock on the

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jaw!" I looked around and saw the professor climbing on his seat and waving his arms like he was crazy.

The announcer grabbed me and made me feed a few words into the mike for the radio fans. When I got through I couldn't see Katie anywhere in the crowd, but I knew she'd come to the dressing-room. After I got my street clothes on, I sat on the rubbing table and waited. It seemed like everybody in the world came except Katie.

"WHAT you so gloomy about?" Slick whispered to me.

He and the reporters tried to drag me to their party. The professor wanted me to try his home brew. But I turned everybody down and stayed in the dressing-room all alone. The place got so still and empty that every little sound made me jump. . . . I'll bet Rocky was cheerful beside the way I felt.

At last I figured that Katie was still mad at me and I'd better go home.

At the door a kid was waiting with a letter. "Gee!" he said. "I was afraid you was going to stay all night. A lady gave me this to hand you."

After one slant at the letter I slipped the kid a five-dollar bill and sprinted for a cab. And if I didn't break all records getting out to Katie's house it was because the driver didn't earn the biggest tip he ever got.

The first few minutes wasn't wasted on any conversation. But after a while it was a cinch that I'd ask, "How come!"

"Like this," said Katie. "I couldn't stay mad—not at you, big boy!"

See how swell everything come out after I got psychoanalyzed? If I ever have any more bad breaks, I'm going straight to Venice and call on this bozo Freud, who's the heavyweight champ of all the complex chasers. It's all on the up-and-up, the old psychology. What this country needs is psychology and lots of it—you can take it from me, nobody can get ahead in the world with a lot of fixations getting free board and lodging off him.

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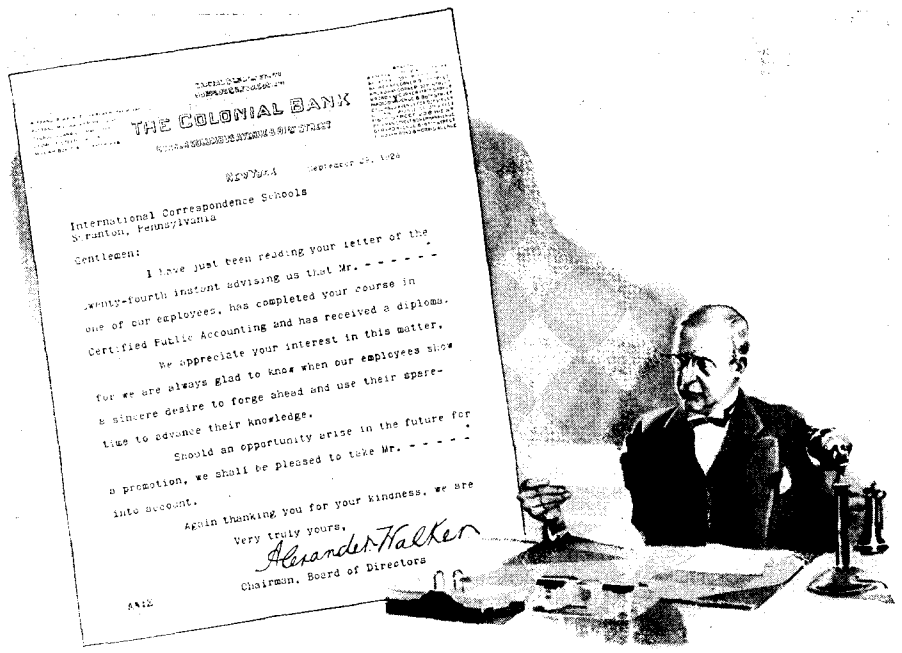
P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck	George J. Kennedy	William P. Larkin	Albert E. Winger
President	*Vice President*	*Vice President*	*Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.



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THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Drys and Drinkers

IN ANNOUNCING his offer of $25,000 for the best plan to enforce the dry law W. C. Durant said:

"The major issue in our country today is the problem of law enforcement and obedience to law. To paraphrase the words of Lincoln, it is a question whether our institutions can endure with a citizenship half lawless and half law-abiding."

It is fair to assume that Mr. Durant himself strictly obeys the spirit as well as the letter of the dry law. Of course it is hard for a man of wealth to avoid drinking or offering drink to his guests so long as custom makes alcohol almost an inseparable part of hospitality.

The dry law doesn't literally forbid drinking but it does forbid traffic in alcoholic beverages. Without drinking the illegal traffic could not exist.

Any man or woman who takes a drink knows that the alcohol is purveyed by a bootlegger and in violation of the law.

The home or the club in which the liquor is consumed may seem beyond reproach but every respectable citizen who buys or consumes liquor uses the lawbreaker and the criminal.

Americans today pay five or six times as much as gin or whisky costs elsewhere because the great army of bootleggers, gunmen and faithless officials has to be supported.

Trace the dollars paid to bootleggers and you find that many eminently respectable people are providing the money with which machine guns are bought by gangsters. We may express our disgust and horror at the violence and murders committed, but who finances these crimes?

Many very pleasant people think that prohibition is good for the country but that they personally do not need it. So they buy what is offered and ask no questions. By their acts they nullify a law which they support with words and often with votes.

This gets nowhere. If prohibition does not apply to the rich it cannot be applied to the poor.

We can't have one sumptuary law for employers and another for employees.

Yet this is precisely what a large and influential class now believes.

The only sincere and intelligent supporter of the dry law is the man who refuses to support bootleggers and their parasitic criminals by not buying and refraining from drinking what other men have bought.

It is true that our citizenship cannot endure half lawless and half law-abiding.

It is also true that more than once in human history lawmakers have passed statutes which the people refused to obey.

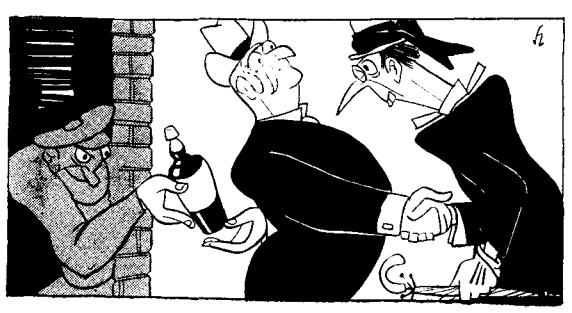
Where the law has run counter to immovable custom it has been repealed or nullified.

In a matter as conspicuous and as important as prohibition Collier's has held that nullification is the wrong way out. No great harm has been done by forgetting the old "blue" laws providing for a dreary Sabbath. But prohibition can't be forgotten.

Obviously everyone is bound to obey all laws but if we favor the dry law it is our duty to prove our sincerity by not drinking and by not providing drinks for guests.

It is preposterous to think that prohibition can be applied only to industrial workers while those economically more fortunate ignore it.

Certainly we cannot endure half lawless and half law-abiding if the rich are allowed to be lawless and the poor are expected to be the law-abiding.



Try this on your Radio

WHEN you twirl the dial of your radio receiver you are struck with the variety of pronunciations current in the United States.

We can often tell which station we have struck by the intonation and accent of the speaker before we hear the cabalistic code that designates the station. The American people are so mobile that they keep pretty well shuffled-up, and dialectical differences do not have the chance to become established as they have in Europe. Still they are detectable by a delicate ear.

There is a man in New York City, a prominent school official, who has the ability of Professor Higgins in Shaw's "Pygmalion" to tell where a person was born by his pronunciation. When he was introduced recently to a distinguished scientist, the latter, skeptical as to his ability, asked: "Can you tell me where I hail from?"

The other named a locality within eight miles of the correct spot.

In England radio is a governmental affair and the public authorities feel responsible for the sort of language that is broadcast. There has been established a British Broadcasting Corporation Advisory Committee on Spoken English. The secretary, A. Lloyd James, says: "I find that a great many educated people pronounce the words 'paw,' 'poor' and 'pour' absolutely alike. If they spoke the sentence 'I am sure I saw Mr. Shaw on the shore,' the words 'sure,' 'Shaw' and 'shore' would sound the same."

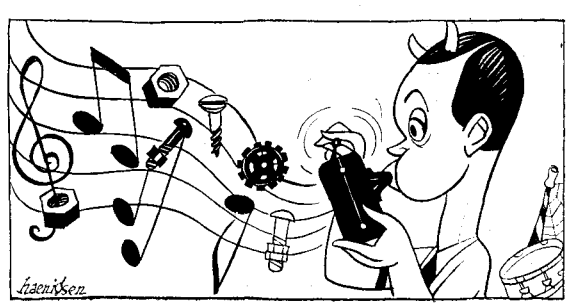
Is there any section of the United States where these words are confounded in this fashion? Next time you listen to the radio try guessing the home of the speaker.

Music, Mechanical Maid

THE neighbor's little boy came running over yesterday manipulating what, at the risk of offending its creators, can only be designated as an abominable instrument. The lad appeared to be playing a harmonica, and with considerable skill. From the object pressed against his normally cherubic mouth there emanated a popular tune dedicated to glorifying the charms of one "Mary Ann."

But, alas, here was no youngster enjoying those first, brave thrills of creating music for himself out of a ten-cent mouth organ like those beloved of the youth of an elder day. This modern child was merely turning a crank on a new-fangled doodad in which was inserted a small perforated roll and it was that which manufactured the music.

True, the instrument is an improvement, from the standpoint of the family and the neighbors, over the diabolical drum and the tuneless, one-note horn of childhood. But it does rather seem that progress might in all decency have stopped short of the crime of robbing youth of its heritage—the heritage of creating for itself sweet or doleful sounds, as did its fathers before it, on the sublime, the fascinating, the irreplaceable street-corner harmonica.



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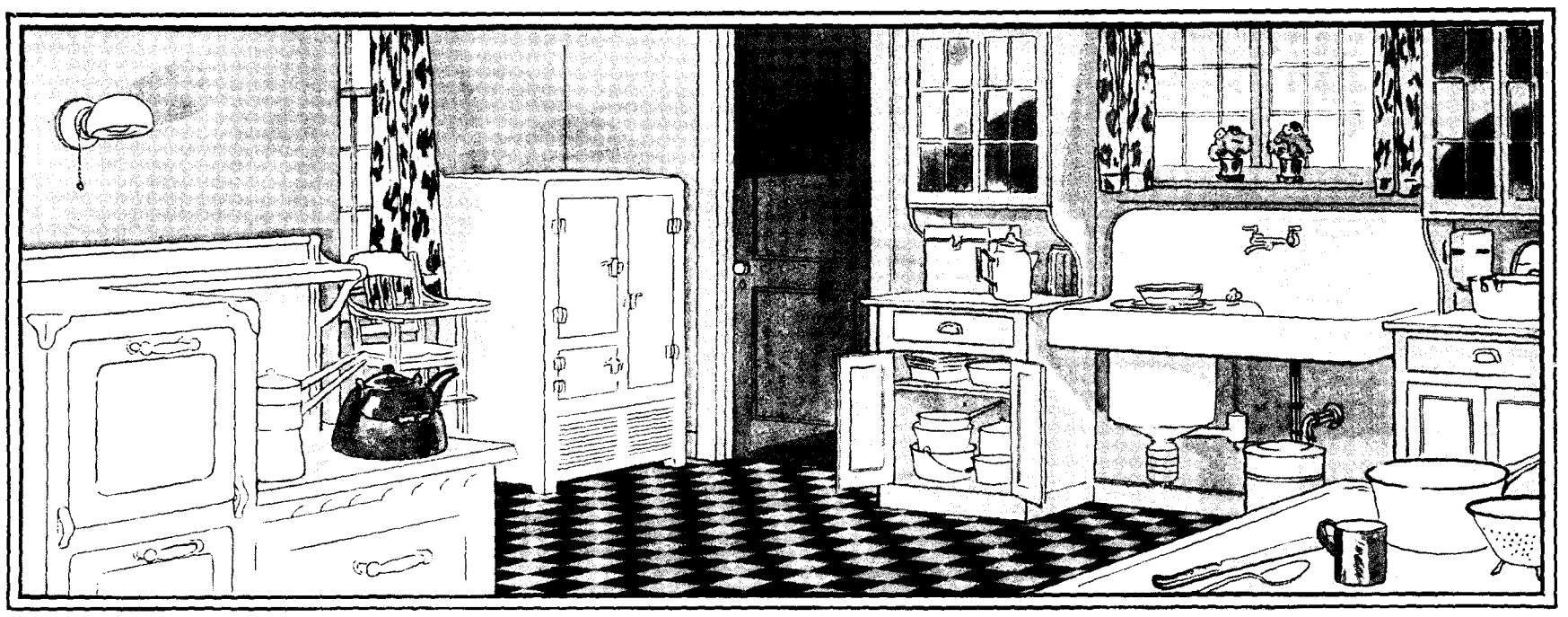

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Nearly a million dollars was spent in developing the beautiful New Frigidaire cabinets alone. They represent the best efforts of cabinet makers and authorities on domestic science and interior decoration. The New Frigidaire is in every way an automatic refrigerator for the modern kitchen. Beautiful, convenient, it not only safeguards health and provides a plentiful supply of full-size ice cubes, but it saves time, work and money.

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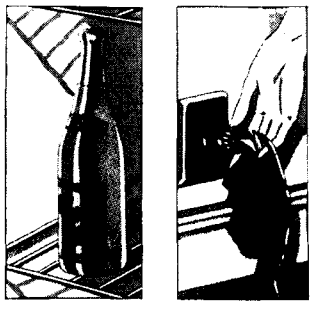
If you buy the New Frigidaire on a deferred payment plan, as most people do, the first payment can be so small and General Motors terms so liberal, that the New Frigidaire will actually pay for itself as you pay for it. Not only in summer and winter ice savings, but in the prevention of food spoilage and waste and the chance to buy food in larger quantities. The New Frigidaire's savings are more than its cost and the cost of operation.

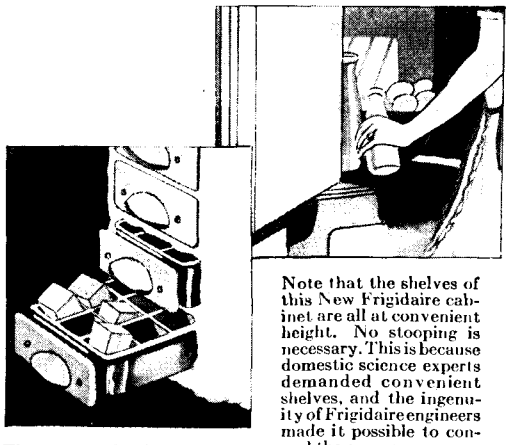
The New Frigidaire is now on display in your distributor's show rooms. See it today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.



Note that the shelves of this New Frigidaire cabinet are spaced to provide room for tall receptacles. There is an abundance of storage space in every New Frigidaire.

Every New Frigidaire is absolutely simple in its operation. The New Frigidaire is literally an automatic refrigerator. The new model V-5, can be plugged into any electrical outlet.

The New Frigidaire, incredibly quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity, and price. This beautiful model D-9, like every other New Frigidaire, is built for convenience. And the top of the cabinet can be used for shelf space.



The patented self-sealing ice trays of the New Frigidaire freeze ice cubes quickly but when you put delicate green vegetables in a New Frigidaire, there's no danger of their being frost bitten. Frigidaire *freezes* ice *quickly* and *protects* food *always*.

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